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THE COUNTESS TOLSTOY'S LATER DIARY

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THE
COUNTESS TOLSTOY'S
Later Diary
1891–1897

AUTHORISED TRANSLATION
From the Russian with an introduction
By
ALEXANDER WERTH

PG 3411 .T6
1929 42,835

11571
The Evangelical
School of Theology

NEW YORK
PAYSON AND CLARKE LTD

925.2
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Printed in Great Britain by
The Camelot Press Ltd., London and Southampton

TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION

The present *Diary*, published in Moscow in June of this year and forming the direct sequel of the earlier *Diary* (*The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife*, 1860–1891), covers the period from 1891 to 1897. But, as in the first *Diary*, the entries are irregular, and most of them relate to the years 1891 and 1897; only one is dated 1892, one 1893, three 1894, and twenty-one 1895. Then, following this tragic cry :

> *February 23, 1895.*—My dear Vanichka died at eleven o'clock to-night. My God, and to think that I am still alive !

Countess Tolstoy abandons her diary altogether for two and a half years.

The death of Vanichka, the Tolstoys' youngest child, and his father's and mother's favourite, is, indeed, an event of cardinal importance in Countess Tolstoy's life. Her sorrow was quite overwhelming, and it is significant that she should have written nothing for over two years after his death. It literally left her " speechless " ; for a long time life became so hopeless that it seemed useless to her to complain even to her diary—her " sole companion " —as she had always done before. So there is really no contradiction between the long silence after Vanichka's death and our suggestion (Preface to *The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife*) that Countess Tolstoy had recourse to her diary only in moments of stress and unhappiness. Unhappiness and " nagging " are one thing, overwhelming sorrow quite another.

The reader will probably observe a rather striking difference between the earlier *Diary*—especially up to

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

about 1885—and the present volume. In her youth, Countess Tolstoy was psychologically one of the most sensitive women that ever lived, and, endowed as she was with a rare capacity for expressing her most delicate doubts and emotions, she wrote a diary that is certainly a psychological document of unusual subtlety. There is no doubt that Tolstoy had largely to thank his wife for his profound understanding of feminine psychology which he acquired during the early years of his marriage ; and to realise the effect upon his literary work of his intimacy with Sophie Andreyevna, we only have to compare the purely " external " female characters of his pre-marriage books with the extraordinarily subtle female characters in *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*.

On the other hand, there is extremely little subtlety in the *Later Diary*. Under the influence of the daily cares of running a large house and bringing up an enormous family, and owing to various psychological and physiological influences, Countess Tolstoy gradually deteriorated from a very subtle young woman to an elderly woman whose mind was decidedly rough and inflexible. The irritation against her husband, which was only occasional in her youth, becomes almost chronic in her old age ; " my children have no father" is a common refrain; to her, Tolstoy is a vain, ambitious, and selfish man, a hypocritical *poseur*, an old voluptuary wearing the cloak of saintliness. Ugly scenes between husband and wife become more and more frequent, and it is fairly obvious, from all the " scenes " recorded in this *Diary*, that it was almost invariably she who " started the row," and I believe that most readers' sympathy will be with him and not with her in that ugly scene where Tolstoy is seen dragging the hysterical woman home through the snow in her nightgown, after she had run out of the house in the middle of the night " to kill herself."

Of course, she did not have an easy time, and her hysteria is, no doubt, largely due to overwork and to her peculiar physiological condition—her " critical age "—to which she refers so often. The approach of old age weighs heavily upon her, and this partly explains her violently sentimental moods, her obsession with " purity," her disgust with French novels, her platonic infatuation for Taneyev, the musician. She made desperate efforts to preserve her delicate and youthful emotions and enthusiasms, but all these attempts are just a little crude and grotesque, and it is not without significance that Mendelssohn—the Mendelssohn of *Lieder ohne Worte*—should have become the favourite composer of this woman of fifty-three !

Her good points need hardly be stressed. She was a hard worker, infinitely devoted to her children, and doing her best—though her " best " was hardly good—to preserve the unity of the family. And, in spite of her unfairness to her husband and her constant irritation against him, she devoted much of her time to reading his proofs and copying his " distasteful " manuscripts. Externally, she remained a companion to him, and the story of how she visited Alexander III and obtained from him the release of the *Kreutzer Sonata*, which the Censorship had banned, has often been quoted as the highest example of her self-sacrifice. But her real motive, as she explains, was not so much her devotion to her husband as the desire to defend her own and her family's reputation, to show that she and her husband were really as friendly as ever, that the *Kreutzer Sonata* had really nothing to do with their family life, and that she was treating it purely as a work of literature ! She knew, of course, quite well that this was not the case. And that she pleaded her own rather than her husband's cause is, I think, apparent from the

apologetic and rather undignified way in which she spoke of Tolstoy to the Emperor. And although Tolstoy benefited by this interview, it is hardly surprising that he was not too pleased with her account of it.

And yet, in spite of the fundamental misunderstanding between Tolstoy and his wife, it will be found that Yasnaya Polyana was far from being a scene of constant strife between them. As the diary of 1897 will show, there were long periods of peace, or at least armistice; and sometimes, though rarely, the diarist even betrays a note of affection for "Lyova" (instead of the formal "Lev Nikolaevich") which almost seems to echo the diary of her young and happier days.

A few omissions, marked here in each case, were made in the published Russian text—apparently for "family reasons"—but in most cases their context serves as a sufficiently clear indication to their meaning.

A. W.

September 1929.

THE DIARY

THE DIARY

January 25, 1891.

I got up early to-day ; I had a cold and felt unwell. I went to Tula ;[1] it was such a warm sunny morning. I met Lyova near the bridge ; he was already coming back from his walk and looking so happy and cheerful ; it is always such a joy to see him, especially unexpectedly. There were all kinds of things to see about in Tula ; I got paid for the timber and, after making endless concessions, practically came to an agreement with the Ovsiannikovo[2] priest about the land. I saw Mme. Rayevsky,[3] the Sverbeyevs[4] and the Zinovievs,[5] where I met Arseniev,[6] the Tula leader of the gentry. During the past two years I have begun to notice that people are treating me as an old woman. It is a new feeling, but it doesn't upset me. It becomes a habit to expect people to like you and even to admire you. But now I am more anxious than ever to be treated with kindness and respect.

Last night, when I was correcting the proofs of the *Kreutzer Sonata*, it occurred to me that, when a woman is young, she loves a man with her heart, and gladly gives herself to the man she loves, knowing what pleasure it gives him. But as she gets on in years, looking back, she suddenly realises that the man only loved her when he wanted her and that he became glum and peevish whenever he was satisfied. And when, after trying to ignore this for a long time, she at last begins to feel the same way, her tender, sentimental love disappears, and she becomes like him ; I mean, she at times becomes passionate towards her husband and expects to be satisfied. Woe to her if he has ceased to love her, and woe to him if he can no longer satisfy her. Hence all those family conflicts and

those unexpected and ugly divorces among elderly people. Happiness can only exist where the spirit and the will have conquered the flesh. And the *Kreutzer Sonata* is all at fault about young women. A young woman, especially when she bears children and nurses them, has none of that sexual passion. Why, at that age she is a woman only once in two years ! Her passion does not awake until she is thirty. I came back from Tula at six and had dinner by myself. Lyova[7] had gone out to meet me, but missed me : I was very sorry. He has become kinder to me of late, and although I like to deceive myself on the subject, I cannot help feeling that it is all due to his improved health and to the return of his former sensuality.

I worked hard all evening, going over the proofs of the *Kreutzer Sonata* and the *Postscript*, and looking through the accounts. I also noted down all I would have to see to in Moscow—seeds, messages, shopping, etc.

January 26.

I got up at ten. Vanichka[7] came upstairs, got dressed and was then taken out for a walk. I went over yesterday's proofs once more, and then put them aside ; I also looked through the seed catalogue and made some notes. Then I gave Andryusha[7] and Misha[7] their music lesson. Andryusha is terribly obstinate, and behaved shockingly the whole time ; he has developed a new way of talking to me —I don't know when he will get rid of it. The Sverbeyev children arrived with their English governess, also the two Rayevskys and Serezha Berger.[8] They played all kinds of games and went out with their toboggans. I called on Ivan Alexandrovich,[9] he looks as helpless and pitiful as a child. Then I went to see Lyova, and we both read old Gé's[10] letter ; I told him that, of all his followers, I only liked young Gé[10] and Prince Hilkov.[11] I added that these people, at least, had had a university education and had been

brought up in the old tradition, and that all their strength and charm and mentality lay in that; but just wait and see, I said, what their children will be like. Lyova[7] at once grew peevish and irritable, and the conversation became unpleasant; I quietly pointed this out to him and left him, feeling rather bitter. There is so little genuine warmth and kindness about him; his kindness does not come from the *heart*, but merely from his *principles*. Everybody has gone to bed; I, too, must go. Shield me, O Lord, from those sinful dreams which wakened me this morning.

February 4, 1891.

A great deal has happened during the past week. On the night of the 27th I went to Moscow on business. Nothing very interesting occurred there. I dined at the Mamonovs's the first day and went on to a concert with Urusov, Tanya,[7] and [young] Lyova.[7] Grzimali and Mme. Poznansky played the *Kreutzer Sonata*, and she also played the piano for the rest of the time. It was very hot and tiring, and I couldn't follow the music properly, though I felt that they were playing well. The next day I redeemed Grinevka[13] for 7,600 roubles at the Moscow Bank, and sent the mortgage papers to the Nobility Bank. I had dinner with the Fets[14], and talked more than I should have done; especially I shouldn't have complained in that stupid way about Lyova's coolness. I found Dunayev[15] waiting for me at night, and we both settled our accounts with the clerk. Uncle Kostya[177] once said about Dunayev, "This ——, who keeps sighing for you"—and I have never been able to like him since, although I know him to be a nice, kind-hearted man. On Tuesday morning Masha[16] and Kuzminsky[16] came to see me; they had come from Yasnaya, and I was glad to get news from home. We spent three hours together laughing and joking, and had lunch. Tanya,[7] [young] Lyova,[7] Vera Petrovna,[17]

and Lili Obolensky[18] were also there. Later on, Urusov[19] arrived and we all went to the Shidlovskys.[20] On Wednesday I went to the Severtsov[21] and saw Uncle Kostya and the Meshcherinovs[22] there ; we talked about love and marriage. On Thursday I went to the Dyakovs[23] and saw Lisa,[24] Varya,[25] and Masha Kolokoltsev[26]—it was all very nice and friendly, just like home. I got everything settled ; but neither the business nor the people I had to see bothered me very much ; I was too taken up with [young] Lyova,[7] his complicated mental work, his literary efforts and his cheerless attitude to life. He read to me his story called "Monte Cristo" ; it is written more or less for children and is a very moving tale. He sent another of his stories to *The Week*, and Gaidaburov has promised to publish it in the March number. He told me this as a secret, and asked me not to repeat it. It made me quite happy to think that this intellectual and artistic atmosphere, to which I have been used all my life, would not end with Lyova, but that should I survive him, my son would continue the tradition which has made my life so happy and interesting. I will be able to devote myself to him and, through him, love my own life and his father. But it is all in the hands of God. Another thing that greatly excited me was this : when I got home, I found Misha Stakhovich[27] there, and he suddenly made this unexpected confession of his love for Tanya[7] : *J'ai longtemps taché de mériter Tatyana Lvovna, mais elle ne m'a jamais donné aucun espoir.* We had always thought that he was keen on Masha,[7] and when I told Tanya about it I saw that she was greatly excited. How happy I would be if she married Misha Stakhovich ! I am very fond of him ; I like him better than any of the young men I know ; is it surprising that I should want him to have my favourite daughter ?

We were all very cheerful, those days ; Kern and his wife came to see us, also the Rayevsky boys, Dunayev and

Almazov ;[28] but all the good humour came from Stakhovich.

The children went out to the village with their sledges, and I went out to see the blind woman Evlanya, Mitrokha's mother. Mitrokha is [young] Lyova's servant, so I was able to tell her all about him ; I was glad to be able to give her this pleasure. To-day I tutored the children ; during my absence, Andryusha had done no work and knew nothing. I lost my temper and sent him out of the room. My God, how he hurts and annoys me ! Lyova is not feeling very fresh, though he rode to Yasenki[28] to-day. After dinner he played some Chopin—nobody's playing affects me as much as his ; it is full of feeling and the phrasing is always just right. He told Tanya that he was planning a big work of fiction, and told Stakhovich the same. Masha[7] has suddenly decided to go to Pirogovo ;[30] but I won't let her go; she has a sore throat and it is 15° below zero. I wonder if she is upset by the news that Stakhovich likes Tanya more than her ; for such a long time she had thought differently. Tanya has been to Tula with Miss Lydia[31] and has had her photo re-taken ; she did it specially for Stakhovich, who had asked for one. She certainly is most excited about it. But here again we must trust in Providence.

February 6.

I got up at ten, and had been dreaming of Petya,[7] my little dead boy. I dreamed that Masha[7] brought him from somewhere all mangled and bleeding, and he was quite big, and very like Misha.[7] We were overjoyed to see each other, and all day long I have had visions of him in the dark room where he was ill. I was busy cutting up Andryusha's[7] and Misha's[7] drawers, and got both pairs finished before supper. I knitted at night, while Lyova read Schiller's *Don Carlos* to us. It is eleven o'clock now ; he

has gone on horseback to Kozlovka[32] to see about the letters. The girls have gone to bed ; they are both very excited and unhappy over Stakhovich's declaration. I am reading the *Physiologie de l'amour moderne*,[34] but, having only just started it, I can't quite make out what it is all about ; but I don't like it.

Lyova is playing about with Vanichka.[7] Earlier in the evening he kept putting him and Sasha[7] into an empty hamper and trailing it about the house along with Andryusha and Misha. All the children *amuse* him ; but he doesn't take any real *interest* in them.

February 7.

Tanya[7] is in bed with a temperature—39.3 ;* she has pains in her legs, and back, and in her stomach. I was very busy working with Andryusha[7] and Misha.[7] Misha has a headache, which worries me. No news from [young] Lyova, which is worrying ; I hope he isn't ill. I had a letter from Manya Stakhovich ;[33] I expected one from Misha. For the second time I've wanted to go to Kozlovka with Lyova ; but, as though to spite me, he always goes on horseback. He has again become gloomy, unpleasant, and unnatural. Yesterday morning I was very angry with him —though I didn't show it. He wouldn't let me sleep till two in the morning. At first he was downstairs busy washing, and he took so long that I got quite worried. To wash is quite an event for him. He told me that his feet perspired so much that they got sore between the toes. He nearly made me quite sick. . . .† Then he lay down and read for a long time. I know I am in his way when he doesn't need me for his satisfaction. These days are so depressing when I feel a physical aversion towards my husband—but I can't, I can't get used to it—to all the dirt, the smell. . . .‡ I do my best to concentrate on his spiritual self, and I succeed when he is kind to me.

* Centigrade. † Twenty-two words missing. ‡ Twelve words missing.

February 9.

Last night I at last managed to drive with Lyova by moonlight to Kozlovka. We went there in the sledge. But there were no letters and no news from [young] Lyova.' Tanya' seems to be better, though her temperature is still 38.6. My dear Vanichka is also ill with a temperature. It is windy outside and one degree of frost.* I am feeling lazy and sad. I finished Vanya's sailor suit, taught them music for two hours and read Beketov's pamphlet *On the present and future nourishment of Man.* He prophesies universal vegetarianism, and I believe he is right. Vanichka' has such a bad cough ; it is painful to hear it.

Sunday, February 10.

Tanya' groaned all morning with a headache and her temperature is still 38.5. Vanya, too, has had a temperature ; it was 39.3 in the morning. What a strange mysterious illness ! I can't say that I am *very* worried, but I feel sorry for them. I am not feeling too well myself ; I didn't sleep all night, and certain things depress me terribly every month. I copied Lyova's Sebastopol diaries" which are very interesting, and I also knitted and looked after my invalids. I questioned Andryusha on the lessons which he didn't know during the week. Masha is running a school for all the rabble," and all the children keep trotting there. Owing to Tanya's' illness, Sasha,' too, goes there for her lessons. Misha' has a new watch and is as happy about it as only children can be. I didn't see much of Lyova. He is again writing about art and science. To-day he showed me an article in *Open Court* which pointed out that he preached one thing and practised another, because he had handed his property over to his wife : " We know all-right how people, and especially Russians, treat their wives. A wife has no will of her own,"—so the article said.

* Weather temperatures in Reaumur.

Lyova was annoyed, but I don't mind ; I've got used to this kind of thing.

February 11.

Now Andryusha is ill. Vanya was much better through the day, but at night he again had a temperature. Tanya is much better. We had a short letter from [young] Lyova. I copied a lot of Lyova's Sebastopol diary—it is very interesting.

I worked and tutored the children.

February 12.

All the children were unwell to-day : Masha is unwell and has a pain in her stomach, so has Tanya ; Misha has toothache ; Vanya a rash ; Andryusha a temperature and vomiting ; only Sasha is well and happy. I copied more of Lyova's diary ; he took it up in the evening and read some of it. He already told me once or twice that he didn't like to see me copy it, and I used to say to myself : " It serves you right—think of your disgraceful way of living." But to-day he made quite a row ; he began by saying that I hurt him and did not realise it, that he even wanted to destroy these diaries, and asked me how I would like to be constantly reminded of things that were as unpleasant. To this I replied that I did not feel sorry for him, and that if he wanted to destroy his diaries, he could do so—my work didn't matter ; but as for hurting anyone, he couldn't have hurt anyone more than he had hurt me with his last book—he had hurt me so badly before the whole world that we would never be quits. His weapons are sharper and their aim is better. He would like the world to see him on the pedestal which he has constructed with such endless effort ; while his diaries trail him back into the mud where he had lived before—and that's what annoys him. I don't know why and how they have connected the *Kreutzer*

Sonata with our married life, and yet it is a fact that everybody—from the Tsar[40] right down to Lyova's brother[39] and his best friend, Dyakov[23]—have all felt sorry for me. But what's the good of looking at other people? In my own heart I have felt that this story was directed against me; it has wounded me and has disgraced me in the eyes of the whole world, and has destroyed the last remnant of love between us. And all this in spite of the fact that I never did anything wrong during my whole married life, and never looked at any other man! Whether I was capable of loving another man is a different question; a question which concerns *me alone*, and none but me; and so long as I have remained pure, no one in the world has the right to approach this question.

I don't know why, but for the first time to-day I expressed my feelings about the *Kreutzer Sonata* to Lev Nikolaevich.[7] It was written such a long time ago. But, sooner or later, he would have known about it, and I said it all in reply to his accusations that "I was *hurting him.*" So I showed him my *own* pain. It is Masha's[7] birthday. As painful to-day as it was twenty years ago.

February 13.

Yesterday's talk, which wounded me so deeply, ended with an understanding that we should live together for the rest of our lives in as peaceful and friendly a way as possible.

The children are still ill—Andryusha had a temperature all day; Tanya and Masha are weak and have headaches; Misha has a touch of neuralgia. Mme. Annenkov[37] and I spent the whole day with them. I made a dressing-gown for Andryusha, mended socks, and made a pillow-slip. In the evening, Lyova read to us Schiller's *Don Carlos*, and finished it. I had a letter from [young] Lyova, and Lyova had one from Countess Alexandra Tolstoy;[38] both very fine letters. Tanya is very strange and hysterical. My

everyday life, all these cares about the children, and their illnesses, seem to have paralysed the spiritual side, and my mind seems to be asleep.

February 15.

Lyova has almost forbidden me to copy his diaries, which annoys me—for I had almost finished the one I was copying. I keep on copying it on the quiet, and am determined to get it done ; I decided long ago that I *must* do it. All the children are well. We had a wire from [young] Lyova ; he is not going to Grinevka to-morrow, as some business has detained him in Moscow. We also had a letter from Stakhovich about the duel between Lomonossov and Vadbolsky ; his remark that a duel is a form of *murder*, just like any other, is quite true. He is asking me to go to Petersburg to see the Emperor about the attitude of the Censorship to Lyova's work, and he places great faith in my interview with the Emperor. If I were quite happy about my home and my children, if I could like the *Kreutzer Sonata*, or if, at least, I believed in the future of Lyova's *literary* work—I would gladly go. But where can I find the energy and enthusiasm, necessary to help me to speak with conviction and determination to the rather obstinate Emperor ? I seem to have lost that personal power with people, which, not so long ago, I could feel so strongly.

We went to Kozlovka about letters ; Lyova went on horseback while Tanya, Masha, Ivan Alexandrovich, and I went by sledge.

It was a wonderful moonlit night ; the snow was so white and smooth, it was frosty, and the quiet road was exquisite. There are twelve degrees of frost, and it is always even more in the open fields. As we were coming home, I shuddered at the thought of town life. How can I live without this beauty of nature around me, without this freedom and the quiet of country life ?

February 16.

Stakhovich's letter must have worried me, for I dreamt all night of the Emperor and the Empress, and kept on thinking of my journey to Petersburg. It all tickles my vanity, but I shan't be caught by it. Lyova meant to go to Pirogovo with Masha, but stayed at home. I know why he stayed—I can feel it in his way of talking to me.

I was busy sewing all day. I also read more of the *Physiologie de l'amour moderne* and I was interested in this analysis of sensual love. I gave the children their music lesson ; they get on slowly, but there is some progress all the same. Andryusha is now practising a Beethoven sonata, and Misha one of Haydn's. Misha is much more gifted. At night, Masha, Andryusha, and Alexei Mitrofanovich[41] tutored the village girls at the school ; Masha is looking thin and pale and miserable, and there is something pathetic about her. Tanya is restless and upset, and seems to be waiting for something.

February 17.

We got a letter from [young] Lyova. He seems to have been ill in Moscow, just like the children here. But it may have been something else. At any rate, I cannot take it calmly, even though he wrote the letter himself, and it didn't sound like anything very serious. Ilya, too, is in Moscow selling clover. I wrote to Lyova, to sister Tanya, and to M. Stakhovich, but they were all poor letters. Nikolai Gé[10] has arrived with his wife, and brought his new painting with him—Judas the Traitor looking at a group of people in the distance. The moonlight, the idea, and the general conception are good, but the execution is poor and satisfies one no more than a blank piece of canvas. When brightly lit up it is rather better. I spent all day with Anna Petrovna Gé, and grew weary without my usual work. Lyova rode to Tula but returned very soon, not

having found the Davydovs[42] at home. He told their butler to ask them to come and see the new painting. Lyova is looking well, though he, too, is rather restless ; always wanting to go to Tula or Pirogovo, and refusing to take meat soup, and talking again about his oatmeal coffee—it seems to irritate him to feel fit. There is something irritating and dreadful about his restlessness, and he also keeps saying that he is unable to write. Masha had an evening class again ; and as she taught it alone, it made her very tired.

February 18.

Bad news from [young] Lyova. A wire came, saying that the doctor had found the same feverish condition from which he had suffered two years ago ; his letter said that he was better ; while Ilya, who has come from Moscow, tells us that he has the same trouble as the rest of us at Yasnaya. I hope to goodness it doesn't last. Tanya[7] is going to Moscow to-morrow to see him, while I am going to Tula to see the Ovsiannikovo priest about the land. I am sick and tired of this business.

Gé, Butkevich,[43] and I read a story called *The Watch*, by some unknown writer. I had an unpleasant talk with Ilya about money and property. Masha seems to be fading away—she worries me greatly, and I feel terribly sorry for her. The days are dull and restless. I gave the children their Bible lesson to-day—it didn't go well ; then I did some embroidery, and talked to Anna Petrovna.

There is a fearful wind blowing ; it is quite weird listening to it.

February 19.

I went to Tula but didn't see anyone or anything except shops, the notary, the Ovsiannikovo priest, the streets, and the District Office. Ivan Alexandrovich went with me.

My talk with the priest led us nowhere. Tanya has gone to Moscow to look after [young] Lyova ; I'm glad for him ; but I am not very worried—I feel he is getting better. I love him so much that I can't think of any evil befalling him.

I embroidered, and ate, and talked in a dull and senseless way—I seem to have become quite stupid. Rayevsky" came to see Gé's picture. I met Davydov for a moment in the street, and was very glad to see him ; he is one of the few people I really like ; and he is certainly one of the few really *uncommon* people I know.

February 20.

We have just seen the Gés off to Kozlovka. I got two letters—one from Tanya, and another from Lyova, written in pencil ; he is much better ; his temperature was 37 in the morning and 38.6 at night. There was a telegram as well. I am worried about Misha : during the lesson he often gets hysterical—he cries and laughs all at once, though it soon goes off. I wonder if I make them work too much. Andryusha, too, looks tired and wobbly. Lyova, Masha, and I went to Kozlovka; there was quite a warm wind. In the evening Lyova, the two Gés, and I had an unpleasant talk about our married life and about the pain a husband experienced when his wife misunderstood him. Lyova said : " You give birth to a new idea, a new philosophy, with all the pain of childbirth, and yet you get blamed for your pain, and they try to ignore it." To which I replied that while he was giving birth to his spiritual children, here was I giving birth to real children, and feeling real pain, and that these children had to be fed and brought up, that there was all the property to look after, and that really one hadn't time to change one's life to suit one's husband's spiritual whims, and to follow him in his ideas—which were, after all, only things to be regretted. We said many

more reproachful things to each other, though we both seemed to feel—at least I feel it now—that it was wrong to strike at the same sore spots, and that it would be far better to live in friendship. After all, everybody—not only the husband one loves—whenever they act in a truly generous way, will, sooner or later, meet with sympathy, so long as the goodness is genuine.

February 23.

Gorbunov[1] is staying here, and Mme. Annenkov, too, has arrived. Sasha is ill with a temperature and a cough ; I am taking special care of her, and it worries me a great deal. Mme. Annenkov said that she had seen Tanya and [young] Lyova in Moscow ; he is quite well, though he is still afraid to go out. We had a letter from Polonsky with his poem " The Evening Chimes."

Lyova was sewing boots for himself at night and said he felt chilly. There is a terrible storm outside. I spent all day looking after Sasha and Vanichka ; I also did some sewing and gave Misha and Andryusha two hours of music. I am troubled by sinful thoughts. And yet, strangely enough, I feel as though they didn't really concern me, or my life or even my heart, that they are something outside me, and unable to hurt or injure my real self.

Misha played very well to-day, which gave me much joy ; and when we played a duet of the *Don Giovanni* serenade, he suddenly brightened up with the melody.

But he and Andryusha talk *secrets* now, and this worries me terribly. I wonder whether Borel[2] hasn't debauched them, you never know. Purity, holy purity, has always been the most precious thing in the world to me.

February 25.

They have all gone to Kozlovka to see Mme. Annenkov off ; Lyova, Masha, Petya Rayevsky, and Gorbunov.

Petya has cheered Masha up : his interest in her gives her much pleasure ; youth will come out ; I am very glad.

We had a very gloomy letter from [young] Lyova about his illness, and a more cheerful one from Tanya. They are afraid to leave Moscow yet. About 4 a.m. I was suddenly wakened by Vanichka's barking cough. Masha and I jumped out of bed, gave him some hot soda-water ; then we boiled some water and turpentine, and, covering his head up with a towel, let him inhale the fumes. The choking soon stopped, but the coughing went on, and his temperature suddenly rose to 40. I thought he was in for a long illness, but twenty-four hours later—this morning—he was quite well, and he even sang *The Lute* in the drawing-room to-day. Sasha also is much better, and has got up.

I gave the children their Bible lesson and talked to Misha for a long time about the idea of God. All these *denials*, especially of the Church, have already upset him, but I tried to explain the real significance of the Church as I understand it—as an *assembly of believers*, as a *treasury* of holiness and faith, and the contemplation of God—not as a piece of ritual. I have a terrible pain inside. . . .* Lyova is calm, well, and cheerful. Our relations are simple and friendly, though in a superficial way. Still things are much better than they were in autumn. The wind is still roaring outside. Olga Ershova's[47] little girl has died in the village ; she was a nice little child of seven, and her mother was too fond of her. I feel terribly sorry for the woman. Lyova and Mme. Annenkov went to see her ; I couldn't go on account of my pains.

February 28.

These days have passed almost unnoticed. Vanichka was ill ; I worked and taught the children, and read, and suffered a lot of pain. To-day I am better. Vanichka still

* Thirty-nine words missing.

has a bad cough. Tanya, [young] Lyova, and Sonya Mamonov[48] arrived at night. [Young] Lyova has grown thin, but is not looking too bad. He is very finicky about his health, though he certainly hasn't a strong constitution. Tanya is very lively, and seems to have become prettier. The three Rayevsky brothers have come from Kozlovka. All the children went out to meet them. The roads are getting bad ; the days are bright with two degrees above zero, and a south wind blowing. Lyova went to Tula to see Gorbunov off to the station, and called on the Rayevskys. He is very lively just now, but there is something spring-like, something selfish and materialistic about his joyfulness. He hasn't looked so well and cheerful for a long time. I don't know what he is working at just now, he doesn't like to talk about his work. The news has come from Moscow that the whole thirteenth volume has been stopped by the Censor. I don't know what'll be the end of this—I haven't been able to decide anything yet.

In the evening, Lyova read Nefidov's story to us, *The Daughter of Eulampius*. It is a dull and poorly written thing. I am going to bed. I am feeling sad and weary.

March 2.

I spent yesterday idly and lazily. All the children and the Rayevskys went to the Rvy barracks for tea. They took everything with them. After dinner they played games, and Vanichka was very sweet and earnest, and did his best to understand the games. This tiny, clever, little tot is particularly charming when I see him among big, grown-up people like the Rayevskys. Serezha[7], Ilya,[7] and Tsurikov[49]—Serezha's colleague and neighbour—arrived to-day. Every time I see Ilya[7] he asks me for money for something or other, which is most unpleasant. He has a careless way of treating money, and is leading far too grand a life. Lyova is looking sad : I asked him why, and he

said his work wasn't going. And what was he writing about? About non-resistance.[50] No wonder ! Everybody, including himself, is sick and tired of the subject ; the thing has been discussed from every conceivable angle. He wants to do some *literary* work, and he finds it hard to settle down to it. It won't do to *argue* there. If he would only give vent to his true creative torrent ; he won't be able to stop it then, and he will find all this non-resistance most inconvenient ; so he is afraid to open the dam, and yet his spirit longs for it.

[Young] Lyova got annoyed when Serezha and I told him that he wasn't looking well. I wanted to be nice to him, because I felt so sorry for him ; but I only hurt him instead. I have finished reading Bourget's *Physiology of modern love*—in French, of course. It is all very clever, but I got tired of it—it all turns round and round the same old thing ; and also I am not familiar with the French *milieu*.

March 3.

These are the last days of Shrovetide. Andryusha rode to Kozlovka, and Misha and Masha went by sledge to the Yasenki hospital to see the peasant who has been lying there for months with a terrible wound. I am glad Masha is taking care of him and giving him some consolation, it is a real kindness. [Young] Lyova is a little more cheerful, but his unhealthy looks worry me. Sonya Mamonov sang, Serezha and [young] Lyova played ; then I had a talk with Tsurikov, and again feel sorry that I said too much. I sewed all day, seeing I couldn't do anything else with all that mob in the house. It was a joy to see all my nine children[51] at table.

March 6.

Serezha[7] has gone to Nikolskoye ; Masha took the sick peasant woman to Tula, and took the Sashka girl with her

to keep her company. Life has got back into its common rut. But I was very glad on Saturday and Sunday to see the two of us and our nine children at table. I stayed indoors all day, busy working. After dinner, for the sake of exercise, I joined Lyova, who was playing with the little ones—Sasha,[7] Vanya,[7] and Kuska. Every night after dinner Lyova takes them all over the house. He takes them about the house in a closed hamper and makes them guess in which room they are. [Young] Lyova is as thin as a skeleton ; it hurts me to look at him, but he is more cheerful and should drink kumyss* next summer.

They read aloud a Russian story called *At Sunset*, while I read Spinoza. I am not interested, as he is, in the history of the Jewish people ; I'll see how I like his *Ethique*. I like abstract and general ideas, but have no use for *analyses* of any special subject. At tea we talked about food, luxury, and the vegetarianism which Lyova advocates. He said he saw a vegetarian menu in a German paper which was composed of bread and almonds. I expect the person who wrote the menu practises vegetarianism as much as the author of the *Kreutzer Sonata* practises chastity. . . .†

March 8.

We have got the March number of *The Week* with [young] Lyova's story. This is his first published effort, and it is signed L. Lvov. I have only had time to read the story once, for the magazine only arrived to-day while I was away in Tula. I am greatly excited about [young] Lyova's writing, and about his future. I wonder whether it is something accidental, resulting from the first taste of a life which he didn't know before, or whether it is really the beginning of a literary career ? I would be so glad if it really became his life-work ; for it would make him love

*Kumyss, fermented mare's milk, used as a tonic in chest troubles.
†Thirty-seven words missing.

life itself. He is feeling and looking better, though he is still very thin.

More business in Tula : the Grinevka mortgage, the factory's payment for timber, nurse's money at the State Bank, messages, and, finally, the Zinovievs and Davydovs. These journeys are always very tiring. The *visits* one pays must always be short—never must they last more than an hour ; because otherwise, this contact with strangers is apt to upset one's own spiritual and family life and weighs on one—as I can feel it.

Sunday, March 10.

While Lyova was having his breakfast, some letters came from Kozlovka, and I told him that I still had no news about volume xiii. To this he replied : " Why do you worry so much ; you know I will be obliged to announce that I abandon the copyright on this thirteenth volume." So I said to him : " Just you wait till it comes out." He said : " Why, of course." Then he left the room, and I again got furious at the thought that he was trying to deprive me of a little extra money which the children need so badly. So I thought of something unpleasant to say to him, and as he was going out for his walk, I remarked : " If you print that you give up the royalties ; I, in my turn, shall print below it that I hope the readers will not be so inconsiderate as to make use of the copyright belonging to your children." So he started telling me how inconsiderate I was myself, though he said it gently, and I made no reply. Then he said that if I loved him, I myself ought to put in that he had abandoned his claims on the copyright. He went away, and I felt sorry for him ; and all my worries about our material prosperity looked so petty compared to the pain I was feeling because of this coolness between us. After dinner I said I was sorry I had said those unpleasant things to him, and that I certainly wouldn't print anything, since

I hated the thought of hurting him above all things. We both wept, and Vanichka, who stood close by, kept asking, " What is it ? What is it ? " So I said to him : " Mummy has hurt daddy, but we have made it up." He seemed quite satisfied and said " Ah ! "

It is cold and windy outside. The drawing teacher was here, and wanted to borrow some money, but I refused. He is such a rotten teacher.

My back and chest are so sore, and I am feeling quite weak. After dinner, Tanya, Sonya, Mme. Mamonov, Masha, Vanya, and even Misha danced to the piano and concertina. Sonya[48] dressed up as a peasant girl. Alexei Mitrofanovich went with his four pupils to Tula.

I read Melchior de Vogüé's article on the *Kreutzer Sonata* ; a clever and subtle piece of work. He says, by the way, that Tolstoy has reached the final limit of analysis (*analyse creusante*), which has killed his whole personal and literary life. In the evening, Lyova read us Potapenko's story, *The General's Daughter* ; it wasn't bad. I knitted and Sonya helped me to make a blouse for Agafya Mikhailovna. Lyova is busy changing and rewriting his article on non-resistance. Masha is doing the copying for him. These stolid articles are hard work for the *artist* ; and yet he won't go back to his own work.

March 11.

Vyacheslav[52] has arrived, and Sonya Mamonov[48] has left. I am glad to see him again ; he reminds me so much of mother and of her love for him.

Tanya[7] saw Sonya[48] off to Tula, and dined with the Governor there. Lyova, too, rode to Tula to see the Davydovs and Zinovievs, and to discuss all manner of peasants' business. I spent the whole day with my brother, and we did some reading at night.

March 12.

An American,[52] the editor of the *Herald*, has come from New York. Also, Nikiforov,[53] one of the *dark* ones. Talk, talk, talk, without end. I had news from the Moscow Censor saying that volume xiii has been finally and unconditionally suppressed. So I am going to Petersburg to see about it. The thought of it upsets me terribly. I feel that I will not get anything accomplished and will simply lose all my happiness and faith in my strength. But perhaps God will help me. It is cold and windy, and there is so much snow that one could almost go out in a sledge again.

March 13.

I have been to Tula, where I saw no one, except on business. I saw more of the priest. In the evening I talked to the American ; he wants some information about Lyova for his paper ; so I gave him some, though very cautiously : once bitten twice shy. Vyacheslav[54] left in the morning ; he seems to have broken away from us—which is a pity. I had a letter from Countess Alexandra Tolstoy ;[55] she says the Emperor doesn't receive ladies, but told me to wait a week or ten days for further news. I am going to Moscow ; I shall get the first twelve volumes out with the announcement that the thirteenth has been delayed. How I hate leaving, and how I hate all that fuss. And yet, who but me can do it ?

Cold and windy, and the sledges are out again.

March 20.

I spent the 15th and 16th with [young] Lyova in Moscow. He is delighted at the news that his " Monte Cristo " will be printed in the April number of *The Fountain*. So am I. I am deeply interested in his literary efforts, and his success with the publishers, who have received his first two efforts so well. In Moscow I learned that volume xiii. had been

suppressed in Petersburg. In Moscow only the *Kreutzer Sonata* was suppressed. I must go to Petersburg, and shall do my best to see the Emperor and retrieve volume xiii. I saw both the Olsufievs[55] and Vsevolozhsky[56] in Moscow ; I was glad, for all three are fine youngsters. Dunaev is ill and very queer. I brought Varya Nagornov back to Yasnaya ; she is such a bright pretty girl. They were all very glad to see her, and she did not leave until to-day. Tanya and Masha went in the new carriage to see her off to Tula ; they will stay the night at the Zinovievs' and will go to the exhibition. I am taking the boys there on Sunday. Nothing interests me, and I can hardly think of anything as long as the fate of volume xiii. is uncertain. I keep composing letters and speeches to the Emperor, make all kinds of calculations, and wait anxiously for Alexandra[57] Tolstoy's letter, which will tell one whether and when the Emperor will receive me. Lyova says he is feeling apathetic, and is unable to write. He has a pain in his side, though he looks quite well. It is windy outside, and thawing, five degrees above zero ; and the roads are muddy.

March 21.

I read Spinoza, and was struck by two of his arguments, the first about authority and laws : he says authority must not command by the fear of punishments, but by making people believe in the ideals which it sets up for the good of the community. His other argument deals with miracles. He says that the vulgar and uneducated see the hand of God only in things that stand outside the laws of nature and reason, and do not see God in nature and the universe. That is why they keep on expecting miracles, i.e. something that is not natural.

The girls have come back from Tula ; they stayed the night with the Davydovs, saw the pictures of last year's exhibition, and came home quite frozen. There is a terrible

wind—almost a storm, and although it is only zero, it is thawing outside. Andryusha's music lesson was again unpleasant. He cannot concentrate on the subject, and only thinks of what is going on around him ; he jerks his hand in an unpleasant way the moment I touch it, fidgets about, etc., etc. I am patient for a while, but, in the end, I lose my temper ; I begin to scream at him, or strike his hand, and altogether get quite upset.

Tanya had a letter from [young] Lyova. Lyova is unusually kind and pleasant and cheerful. But all this, alas, is due to the same old cause. If only the people who read the *Kreutzer Sonata* with such a feeling of veneration could look for a moment at the erotic life he lives—and which alone makes him happy and cheerful—they would cast this little god from the pedestal on which they have placed him. And yet I love him best when he is weak and kind and normal in his habits. It is no good being an animal, but neither is it any good being a preacher of principles which one is unable to practise.

March 22.

I spent all day measuring and working at the children's summer clothes. After dinner, Lyova and I played some duets. In the evening, instead of his usual patience, he kept himself amused disentangling my balls of thread. I wrote a letter to Sonya. I am tired and am not feeling well.

March 23.

For the first time to-day I felt the coming of spring ; for though it was still freezing, there was such a clear sunset and the birds were singing, and the trunks of the birch-trees looked particularly lovely and spring-like in the sunset. After dinner, Andryusha, Sasha, and I cleared away the snow on the balcony. Lyova rode to Tula, but

called only on the Davydovs and returned at 8 o'clock. He is cheerful and well. While I was working in the drawing-room this morning and he was having his breakfast, he suddenly said : " Just listen to the silly thing I've thought out : *Quand on a une bonne et qu'on ne lui donne pas du thé, c'est à dire qu'on a une bonne santé* (*bonne sans thé*)." While he was having his chocolate pudding I told him that the chocolate was harmless, as it wasn't *vanille* but *santé* chocolate. So he made up his pun on the strength of it. I gave the children their music lesson, we played an easy transcription of Bach's gavotte, arranged as a duet. Petya Rayevsky has arrived. Still no news from Petersburg, and I find the uncertainty very trying.

Sunday, March 24.

I wrote three letters this morning : two in reply to [young] Lyova's and Dunayev's letters, and one to Countess Alexandra Tolstoy. I was getting quite exhausted waiting for news, and decided to write again. I like [young] Lyova's letter, it is long and full of news, and I am glad to see that he isn't losing contact with his family, and keeps on writing in a sincere open way. Then I spent some time alone, reading. There is an excellent article in the *Russian News* on " Schopenhauer's ideas on authorship." He divides writers into three classes : those who take all their ideas out of other people's books ; those who sit down to write and only then think out what they will say ; and those who ponder for a long time and collect many ideas before they begin to write. These are the rarest. It is a very true thought.

All the children had tea at the Rvy barracks. About three, Davydov[42] came with his daughter and with little Buchmann. After dinner we went for a stroll and looked at the cows and pigs, and climbed up the hay stacks, in the barn. On coming home, Davydov and I played a duet ;

then we all played games ; it was all very lively. My relations with Lyova are friendly and natural. He is well, went for a walk, and wrote a little of his article ; I wonder when he'll finish it and be free again to do something else ! It was two degrees above freezing-point, but in the evening there was frost again. There is still plenty of snow about, especially in the wood.

March 27.

On the 25th I went to Tula with Andryusha and Misha. We went to the exhibition ; it always gives me much pleasure, though there were very few good pictures this time, except some fine landscapes by Shishkin and Volkov. After the exhibition we went to the confectioner's, to the school-bookshop, and then drove to the Rayevskys'.[5] Ivan Ivanovich and Elena Pavlovna were going to dinner at Mme. Sverbeyev's ; and I went with them, while the six boys had dinner together. Then the Sverbeyevs found that they had an extra concert ticket, and I went with Luba, one of their charming daughters. Rayevsky called for the boys and took them, too. The concert and the recitation were provincial and mediocre ; but I wasn't bored—only tired ; the children greatly enjoyed it.

After the concert I went back to the Davydovs for the night, while the Rayevskys put up the boys. The next morning they went home, while I set out early in the morning to do my messages. As I was going down Kiev Street, I suddenly met Ilya.[7] I was greatly surprised, and asked him to come with me and have a look at the new carriage. It was a very long and dreary business. Then I went to the senior notary to get the mortgage certificate, and finally drove home with Ilya. He had come to Tula to find out about the auction sale of an estate, and asked me for 35,000 roubles ; I refused, and it was all very unpleasant—still, he got over it. After dinner I went down to Tanya's room, and

wanted to spend some time with the children. Ilya then suddenly blurted out : " I am not going to give you any of my mares for the kumyss." I flared up and said : " I shan't ask your permission ; I shall just give orders to the estate agent." So he flared up, too, and said : " I am the estate agent." " And I am the mistress here," said I. I don't know whether I was tired, or whether he had annoyed me with his talk about money and the estate, anyway, I thoroughly lost my temper, and said : " To think that you are too mean to let us have the mares when your father needs the kumyss for his health ; why the devil do you come here at all ? You can go to hell—I'm sick and tired of you." I slammed the door and went out. It hurts me, and I feel ashamed, and I'm annoyed with him, and I hate it all. Later on, for the first time, we had a serious talk as to the absolute necessity of dividing up the property[87]—for all this can't go on any longer. I should be very glad if it could be arranged, but I can only agree to it if the children draw lots. But I don't think Ilya will like this, for he wants to keep Grinevka and Nikolskoye, while I want to see to the interests of the helpless little ones. Ilya really makes matters very difficult. . . .* All the other children are very considerate, and will agree to anything. Lyova always had a weakness for Ilya and always overlooked his faults, and now again he wants to do everything to please him, and I fear there will be no end of trouble. Fortunately, Grinevka is registered in my name, and unless they agree to draw lots, I shall refuse to abandon either Grinevka or Ovsiannikovo. But I will not have the little ones done out of their share. Lyova finds all these talks very unpleasant, and I find them ten times more unpleasant, because I have to protect the little ones against the elder children. Tanya keeps sticking up for Ilya—which is very annoying. I am going to Petersburg to-morrow, and am not at all anxious

* Fourteen words left out.

to go ; I am frightened, and I feel that things won't go right. It is warmer, but it is still windy. It was seven degrees above zero during the day.

April 22, 1891.

I haven't written my diary for nearly a month. It has been a most interesting and eventful month. But, as always happens when my nerves are strained to the last degree and there are all those letters to write home, I hadn't a moment for the diary.

This is Easter Monday and the second day of real hot summer weather. In two days the trees and shrubs have burst into tender green buds, and for the first time, I can hear the nightingale singing since the early morning. Last night he was only practising !

I returned from Petersburg on Palm Sunday, in the morning. I had a rest and felt ill during Passion Week, gave the children a few lessons and enjoyed the quiet of home. Then we had some talks about dividing the property, and all the children grew very excited over it, especially Ilya. So it was divided up as follows : Ilya is to get Grinevka and part of Nikolskoye ; Serezha gets another part of Grinevka ; Tanya or Masha, the large remaining bit, on condition that they pay for it. [Young] Lyova gets the Moscow house and the Bobrov plot at Samara ; Tanya or Masha get Ovsiannikovo and 40,000 roubles in cash. Andryusha, Misha, and Sasha get 2,000 *dessiatines* at Samara, Vanichka and I get Yasnaya Polyana.[67] At first, I demanded that lots be drawn on the whole property, but Lev Nikolaevich and the children protested, so I had to agree. The Samara land is good for the little ones, as it is sure to rise in value ; and, besides, there is nothing there that could be damaged or stolen, no trees to be cut down, and the management is all in the same hands. The reason why Vanichka and I got Yasnaya

is that we can't move my husband away from here; where I am, there also must be Vanichka and Lev Nikolaevich.

Ilya stayed three days, and Tsurikov and Naryshkin were here also. Serezha and [young] Lyova are now here. Serezha has become quite detached from the family and wants to take up municipal work in Moscow; for he is tired of Nikolskoye, and, since he is always alone there, it is hardly to be wondered at. [Young] Lyova is leaving today; he must prepare for his exams. in Moscow. He is still very thin, but is in a very good frame of mind. His story "Monte Cristo" was printed in the April number of *The Fountain*, and he received twenty-six roubles for it. His story "Love" appeared in the March number of *The Week*, and he got sixty-five roubles. These are his first earnings! Lyova has highly praised "Monte Cristo" and so has everybody else. I made Andryusha and Misha fast during Passion Week, but couldn't do it myself, on account of my ailment, which was particularly severe this time. At the request of the servants, we had morning mass in the drawing-room on Saturday morning. Lyova was out; when I asked him in the morning if he disliked it, he said: "Not in the least."

After breakfast yesterday, I ordered the new carriage and all the children, Lida, nurse, Tanya, Masha, the two Sashas and myself drove to the Zaseka wood to look for mushrooms. I wandered about with Sasha and Vanichka, and, although I could hardly see any mushrooms, on account of my shortsightedness, I love the wood, and nature as it all opens up in springtime, and the silence of the trees. [Young] Lyova and Andryusha went fishing, but didn't get a bite; and [young] Lyova shot a wild duck. The same as yesterday, the children are playing at *pas de géant* and other games in front of the house.

Last night our boys played with the village children, and it is strange to see those eleven- and thirteen-years-old

boys treat the village girls no longer like playmates but like *boys*. It's such a pity, and it's disgusting.

Dunayev is staying here. Lyova seems to be sad, and when I asked him why, he said : " I don't know ; I don't seem to be able to write." But, of course, my trip to Petersburg, last week's fasting, and the morning mass does not agree with *his* faith—so that is why he is sad. I have a strange attitude to all this. I cannot help having the greatest sympathy for all those moral rules which Lyova wants himself and others to accept, but I do not see how they can possibly be applied in practice. It is against my nature to stop half-way, and as I cannot go the whole way, it is no good trying.

In the meantime, the children are growing up without religion ; and yet children and common people need religious symbols—they need something which would tangibly express their relation to God. That is the purpose of the Church, and no one, except those who practise a high and abstract religion, ought to forsake the Church, for they run the danger of finding themselves in a hopeless desert.

I have just seen [young] Lyova off to Moscow ; Tanya and Vanichka both came to the Yasenki station.

I shall now try to recall all the fuss I had to go through in Petersburg over volume xiii. of the *Complete Works*, and my interview with the Emperor on April 13, 1891.

MY JOURNEY TO PETERSBURG

I left Yasnaya Polyana at night on March 28. On arriving in Moscow, I spent some time with [young] Lyova and then went to the State Bank to get my 5 per cent. Bank bonds converted into 4 per cent. bonds. By 4 o'clock I was already at the station, and found a very cosy second-class compartment, in which I travelled very

comfortably, alone with a lady, the wife of a Mohilev landowner, the leader of the local gentry. When I reached the Kuzminskys'[16] house, I found them just getting up. Sasha[16] had come back from his tour of inspection in the Baltic provinces, Tanya[16] was dressing, Masha[16] and the children had gone to communion. Tanya[16] and I were terribly glad to see each other, and she put me up in her bedroom. We sent at once for Misha Stakhovich ;[57] he said he had written to me, telling me to come and see the Emperor ; Countess Elena Sheremetyev,[58] *née* Stroganov, daughter of Marie Lichtenberg, and the Emperor's cousin had obtained the Emperor's consent to see me. The reason given was that I wished to ask the Tsar to undertake the personal censorship of Lev Nikolaevich's works. Stakhovich's letter had either been lost in the post, or he didn't send it at all. He is not a very truthful man, so I have my doubts. Stakhovich showed me a draft of the letter I was to send to the Emperor. I didn't like it at all, though I took it all the same. I ought also to add that Countess Sheremetyev arranged my audience at the palace at the request of Zosya Stakhovich, who is a great friend of hers.

The next morning I called on Nikolai Nikolaevich Strakhov[59] at his house ; he has a fine library there, which he has collected all himself. He was surprised and glad to see me. So we discussed my letter to the Tsar and the coming interview. He did not like Stakhovich's draft any more than I did, and sent me a new version by 5 o'clock. I didn't like it either, so I tried to combine the two letters, and wrote a third draft myself. When my brother Vyacheslav[52] came, he made a few alterations in it, and it was this letter that was finally sent on March 31. Here it is :

" I take the audacity to humbly beg Your Majesty to allow me to place personally before you my request on

behalf of my husband, L. N. Tolstoy. Your Majesty's generous attention will allow me to explain the circumstances which might help my husband to return to his former literary work, and also to show that certain allegations made against his present activities are so false and painful, that they undermine the spirit and energy of the Russian writer, whose health, as it is, is none too good, but who perhaps still could work to the glory of his country.

"Your Imperial Majesty's humble subject

"COUNTESS SOPHIE TOLSTOY.

"March 31, 1891."

As I did not know how to send this letter, my sister Tanya phoned to her friend Skalkovsky, who holds a high post at the Post Office, and the next day he sent round his messenger with a note, promising to deliver the letter to the Emperor at Gatchina that very night. The letter reached the Emperor on April 1, but on that very day the Grand Duchess Olga Feodorovna died of acute pleurisy and heart trouble at Kharkov, on her way to the Crimea. Her death, together with the marriage of her son, the Grand Duke Michael, to Countess Merenberg, without the consent of his parents, or of the Emperor, became the talk of Petersburg for days. Etiquette imposed nine days' mourning, and no business of any kind took place at the palace. From the window of the Kuzminskys' house we watched the funeral procession which took the coffin from the station to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. The Emperor and the Grand Duke Michael Nikolevich followed the coffin, and I was struck by the curious co-operation between the troops and the clergy (who were there in unusually large numbers). For instance, when they stopped in front of the Church of the Annunciation, the prayers were preceded by the beating of drums and a queer kind of whistling music.

I had never seen anything like it before—it looked quite heathenish. As I didn't know exactly how to talk to the Emperor about volume xiii. of the *Complete Works*, I decided to call on Feoktistov at the Censorship Committee, to find out why exactly the book had been suppressed. My sister Tanya went with me. After saying good-morning to Feoktistov—whom I had known in Moscow as a young man just after he had eloped with his beautiful young wife —I asked him why the *whole* of volume xiii. had been suppressed? He got out a file with a dry and mechanical air and read in a monotonous voice: "*On Life*: banned by the clerical censorship, following the orders of the Holy Synod. The article entitled *What Shall We Do?* suppressed by the Police." "And the *Kreutzer Sonata*," he added, "has been suppressed by the Emperor himself." I told him emphatically that some of the chapters from *On Life*, which had appeared in *The Week*, had met with no objection from the Censor, that he himself had passed the chapters from *What Shall We Do?* in volume xii.; and as for the *Kreutzer Sonata*, I hoped to obtain the Emperor's permission to print it.

Feoktistov was much embarrassed when he found that the complete text of *On Life* and *What Shall We Do?* had not appeared. He called in his secretary and told him to go into the matter, promising to give me an answer in two days' time. I complained of the careless way in which the Censorship treated a writer like Lev Tolstoy, and remarked that the Censor had not even taken the trouble to look through the *table of contents*; and I told him that all this had greatly upset and worried my husband. He evidently realised that he had made a blunder, and brought me volume xiii. himself on April 3, and told me that it would be passed.

About the same time the *Novoye Vremya* newspaper published a list of plays which the Imperial Theatres were

going to produce next season, and the list included Count Tolstoy's *Fruits of Enlightenment*. Knowing that this play had been prohibited at the Imperial Theatres, I went to the Theatrical Committee to find out what the exact position was. I asked them whether they had communicated with the author or had asked his permission. They said no, and I grew furious and told the official that I called this treatment of an author inconsiderate and indecent ; I also told him to communicate in future with me and not with my husband. The next day the stage director came along with a paper, in which the following terms were set down : That I should undertake all kinds of obligations : that I should *guarantee*, for instance, that no private company be allowed to produce the play ; that, should this happen, I should agree to pay 2,000 roubles damages etc., etc. This annoyed me terribly, and the next morning I went once more to the Theatrical Committee, and told the official that I would undertake no obligations of any kind, and that if they didn't like it, they need not produce the play at all. He said he would have to see the Director. So I told him to announce me to Vsevolozhsky.[10] He refused to see me. " It's a queer state of things, I must say," said I, " one can see the Emperor, but your Director, who is *obliged* to see me, can't be seen." My haughty manner must have impressed him, for he went back again, while I kept saying to myself : " What a lot of swine ; the only way to talk to them is to yell at them." Vsevolozhsky put on a familiar air, introduced to me his assistant, Pogozhev, and said : " Why, don't you want to give us your play, Countess Tolstoy ? " " It isn't that," said I, " I merely refuse to undertake any obligations which I cannot keep." " But it is only a matter of form." " It may be a matter of form to you, but it's a matter of conscience to me." Then Pogozhev chipped in : " If you don't sign, we can only give you 5 per cent. of the gross receipts

instead of 10 per cent." I flared up and said : " I am sorry, but I am not used to bargaining with shopkeepers. Please leave all money questions aside, for they interest neither me nor, still less, Count Tolstoy. You shan't have the play." Then I turned to Vsevolozhsky and said : " To think that you, who belong to our own class, are incapable of understanding that it is impossible to put Lev Nikolaevich on the same level as the writers of vaudeville, and that everybody—and especially I, as an honourable woman—must consider his ideas in the matter ; don't you see that I can't sign an agreement which would prevent private companies from acting the play? Lev Nikolaevich gets so much happiness from the thought that he hasn't made a penny out of it, and yet by this agreement the play could not even be produced at charity shows." I got quite excited, and Vsevolozhsky proposed to cut out a few clauses. I would not agree to this, and in the end he suggested that I write a private letter, allowing the Imperial Theatres to produce the play against payment of 10 per cent. of the gross receipts. This I did.

My son, Serezha, proposes to give this money to the Empress Marie's charity organisations. I would gladly do it, but my nine children are so much in need of money—and where can I get it?

As I had nothing else to do, I went to two exhibitions—the Travelling and the Academic. Perhaps I wasn't in a mood for them, or I was very tired, but they made no impression upon me. Then I went shopping with Tanya, did some sewing, and sat with the family and their visitors. I was very happy to see Countess Alexandra three times, and talked with her at great length about religion, Lyova, the children, and my position in the family. She was very kind and sympathetic. I dined at the Stakhovichs', the Mengdens', the Trokhimovskys', the Auerbachs', and with Countess Alexandra. The other evenings I spent at home.

They tempted me with Duse, the famous Italian actress, but I was too tired to go, and also I didn't want to spend all that money. I didn't sleep more than five hours every night. By Friday, April 12, I lost all patience waiting for my interview with the Emperor. I was homesick, my nerves were all on edge, and the thought of Passion Week decided me to leave on Sunday. I dressed up and went to Countess Sheremetyev to thank her for all the trouble she had taken, and to tell her that I couldn't wait any longer. Princess Mecklenburg was with Countess Sheremetyev when I arrived, and, mistaking me for Sophie Andreyevna Tolstoy,[61] Alexandra's maiden sister, the countess did not receive me. Then I called on Zosya Stakhovich, and told her I was leaving on Sunday, and asked her to tell Countess Sheremetyev, so that she could communicate with the Emperor. Then I drove to Countess Alexandra[38] to say good-bye. At 11 p.m., just as I was going to bed, a note came from Zosya, saying that the Emperor had told Countess Sheremetyev to ask me to call at the Anichkov Palace at 11.30 a.m.

My first joyful thought was that I could leave Petersburg the next day. I started packing at once, wrote several notes, and sent a message to Mme. Auerbach, asking her to lend me her coach and footman. I did not get to bed until three, but could not sleep, as I kept going over in my mind all I was going to say to the Emperor.

In the morning I hastily settled some accounts, and asked Tanya[16] to finish my packing; then I put on my black dress, my black lace hat, and a veil, and sat down and waited till it was time to leave. I left the house at 11.15 a.m. My heart began to throb as I drove into the palace courtyard ; everybody was saluting me, and I kept on bowing. When I entered the hall, I asked the porter if the Emperor[40] had given orders to receive Countess Tolstoy. He said no. Then he asked somebody else, and again the

answer was no. My heart dropped. In the end they asked for the Emperor's messenger. A handsome young man appeared, dressed in gold and crimson, and wearing a three-cornered hat. I asked him whether the Emperor had given orders to receive Countess Tolstoy. " Certainly, your Excellency," he replied, " the Emperor, who has just come back from church, has already inquired about you." That day the Emperor had gone to the christening ceremony of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorovna, who had adopted the Orthodox faith. The messenger ran up a steep stair, which was covered with a very ugly bright-green carpet. I followed him ; and ran so fast that when the messenger, with a bow, left me alone in the sitting-room, I felt so giddy that I thought I would die. I was in a dreadful state. The first thing that occurred to me was that this whole business wasn't worth my life after all ; and that the messenger would come in immediately to take me to the Emperor, and would find me dead, or, at any rate, unable to utter a single word. My heart beat so violently that I could neither breathe, nor speak, nor even cry for help. After resting for a while, I wanted to ask for some water, but couldn't move. Then I remembered that when a horse is overworked, it is taken for a slow walk to recover. So I got up from the sofa and began to pace slowly up and down the room. But for a long time it made no difference. I carefully loosened my stays and sat down again, rubbing my chest and thinking of how my children would take the news of my death. Luckily, thinking that I hadn't arrived yet, the Emperor had received somebody else, and this gave me enough time to recover.

So I collected my senses, and only then did the messenger come back and announce : " His Majesty requests her Excellency Countess Tolstoy to enter." I followed him. When we reached the door, he bowed and disappeared. The Emperor met me just at the door, and offered me his

hand ; I bowed with a slight curtsey, and he said : " You will excuse me, Countess, for keeping you waiting, but, unfortunately, I was unable to receive you sooner."

To this I replied : " I am deeply grateful to Your Majesty for being so kind as to receive me at all." Then the Emperor began to talk about my husband, and asked what particular business had brought me there. (I forget exactly what words he used.)

So I said quite firmly and without feeling in the least nervous : " Your Majesty, I have lately noticed a tendency in my husband to go back to his old, literary manner ; and, not long ago, he said to me : ' I have become so detached from my religious and philosophic writings that I could again write something literary ; and a big book, similar to *War and Peace*, has begun to crystallise in my mind.' And yet the animosity against him is growing all the time. Volume xiii., for instance, was first suppressed, then it was passed ; the *Fruits of Enlightenment* was stopped, and now I find that it is to be produced on the Imperial stage; the *Kreutzer Sonata* has been suppressed. . . . "

To this the Emperor replied : " But then the book is written in such a way that I am sure even you wouldn't allow your children to read it."

I replied : " Yes, unfortunately the book has taken a rather extreme form, but the idea underlying it is this : the ideal is always unattainable; and if this ideal is perfect chastity, then people can only be pure in matrimony."

I remember, also, that I told the Emperor that Lev Nikolaevich was inclined to go back to literary work, to which he replied : " What a blessing that would be ! Such a wonderful, wonderful writer ! "

After explaining the idea of the *Kreutzer Sonata* I added : " I would be so happy if the ban could be lifted from the *Kreutzer Sonata* in the *Complete Works*. It would be a token of real kindness on Your Majesty's part, and it would,

perhaps,* greatly encourage Lev Nikolaevich in his work."

To this the Emperor replied : " Yes, we might allow you to print the *Kreutzer Sonata* in the *Complete Works*, because not everyone could afford to buy the full set, and it would not be too widely read."

I also remember that the Emperor referred regretfully once or twice to the fact that Lev Nikolaevich had forsaken the Church, and said that there were too many harmful heresies among the common people already.

To this I replied : " I can assure your Majesty that my husband never preaches to the people or to anybody else ; not only does he never speak to the peasants or distribute any of his manuscripts among them, but he is always extremely unhappy when anybody else does it. There was a young man, for instance, who stole a manuscript from my husband's portfolio, and copied out some passages from his diary, and then, two years later, had it all lithographed and distributed to several people." (Without mentioning his name, I was, of course, referring to Novoselov and the *Nikolai Palkin* incident.)

The Emperor seemed greatly surprised, and said indignantly : " You don't say so ! Why, it's really wicked ! Terribly wicked ! Anyone can write whatever he likes in his diary, but to steal a manuscript is a terrible thing to do ! "

The Emperor has a gentle, timid way of talking, and his voice is pleasant and musical. His eyes are very kindly, and he has a shy, winsome smile. He is very tall and rather stout, and he seems strong and healthy. He is nearly bald, and his head is narrow, as if slightly compressed. He reminded me faintly of Vladimir Grigoryevich Chertkov—especially his voice and his way of talking. Then the Emperor asked me what the children thought of their

* The word " perhaps " was added later.

father's teaching, and I said that they naturally treated those highly moral rules, which their father preached, with profound respect, but that I thought it necessary to educate them in the faith of the Church, and that I fasted with them in August, though at Tula, and not at Yasnaya where the priests, who should have been our spiritual fathers, had been turned into spies who had sent a false report about us to the authorities.

" I have heard of that," said the Emperor.

Then I told him that our eldest son was a county magistrate, that our second son was married and managed his estates, and that the third was studying, while the others were still at home.

I forgot to mention that the Emperor also said, in talking of the *Kreutzer Sonata* : " I wonder whether your husband couldn't change it a little ? "

" No, Your Majesty," I said, " he can never change his books, and he says that he is so tired of this story that he hates the very name of it."

Then the Emperor asked : " Do you see much of Chertkov,[62] the son of Grigori Ivanovich and Elizaveta Ivanovna ? Your husband seems to have converted him completely."

I was not prepared for this question, and, for a second, was taken aback, but a moment later I replied: "We haven't seen Chertkov for over two years. His wife is an invalid and he can't leave her. The intimacy between Chertkov and my husband was not based, in the first place, on religion. Having noticed how many stupid and immoral books were being read by the people, my husband suggested to Chertkov the idea of reforming popular literature by giving it a moral and educative tendency. My husband wrote a few stories for the people ; and, after millions of copies had been sold, the authorities suddenly found them to be harmful, and unchurchlike,

and suppressed them. Besides, many other scientific, philosophic, and historical books have been published. It is a very good undertaking, which has met with considerable success—but this, too, is suffering persecution."

The Emperor made no reply to this.

In the end, I ventured to say : " Your Majesty, if my husband were to return to pure literature, and if I were to be the publisher, I should be the happiest woman alive if the final judgment on these works were to rest with Your Majesty's personal decision."

To this the Emperor replied : " I shall be very glad ; just send his works straight to me."

I don't remember whether anything more was said ; I believe I have told everything. Only at the end he added : " You can rest assured—everything will be arranged." He rose and offered me his hand. I bowed once more and said : " I am very sorry not to have been able to ask for an audience with the Empress, but I was told that she was unwell."

" No, the Empress is quite well to-day ; I shall tell them to announce you ; she will receive you."

Then I went out, and as I was passing into the little room adjoining the Emperor's study, he stopped me and asked :

" How long are you staying in St. Petersburg ? "

" I am leaving to-day, Your Majesty."

" Why so soon ? "

" One of my children is not very well."

" Why, what is the matter ? "

" Chicken-pox," said I.

" That isn't dangerous, the main thing is to avoid catching a chill."

" That's just what I am afraid of, Your Majesty. I am afraid to leave him alone, especially in this cold weather."

I bowed once more, and the Emperor shook my hand very

warmly, and then I left. I again entered the boudoir, with its red damask furniture, a statue of a woman in the centre of the room, and a statue of a boy on either side. There were two mirrors between the arches, dividing the boudoir from the drawing-room, and a mass of plants and flowers everywhere. I particularly remember the wonderful scarlet azaleas, at which I had gazed while I thought I was going to die. The view from the window was gloomy, for it looked out on to a paved courtyard, where two coaches were standing and some soldiers were marching up and down.

An elderly footman, who looked and spoke like a foreigner, stood at the door of the Empress's reception room. A negro in a Russian uniform stood at the other side, and three others, I think, stood in front of the Emperor's study. I asked the footman to announce me to the Empress, and added that it was with the Emperor's permission.

He said that a lady was with the Empress, but that he would announce me as soon as she went away.

I waited for fifteen or twenty minutes. A lady came out, and the footman told me that the Emperor had just told the Empress that I wished to be presented to her. I went in, and the Empress,[63] a slender and light-footed woman, came forward to meet me. She had a lovely complexion, and her chestnut-brown hair was as neatly arranged as though it were pasted on ; she wore a black woollen dress with a very tight waist, high neck, and narrow sleeves. She was neither tall nor very small and her rather loud voice had a strange guttural accent. She offered me her hand and, like the Emperor, at once asked me to sit down.

" Je vous ai déja vue une fois, n'est-ce pas ? " she asked.

" J'ai en le bonheur d'être présentée à votre Majesté il y a de cela quelques années à l'Institut de St. Nicholas, chez Mme. Schostag."

" Ah, certainement, et votre fille aussi. Dites-moi, est-ce que vraiment on vole les manuscrits du comte et on les imprimé sans lui demander la permission ? Mais c'est une horreur, c'est très mal, c'est impossible."

" C'est vrai, votre Majesté, et c'est bien triste. Mais que faire ! "

Then the Empress asked how many children I had and what they were all doing. I expressed my joy at the news that her son, George[64] Alexandrovich, was feeling better and told her how sorry I had felt, knowing how painful it must have been for her to be separated from both her sons, especially when one of them was ill.[65] She said that he was quite well now, but that he had had pneumonia, and that he had neglected the illness, and that she had felt very anxious. When I said I was very sorry that I had never seen her children, the Empress said that they[66] were all at Gatchina. " Ils sont tous si heureux, si bien portants," she added, " je tiens qu'ils aient des souvenirs heureux de leur enfance."

I replied : " Dans une famille comme celle de sa Majesté tout le monde doit se sentir heureux."

" Ce petit Michel aux joues roses,"[66] the Empress continued, " il joue une grande fille à seize ans."

Then the Empress rose and, offering me her hand, said with a kind smile : " Je suis très contente de vous avoir revue encore une fois."

I bowed and went out.

The Auerbach coach took me back to the Kuzminskys' house, and I ran like wildfire up the four flights of stairs. My sister Tanya met me there, as well as Zosya, Manya, Misha Stakhovich, Erdeli, Alexander Mikhailovich, and nearly all the Kuzminsky children. I had to tell them everything. They all shared my joy and congratulated me on my successful venture. I sent off two wires—one home and one to [young] Lyova—then I had lunch and caught

the 3 o'clock train. The same crowd saw me off to the station, and I was terribly sad at saying good-bye to my sister Tanya, for when I looked at her exhausted expression, I remembered how she had shared all my troubles and excitement.

There is one thing I forgot to mention. The Emperor, among other things, spoke of Lev Nikolaevich's influence over the common people and over the young people whom he had converted. I told him that most of these people had been getting into evil political ways, and that Lev Nikolaevich had made them turn to agriculture, to non-resistance, and to brotherly love, and that even if he wasn't in the right, he was, at any rate, on the side of order.

On *Sunday, April 14th*, [young] Lyova, Dmitri Alexeievich Dyakov, and Dunayev met me at the Kursk station in Moscow. We had lunch together and again I had to tell them the whole story. [Young] Lyova and Dmitri Alexeievich were specially interested. Just before the train left I met Nadya Zinoviev on the platform, who was also going home. She asked us to join her in her family compartment, and we had a very cheerful journey—[young] Lyova, Nadya, two Kharkov ladies (mother and daughter), and myself. The daughter cried at first, as she had just taken leave of her fiancé. Tanya and the youngest children met us at Yasnaya. Lyova had gone to Chepyzh to meet us and had waited for us in the garden, but, unfortunately, missed us. Masha was in her room. I was so happy to be at home again. Lyova, however, was displeased with my adventures, and particularly with my interview with the Emperor. He said that it looked as if we had undertaken obligations which we were unable to fulfil, that, hitherto, he and the Emperor had ignored each other, but that now this business might harm us and lead to complications.

April 23, 1891.

In the morning, I went out to plant the young fir trees which they brought from Chepyzh yesterday, and the oak saplings Vanichka and nurse had gathered. Vanichka and Lydia came with me, and Dunayev, also, helped me to work in the garden, down by the lower pond. It makes me sad to see the old garden going to pieces, and I want to renew it. Although Dunayev is a very good man, he gives me a kind of squeamish feeling.

All the Zinovievs came to dinner ; then we all went for a stroll and talked. In the evening the two Zinoviev girls sang and played, and Serezha[7] played Chopin's *Ballade* very well.

I thought of Urusov[68] to-night—as I always do with the coming of summer—and I felt unbearably sad at the thought that he was gone and that he would never never come back. How well he knew how to fill other people's lives with happiness ; how he spoiled me with his unending sympathy and his belief that I was worthy of everything good—that I could do whatever I wanted, and that everything I did was good. And yet, at the same time, my own family despised me, and always treated me so coldly and selfishly. I wonder why one's *own* people are always most severe ? How it spoils one's life and mutual relationship.

It is a cold sunny day. Tanya has just gone past, and said that Lyova had asked her to tell me that he had gone to bed and had put out the light. Her innocent lips have carried a message that is far from innocent. I know what it means, and it makes me sad.

April 24.

I went as far as Yasenki with Serezha and the Zinoviev girls, on their way to Tula, while Tanya and Masha went on from there to Pirogovo. I took Sasha and Vanichka

with me to Yasenki. It began to rain, and there was a north wind. I was terrified lest the children caught a cold. Then I wrote to [young] Lyova, and to Gaidaburov in reply to his inquiry about the new edition, to Fet and to Zosya Stakhovich. Dinner was very quiet with Lyova, Dunayev[115], Lida,[91] and the four little ones.

After dinner Lyova suddenly decided to walk all the way to Tula with Dunayev. There was such a strong north wind that I begged him not to go out. But he is very obstinate and not once in his life has he given in to any request of mine, especially those concerning *his* health. So he went off in his light overcoat. I went for a short stroll with the children, when, suddenly, I saw a whole herd of the peasants' cows ramping about the garden, at the Lower Pond, just at the very spot where I had yesterday planted the new fir and oak saplings. The village girls were quite cheerfully looking on until I screamed at them. I felt so vexed at my wasted work and for the young trees. Then I called on Vassili and told him to catch any cows that got into our grounds. It is difficult to handle the village folks, especially since Lyova spoiled them. When I came home I gave Vanichka a bath and put him to bed ; then I copied some of Lyova's diaries. It is now past 10 o'clock, there is a howling wind and I am worried about the ones who are still out. I sent the carriage to Kozlovka to meet Lyova, but he would scarcely be in time to catch the train at Tula. Lyova and Dunayev came back by train, and they were so cold that Lyova was glad to put on his fur jacket.

April 29.

I haven't written my diary for several days. The night before last I had another attack of asthma, it just felt as if something had blocked up my chest. And I had such terrible palpitations at the same time that all the blood seemed to rush to my head. I hurried to get nurse and told

her I was dying. I kissed Vanichka, and ran downstairs to say good-bye to Lyova before I died. I was physically but not mentally frightened. I didn't find Lyova downstairs. I made the sign of the cross, and, hardly breathing, waited for death to come. Then I went back to my room and asked for some mustard for my chest and a sprinkler. But, even now, I feel heavy about the chest, and I don't think I will live much longer. Something seems to be torn within me. I have to expend more vital energy than is good at my age.

Old Gé has been here for the last two days ; he stopped here on his way to Petersburg. I wrote to the Minister of the Interior, asking him to remind the Emperor of the personal permission he had given me to publish the *Kreutzer Sonata* in the *Complete Works*. We had a sad letter from [young] Lyova saying that he would not sit for his exams. and would leave the university. Lyova and I both wrote to him, advising him not to drop the university until he knew exactly what he was going to do next. I doubt whether he will follow our advice. Let him do as he thinks best, we shall always help him. Everyone is well and cheerful at home, and the children started work to-day. It has been cold and raining all day. I have been unwell for the last three days and have not left the house ; the grass and the trees are so nice and green outside, and the nightingales are singing.

April 30.

The Gés have gone, and we are again without visitors ; I'm glad. I spent all day indoors, mostly by myself, and I have never felt so free and unrestrained as to-day. I am free in mind and spirit, I can understand everything and my mind can travel through infinite space. Sometimes it is the very reverse. You feel all crushed and depressed, and shut in. I have been reading *La Vie Eternelle*, an old but wonderful

book. Lyova, who rode to Yasenki, brought the book back alone with the rest of the mail ; Nikiforov sent it.

What a bad thing it is that I spent my youth in such solitude that every trifle, such as an over-cooked or under-cooked dish, seemed to be of first-rate importance ; every little sorrow, too, was exaggerated, while all the good things—which were not thrown into contrast with anything—passed unnoticed ; every visitor seemed interesting ; and the days and years passed by monotonously, without stimulating one's energy or one's interest. No, I was not made for a solitary existence, and this life has damped all my spiritual energy.

May 1.

Tanya went to Moscow this morning. Ilya has been here ; he had been at Tula about the division of property. Davydov and his daughter and Prince Lvov came for dinner. They are both very pleasant people, and it would have been a most enjoyable day but for my bad health. All my breathing passages are choked up with this catarrh, and I am feverish at night.

I copied Lyova's diary and read more of *La Vie Eternelle*. After dinner they all went for a walk, while I stayed in and played Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* and Beethoven's Sonata for about two hours. It always irritates me to realise how badly I play, and I sometimes feel like taking lessons. Lyova went out to meet Davydov. He keeps wandering about and writing his article. At tea we talked about education. I don't want to send the children to the high-school, but I see no alternative, and don't really know what to do. I shall never manage to give them a proper education all by myself, and while Lyova is always very good at *talking*, he never *does* anything in this particular direction.* A man just brought a letter from Orlov,''

* "In this particular direction," added later.

and will soon be going away. It is warmer, and everybody has been bringing fresh violets into the house. We had mushrooms ; the nightingales are singing and the leaves are bursting out. It is a cold, lazy spring this year. How I like Davydov and his delicate sensibility.

May 15.

I haven't written my diary for a long time, and once again it has been an eventful fortnight. On the 2nd or 3rd Monya Urusov[68] (*née* Maltsev) came here with her two daughters, Mary and Ira. Their presence reminded me so painfully of the late Prince Urusov, that I couldn't shake off my depression. While we sat at table, I had visions of him sitting opposite, next to Lyova, or beside me, and saying to me, while we were waiting for his family to come, " You will love them, Countess, won't you ? You will love my *poor*, *poor* wife ? " He pronounced the word with such a strange foreign accent. Yes, I certainly love his poor wife and his children, especially Mary, who is so very like him in appearance, and who played the Beethoven Sonata so well that there can be no doubt about her exceptional musical talent. They are both so naïve and yet so civilised ! The Princess has greatly improved ; she has calmed down and has repented of her past faults. I don't know why she keeps on telling me—and this time she said it so gently and earnestly—that her husband had always loved me, more deeply than Lyova ; that he had learned real family happiness in my home, and that I had given him all that his wife should have given him—friendship, kindness, sympathy, and care. I told her that she was wrong in believing that her husband had loved me so much, for he had never said so, and that we had simply been great friends. To which she replied ; " Jamais il n'aurait osé vous avouer son amour, et il aimait trop le comte pour se l'avouer même à soi-même."

We spent three most enjoyable days together and parted in the friendliest way.

They went to the Crimea, and Tanya wrote asking me to go to Moscow, in connection with Misha's and Andryusha's exams.; and the boys, Alexei Mitrofanovich and I took the express train on the 6th. It was very hot; I knitted, and the boys kept jumping about the carriage and speaking to the other passengers, who gave them all kinds of good things. We reached Khamovniki in the evening, and went to see Polivanov about the exams. Andryusha was so excited that he couldn't sleep all night, but Misha was quiet and soon fell asleep. The first exam. in Bible study passed off well—at least it made them lose their nervousness. We stayed for five days at our Moscow house and spent our free hours in the wonderful garden. The boys didn't do very well in their exams., and I don't know whether this is due to their lack of brains or to their inferior teachers. Andryusha passed the Form III exam. and Misha the one for Form II, but I can't decide whether to send them to the high school or not; it frightens and saddens me, and yet I am just as frightened at the idea of not sending them to school. I leave it to Providence. How different Andryusha and Misha are! Andryusha is nervous and timid, and likes to ponder over everything, while Misha is highly-strung and talkative, and likes to enjoy all the good things in life.

We went to the French Exhibition, and saw the illuminated fountain there; but the exhibition wasn't quite ready, and we couldn't get in; we only saw the bronze and porcelain.

As I was passing the Kremlin, I saw a large number of coaches standing outside the Little Palace. The Grand Duke Sergei Alexandrovich[**], the new Governor-General of Moscow, was receiving the endless delegations from the city.

The Censorship is still creating difficulties over volume xiii.: they won't pass three sentences: "from the Eiffel Tower to Conscription," "When all the European nations are busy teaching the young how to murder," "everything is run and managed by people who are drunk." But these sentences were printed in the same article when it appeared as an introduction to Alexeyev's book *On Drunkenness*. I wrote to the Moscow Censorship and to Feoktistov in Petersburg, pointing this out. During my absence a letter came to Yasnaya from the Minister of the Interior, allowing the *Kreutzer Sonata* and the *Postscript* to be printed in the *Complete Works*. I was told about this at the printer's where the book is in the press. I cannot help feeling rather proud about it; for I, a woman, have dealt directly with the Emperor, and have got from him what no one else was able to obtain. And there is no doubt that my personality did it. I told everybody that if only I could feel sufficiently inspired, even for a moment, to influence the Emperor as a man, I should be successful; and, indeed, this inspiration came, and I persuaded him; however, it was not an impossible thing, for he is a kind-hearted man and quite capable of yielding to a good influence. Whoever reads this may think me boastful, but he will be wrong and unfair. Volume xiii. will come out one of these days, and I should like very much to send a copy to the Emperor, with a group of our family—for both he and the Empress were greatly interested in the children.

Spring is in full swing. The apple-trees are in glorious blossom, and there is something magic and rapturous in their bloom. I have never seen anything like it before. Each time you look into the garden you are overcome by the beauty of those airy clouds of tender pink and white, with a background of green in the distance.

It is very hot and dry and all the rooms are filled with the drowsy scent of lilies-of-the-valley. Poor Lyova has

inflamed eyelids, and has been two days in a dark room downstairs. He is a little better to-day. We sent for Dr. Rudnev yesterday, and he told us to use the goulard water which he sent with directions. Yesterday, Lyova got Masha to write a letter to Alekhin (one of the *dark ones*) on a religious subject, and it was so like my own views that I was quite amazed. It said that we should not trouble about immortality, once we trusted in God and said " Thy will be done." For, however much we may think of the future life, it will remain a mystery.

The Kuzminskys[16] are coming to-morrow, and at dinner to-day the children said that they were sorry to see the end of our peaceful family life. Although the Kuzminskys are near relations, their arrival, nevertheless, will bring something restless into our existence. But I am so fond of my sister[16] that I am always delighted to have her and any of her family. Serezha[7] is here and has gone to Tula. Last night [young] Lyova, Tanya, and Serezha sat up talking till 2 a.m., and seemed to get on very well.

To-day, Lyova dictated the beginning of something like a novel to Tanya ; she didn't tell me what it was, and I don't want to ask either her or Lyova himself about something that is only a beginning—that is always irritating.

May 22.

Another noisy fortnight has passed. The Kuzminskys arrived ; also Erdeli,[16] Masha's[16] fiancé. Summer has returned with its bathing, its crowd of noisy, idle children, its heat and apathy, and its beautiful scenery. Fet[14] and his wife were here, too. He read us his poems—all about love, love, and love—and he greatly admired all he saw at Yasnaya Polyana. He seemed to be pleased with his visit, with Lyova, and me. He is seventy, but is still full of life and poetry, and he stirs me to poetic thoughts and strange emotions that hardly suit my age. But let them be

unsuitable, they are good and innocent, and—they remain in the abstract.

The Filosofov girls[70] have taken Masha[7] with them to Paniki. Let her get a little fun ; the poor girl is so unhappy and so old for her twenty years. We went out for a walk, but it began to rain, and we soon came back home. In the evening we had meant to do some reading, but had an interesting talk instead, about literature, love, art, and painting. Lyova said that there was nothing more repulsive than the presentation of the voluptuous in everyday surroundings—a monk looking at a woman, a lady and a Tartar on horseback in the Crimea, an old man gazing lasciviously at his daughter-in-law, etc. ; he said that all this was disgusting enough in life, and that it was no good perpetuating such filth by painting it. I quite agree with him ; I only like to see beauty and nature in pictures and the expression of elevated thoughts. This is Ilya's[7] birthday ; I wonder how the poor lad is getting on among his disorganised home and family, with his everlasting doubts and grievances. I am sorry that money matters should have spoiled our relationship. But I hope this will pass in time. He is too muddleheaded to notice clearly what he does. . .*

May 27.

Mme. Annenkov arrived with a young woman, whom she recommended as a governess for Sasha and Vanya, instead of nurse. But I don't like her—she looks sickly and behaves unnaturally. Ilya brought a plan of Nikolskoye ; his manner is more gentle now. He went back with [young] Lyova. [Young] Lyova asked me yesterday when those wonderful winter days occurred when the sun and moon shone at the same time and lit up the country with a peculiarly lovely light. I copied out the entry in my diary of December 9, 1890, for him, where I had described such

* Twenty words missing.

a day. He must be needing it for some new story. Yesterday Mme. Annenkov, Lyova, the would-be governess, and I walked to Kozlovka, and met Zinoviev[5] and his daughters who were just bringing Tanya[7] and the two Kuzminsky[16] girls home. The Zinoviev[5] girls sang, and we all enjoyed it. Sister Tanya[16] sang, too, and her *timbre* is still incomparably fine. To-day the Rayevskys,[3] father and son, came from Tula to dinner. After dinner we saw them off, and on the way met the editor of the *Kursk Journal*. He went up to Lev Nikolaevich, and, holding on to his bicycle, told him that he had always been anxious to meet him, and might he be allowed to call on us? As we were getting near the house, we met Mikhail, the coachman, taking some of the maids for a drive; he had taken the children's horse and was driving it at a gallop. I grew quite angry that they should have come out without my permission, and told them to drive home at once. Later, I found that Tanya[7] was responsible for it, and I scolded her. When we came home, I corrected the proofs of the *Kreutzer Sonata*, a book which I always dislike. The beginning is so false, where he talks in the name of *both* man and wife, and says that their periods of love are followed by periods of coolness, after satisfaction had been received. This is entirely wrong and is quite contrary to the nature of women, especially of young women who have just got married. A very young woman does not have these fits; she *always* finds it unpleasant and shameful until she gets used to it, and her only consolation is that it gives pleasure to the man she loves. Nor does a mature woman feel these periods of love and coldness. A woman who has been spoiled becomes more sensual only as intercourse is more frequent—she never reaches the point of satiety; she calms down only when she is left alone for a long time; and when she grows irritable it is not because she is surfeited, but because she is unsatisfied and ashamed of her

perpetual passion. The change from love to coldness is only a male quality ; it depends entirely on *his* satisfaction.

It is a cold dismal day. For three days there has been such a cold north wind that everybody has been indoors. Vasya Kuzminsky[16] fired at Sasha[7] with an air pistol, and it has left a red mark near her eye. Vanichka[7] didn't sleep all last night ; he had a stomach-ache, and I had to look after him till 3 a.m. ; I didn't get to bed till five. The lilac and lily-of-the-valley are over. Vanichka and nurse gathered some violets to-day. There are already some white mushrooms in the wood. It is very dry, and the grass is poor, and Rayevsky said that a famine had started in the Epifansky district. We had a letter from Masha ; she seems to be enjoying herself at the Filosofovs' ; I'm so glad for her.

June 1.

More visitors. Mme. Annenkov's husband was here, a landowner who spends his days studying law—a queer vulgar man, though full of kindness and good sense, I am told. He brought Nelubov, the magistrate from Lgov, their district town, with him—a dark, skinny, gloomy, exalted idealist. Then Suvorin,[71] of the *Novoye Vremya*, spent an evening with us. He looks a timid man, but is so interested in everything. He asked if he could send along a Jewish sculptor, who lives in Paris, to make a statue of Lev Nikolaevich ; I asked him to send him, while Lyova, as usual, said nothing. But I'm sure he likes the idea. P. F. Samarin, General Bestuzhev, and Davydov were here last night. Lyova walked all the way to Tula to see how the cattle were being slaughtered, but none were being slaughtered yesterday, so he only saw the place. Davydov brought him back in a cab. In the evening we went for a walk ; I have become very friendly with Davydov, he is a most agreeable person. I had to tell Samarin and Bestuzhev about my visit to the Emperor, and to repeat once again all that was

said. It's extraordinary how it interests them all ! And yet none of them ever guess the real reason for my journey—the *Kreutzer Sonata* is at the root of it all. This story cast a shadow over me, and even the Emperor said : " I am so sorry for his poor wife." Uncle Kostya told me in Moscow that I had become *a victim*, and that everybody felt very sorry for me. That's why I was determined to show how very unlike a victim I am, and I wanted people to talk about me ; it was quite instinctive. I was certain of my success with the Emperor : I haven't yet lost the capacity to impress myself on people, and I certainly impressed him with my personality and my way of talking. Besides, I had to get the *Kreutzer Sonata* for the public, and now everybody knows that *I got it* from the Emperor. If the story had really been written about me and our married life, I wouldn't have asked the Tsar to release it. Everybody will now look at it in that light. I am told on all sides that the Emperor has spoken very highly of me. He told Countess Sheremetyev that he was sorry that he had to attend to some urgent work the day I called, as he would like to have continued such a pleasant and interesting conversation. Countess Alexandra Tolstoy also wrote that I had created an *excellent* impression. Princess Urusov said that Zhukovsky had told her that the Emperor had found me very pleasant, natural, and sincere, and that he had been surprised to see how young and handsome I still was. All this tickles my female vanity, and I feel revenged for the way my husband has always treated me : for not only did he never try to raise me socially, but, on the contrary, always did his best to lower me. I can never understand why. It has been raining since morning, and there is a cold wind ; we have all stayed indoors. I am just going to give the children their first summer music-lesson. [Young] Lyova and Masha haven't come back yet. Everything is going well at home ; Lyova is friendly and

natural, and the children, too. The kumyss people arrived a few days ago, though not the same ones as last year, a mother and her two sons—quiet, poor people, it appears. Lyova says he won't drink kumyss ; yet his stomach has been upset these last few days.

June 3.

We had a German from Berlin here all day yesterday ; the man had come to *have a look at Tolstoy* and to ask him for an article for Löwenfeld[72] and some other of his German Jews. He is a tradesman himself, and travels about Russia buying up wool—a sneaking, unpleasant individual, who spoilt our whole day. In the evening, Lyova, sister Tanya, and I talked of abstract subjects. Lyova said there were things which it was *impossible* to do, and that was why there were early Christian martyrs who *could not* worship idols any more than a peasant could spit out the holy sacrament. I said that such things couldn't be done in the ordinary way, but that one could do *anything* to save one's neighbour. " Why, then," said Lyova, " could you kill a child ? " " No," said I, " that is impossible, because there is nothing in the world that could justify such an action, because nothing could be *worse* than that." He didn't like this at all, and grew very irritable, beginning to argue and to scream in a hoarse, unnatural voice. His way of talking to me annoyed me greatly, and I said several unpleasant things to him : that it was impossible to argue with him, that everybody knew that he only liked to *preach*, and that I couldn't talk to him while he screamed in that way any more than I could talk to a barking dog. . . . I admit I shouldn't have lost my temper, but then I remembered our . . . relations during the last few days and the arguments in the *Kreutzer Sonata* about the periods of love and coldness. . . .*

* Forty-one words missing.

We got over it to-day ; but I shall not live with him for some time. I cannot get over these last few days and the final result. I have been to Tula, where I saw the notary and talked to him at great length about this hateful division of the property. I called on Mme. Rayevsky, and dined with the Davydovs. Zinoviev, the Governor, came at night, along with his brother, the engineer.

Lyova keeps harping on these two " extreme " subjects : he denies heredity, and preaches vegetarianism. His third subject, on which, I believe, he writes, though he never talks of it, is a denial of the Church—a more virulent denial than ever.

The children are out-of-doors all day long, riding and tramping about the country. I'm afraid I don't see much of them. Vanichka, Sasha, and the two Kuzminsky girls came to meet me and sister Tanya. Young Zinger[73] has been here. It is still cold, and not like summer.

June 5.

A warm, sunny day, and a moonlit night. I am feeling very restless, and am not at all satisfied with my activities ; whatever I do doesn't seem to be right. I feel I ought to do something more which I neither know nor realise. In the forenoon, Tanya and I read Potapenko's *General's Daughter*, which Lyova likes so much. After lunch, [young] Lyova and the Kuzminsky girls talked about going off on a journey through Russia—they are all very anxious to do it. I fully sympathised with them, for I have seen so little myself. But sister Tanya objected, and said it was simply because they didn't know how to employ their time. Then the young ones went to see the Zinovievs, while Lyova and I went down to the village to call at the shoemaker's and to see Timofei Fokanov[74] who is ill. I so often long for spiritual intimacy with Lyova—not just that disgusting bodily intimacy. But it is impossible with

him now. He was always gloomy and reserved, and, nowadays, one always runs the risk of touching some sore spot—as happened last night. So we talked about the trip the children proposed, and he began to show that it was all due to their bad, luxurious upbringing ; and then we began to argue as to who was responsible for that upbringing. I blamed his own upbringing and the direction he himself has given to our life. He replied that he had changed twelve years ago, and that I should have changed too, and should have educated the children in accordance with his new principles. I told him that I *alone* could never have done it, and that he, who had spent years writing and talking, had never once troubled about the children's upbringing, but had at times ignored their very existence. However, it didn't come to a quarrel, and we parted in a friendly way. [Young] Lyova and Andryusha have gone on horseback to Pirogovo. I have just finished another galley-sheet of the *Kreutzer Sonata.* It is 2 a.m.

June 6.

I went to Tula with Sasha, Vanya, Misha, nurse, and Lydia. Lydia needed a passport. I had the younger children's photos taken and had to see about the division of the property. What a hard, complicated, and unpleasant business it is—both in practice and as a matter of principle ! I was annoyed to find that two of my 1000 rouble bonds had been drawn two years ago, and had lain idle ever since, without bearing interest.

I bathed for the first time to-night, with Tanya, Masha,[9] and Masha[10] Kuzminsky. [Young] Lyova and Andryusha did not get back from Pirogovo until eleven at night. It is hot during the day but cool in the evening. I thought of death and could imagine it very clearly. Petya Rayevsky and Zinger are staying here ; Petya has just passed his school finals and is very happy.

June 7.

Misha Kuzminsky[16] is ill and it looks like diphtheria ; I am greatly worried both about him and about the other children. Sister Tanya[16] tries not to think of the danger, but I can't help it. When sorrow comes, she is unprepared for it, and then her despair is boundless. We have sent for Doctor Rudnev.

Lyova has been to Tula ; a creature called Dudshenko,[76] who is one of the *dark ones*, had asked Lyova to see his mistress, whom the police are transporting to Tver, where she will have to live in exile. She was given the chance of going by herself, and at her own expense, but, as she refused, she is being transported along with a lot of jailbirds. Why is he doing it ? Is it a case of showing off ? or is he really convinced that he ought to see the woman ? He didn't find the girl at Tula, and he seemed to be glad that he had done his *duty* without seeing her. He also went to the slaughterhouse, and was much upset by that terrible sight ; he said the bulls looked so frightened, and he described how the skin was being ripped off their heads while they were still alive, with their legs twitching. It is certainly horrible, just as all death is horrible. Lyova's sister, Marie,[76] the nun, has arrived. She talks of nothing but monasteries, and Father Ambrosius,[77] and Father John of Kronstadt,[78] and the miraculous powers of this or that ikon, and of priests and nuns ; and she doesn't mind a good feed at all ; her temper is not too good, and she feels no particular love for anybody. It was terribly hot during the day, and we bathed at night. I cut Vanichka's hair, and accidentally scratched his head with the scissors. It bled, and he cried for a long time. So I said : " Forgive mummy, forgive mummy, she didn't do it on purpose." But he went on crying. " Here, take my hand and hit it hard ! " He seized my hand and kissed it violently, crying all the time. Such a sweet, gentle child ; I fear he won't live long.

June 9.

Whit Sunday, a glorious hot summer day, and a wonderful warm moonlit night. For how many years have I had this summer holiday ! In the morning the children, solemn, in their Sunday best, drove to church in the carriage all decorated with garlands, along with Sister Marie,[14] the tutor, and the governess. When they returned, they all had coffee on the croquet lawn, and then talked for a long time. My Tanya[7] talked excitedly about the way husbands and wives should live together. Then they all scattered in different directions—some went home to write, others went to bathe in the river, and Masha[15] Kuzminsky went for a walk with Erdeli,[16] her fiancé, who had just arrived. Such a charming boy ! Yes, he *is* a boy—only twenty ; and that's just the trouble. I lay down in the afternoon, and then took Vanichka and Mitya[18] up to my room and told them some fairy-stories. One ought to develop a child's imagination. Later on, we heard the village girls singing outside, and we went with that bright holiday crowd to Chepyzh, where they wove garlands. There is something sad and touching in this annual custom of making wreaths and throwing them into the water—a custom I have watched throughout the thirty years I have spent at Yasnaya Polyana. I have seen nearly three generations grow up, and, once a year, I see them all together. To-day, I felt quite an affection for these people with whom I have spent so many years, and for whom I have done so little. The dinner went off cheerfully, and everybody seemed to enjoy being together. The presence of Marie and Lena, as representatives of my husband's family, was particularly welcome, and I am always glad when Serezha is here. Ilya was here yesterday, and, in the evening, he again brought up money matters. We don't know yet how to divide the property. Somebody is always dissatisfied or frightened—it is hard to please everybody. It upsets me a great deal, while

Lyova tries to shun the problem altogether. He is curiously indifferent to everything. Yesterday and to-day he was busy making a pair of shoes for himself ; in the forenoon he writes his article, and eats very little ; he won't take milk or eggs or kumyss. He just fills himself up with bread and mushroom soup, and coffee made of rye or chicory. He has now manufactured a spade, and wants to dig up a cornfield instead of ploughing it. Another crazy notion—to ruin one's health by digging up the ground, which is as dry and as hard as stone. Serezha is playing the piano, and Sister Marie and I are greatly enjoying it. We have been bathing, and Lyova has gone off somewhere. I have been thinking of him to-day : I should like to see him in good health, yet he is ruining his digestion with a lot of harmful food (so the doctor said). I should be glad to see in him an artist, yet he spends his time writing sermons, which pass for articles. I should be so happy if he were kind and friendly and sympathetic, yet he is either sensual or coldly indifferent. And now he comes along with his latest notion of digging up the soil ; there seems to be something fatal in this new whim. And the heat is terrible. He worries me dreadfully, and will go on worrying me with his restless, moody nature.

June 12.

I haven't written for three days. On Whit Monday there was an unfortunate incident. Erdeli was leaving in the morning, and Masha [Kuzminsky] was seeing him off to Yasenki. I wanted someone to call at the priest's to get copies of the children's birth certificates—for the division of the property. Someone said that Masha [Kuzminsky] was going to see her fiancé as far as Tula. I said I didn't think so. However, I asked Masha, for if she was going to Tula, I would send the coachman to the priest, but if she was coming back, I wouldn't trouble her, for she would be

quite sad enough after seeing off her fiancé. When Masha came in I asked her : " Are you going to Tula ? " " No," she said, " I'm not." And yet she went. When the carriage was ready I asked Berger if he wouldn't pass Kozlovka, as I had to send off a wire. Philip replied to this that Marie Alexandrovna[16] had ordered him to meet them at the suburban train. I was annoyed, both at her lie and the order she had given to the coachman, but, as I found out later, she hadn't asked that at all, but simply that her own horse should be sent. Only she didn't remember what she had answered to my question, and I hardly blame her, seeing she was seeing off her fiancé. I am very fond of her, and it hurt me very much. Moreover, Tanya and Vasya[16] kept me and Masha waiting in the carriage, and when sister Tanya came, I angrily complained about her children, saying I didn't understand why Masha told lies ; then Tanya jumped out of the carriage and went off, taking Mitya[16] with her. This hurt me even more, and tears came to my eyes ; I took Vanya and got out, too ; but, feeling sorry for him, I decided to go on. Just then [young] Lyova and Masha got up and there was a *big row*. What had really annoyed her was [young] Lyova's remark that I was in a temper. It all hurt me a great deal, all the more so as I had been busy all morning in the house, and correcting proofs. I had had a headache and my nose had bled. Then we all made it up, but the hurt remained. In the evening, Mme. Zinoviev and her daughters came, and they sang, which we greatly enjoyed.

Khokhlov[79] and Alekhin[80] the *dark ones* (Lyova's followers)—came yesterday. Alekhin is a learned chemist, and a university assistant, who has now put on a peasant shirt and has started roaming about with his co-religionists. Just another variety of our " holy men." Pilgrimage seems to be in the Russian nature. Yet it's a pity : the man has worked for ten years at the university, and now he is

going to seed. Khokhlov is a young engineer, but he has a kind of unfinished look. They are both gloomy and silent, like all Lyova's followers. They wear rough peasant clothes and don't eat meat. I can't understand that university man : surely he ought to realise that this tramping existence, and this constant way of sponging on other people, is not the right sort of life for him. Lyova says they work ; for my own part I have never seen them do any serious work ; they just sit there and mumble.

I went to Tula to-day and saw off Sister Marie. I got some money and invested it, then saw the notary at the district court, did some shopping, and got very tired. I had dinner by myself, and then walked down to the river for a bathe. Solitude helped me to see all my problems more clearly.

We spent the evening together, reading a silly story in the *Northern Messenger*. Everybody has gone to bed. Misha, Andryusha, and M. Borel are going to see Ilya in the morning.

June 13, 1891.

I got up at four and saw the boys off. It was a cold, sunny morning. Then I went to bed again but could not sleep. In the morning, Lyova announced that he was going to see Butkevich[81]—who lives thirty miles from here—along with his *dark ones*. Although I am afraid he will get tired, and hardly like this acquaintance with Butkevich, I realise that he is restless, and that if he doesn't go he will think out something even more eccentric. All three slung their haversacks over their shoulders and went out into the scorching sun. It is very cold at night, but the days are dry and hot. It is very painful to hear on all sides complaints about the drought and the growing famine. I can't see how the Russian people will pull through this year, for, in some parts, the corn has

failed completely, and the ground has had to be ploughed all over again. Yasnaya Polyana is not so badly off, but in some parts of the country there will be no food for either man or beast. After dinner, I tidied the house, and Fomich and Nikita helped me to sweep the rubbish out of all the corners ; then I called in Ivan Alexandrovich and the gardener, and we went out to count the apples and to calculate the probable yield per tree. This went on till night, and to-morrow I shall start again.

We spent the evening on the verandah, drinking tea and feeling cold, and Masha, with an air of disgust, told us of the immorality among the servants. She told us how young Filka, the boy, kept running away from the workmen, and that she would have to send him to a Tula shoemaker as an apprentice. It hurt me to think that Masha and the other girls knew of such things, but with Masha's way of living it is inevitable. She spends her life with the people, and that's the only kind of talk one ever hears from them.

When [young] Lyova and Ivan Alexandrovich came in, and Misha Kuzminsky returned from the Lodyzhenskys, we changed the subject. I am missing Andryusha and Misha, and am worried about them and Lyova.

June 14.

I spent a satisfactory and active day, even though I had not slept the night before. I read some Russian books and magazines in the morning. Then I tidied up the house. I don't know why, but when Lyova is away I always become terribly active and energetic. Then we all went to bathe. Before dinner I read the proofs of Lyova's German biography, which Löwenfeld had sent. After dinner, Sasha,[7] Vanya,[7] and Mitya[16] Kuzminsky, Vera,[16] the nurses, and I went for a walk through the cornfields, where we gathered cornflowers ; then we went on to the

Cherta wood, where we picked violets and sat enjoying the lovely evening. It was all so fresh and quiet and lovely. Later on, I walked round the garden and had a look at the young oaks and fir-trees I had planted. When I came back I corrected the Russian proof of the *Second Reader*, wrote some letters, and had tea alone with Tanya, as the children had all gone to Kozlovka. Filip went to the Children's Court at Krapivna to get the papers appointing me tutor of the four minors. About 5 p.m. he noticed Lyova walking along the road about two miles from Krapivna. Thank God, everything is well. There was also news from the children. It is 2 a.m., and I am going to bed. It is very cold at night.

June 15.

I went to Tula with Masha (my daughter). I had to see about the property, and she went to place the boy Filka with a shoemaker. My business has been further complicated by the fact that Masha has now refused to take her share of the property.

I realise that the poor girl is unable to see things clearly, and to imagine what it would mean for her to be penniless after the life she has led so far. But it is not a matter of conviction with her—she is simply hypnotised. She is waiting for her father, to ask his advice ; because in any case, she must recognise our legal guardianship and sign some papers. In the evening we talked about dying and the dead, and about premonitions and dreams affecting the imagination. Dr. Kudriavtsev's wife, who had just come from the Caucasus, was rather in the way. She had come to see Lyova, and missed him. Misha Kuzminsky told us a very interesting story about a mad woman. The point was that a lot of Tanya's things had disappeared from the bungalow last night. Various reasons made them believe that the mad sister of Mitya's nurse had stolen

them. So Misha and the nurse went to see the lunatic and carefully asked her where she had put the things. In the end, she showed them everything—she had hidden the album below a bush at Yasenki, she had buried the tool-box with the keys in the cemetery near the church, and had put some stones round it ; a shirt and two towels had been thrown under the bridge ; she had trampled her *sarafan* and her husband's trousers into a muddy ditch, and had hung up the old silver inkpot with the chains on a tree. Strangely enough, she remembered everything, and in the end they found all the things except the inkpot ; for it had grown too dark to look for it in the wood. It rained to-night, and it is warmer. Still, there hasn't been enough rain ; may God send us more.

June 16.

It has been thunder and rain all day, and both nature and the people look brighter and happier. Lyova has come back from Butkevich looking glum and cheerless. My daughter Masha gets to know of all the terrible things that go on in the village ; this contact with the workers and the village wenches will soil her morally, and she brings all that filth home, by talking and getting miserable about it. I have tried all my life to close my eyes to these things, and it makes me quite sick now to hear my daughter talk about the boy Filka who must be sent to the shoemaker in Tula because the workers undress him and do all kinds of terrible things ! It's too dreadful for words ! I told Lyova about it ; and he replied that it was no good turning away from these things, and that we ought to try to cure the people of their vile ignorance. Yes, let him try, by all means—but not an innocent girl of twenty ! He has pushed her into those filthy surroundings, and may he be responsible to God for doing it ; for my own part, I should choke and die among those people, and I see how unnatural

it is for Masha to meddle with things which should revolt and disgust any girl.

I was busy all day covering the screens and furniture in Sasha's and Lydia's rooms. I sometimes have a longing for physical labour, but it has been satisfied now, for some time to come. The thunderstorm and my ailment have depressed me terribly, and I spent the whole night in a state of nervous excitement.

June 18.

This is Sasha's[1] seventh birthday. I gave her her presents in the morning, then I took her, Vanya, and Vasya Kuzminsky to Yasenki, where we met Andryusha, Misha, and M. Borel, who were coming back from Ilya. We had a cheerful journey, and the children told us how much they had enjoyed themselves and how nice Ilya's house was. Then I translated the introduction to that English book on vegetarianism, and got quite a lot of it done. Masha came back from Tula for dinner, and brought the paper from the notary, and so I worked on them for an hour after dinner.

In the evening we took a samovar, crockery, food, and fruit to Chepyzh, where we made a bonfire and picknicked. The children tried to play games, but they weren't in the mood, somehow. Just as it was growing dark, two women came running from the Kuzminskys' house, and said that a mad bull had broken loose and was coming in our direction, so we bundled up all the things and hurried home. A bull had actually chased one of the dairymen and had nearly killed him. I was terribly worried about Lyova, who had just gone off for a bathe, but he soon came back and, putting on his dressing gown, said that he wasn't feeling well—that he was feeling chilly and had a pain in his side. No wonder, considering the wretched food he has been eating lately. He has been filling himself up

with bread, in spite of the doctor's warning, and has been drinking a lot of rye coffee ; he wouldn't touch eggs and, in addition to it all, he walked all the way to Butkevich[15] which is eighty miles there and back, carrying a heavy bag. I have never known a man more determined than he about such fads. Just to spite me, he won't drink kumyss—and won't even give me a reason. It hurts so much to see him ruin his health like that. My daughter Tanya spoke so spitefully and sarcastically to-day about the way I had brought up the children, and at night she made some cutting remarks about our treatment of the horses. Fortunately, I was able to keep silent both times.

Last night all the children went to the Zinovievs'. Lyova went out for a walk, while I stayed at home and read *La Vie Eternelle*, which I had put aside some days ago. I don't think I like this rather materialistic definition of God : *Dieu est la vie éternelle et universelle dans l'infini du temps et dans l'infini de l'espace ; dans tous les siècles comme dans chaque instant ; dans tous les mondes comme dans chaque atome.* This God is merely an element. But where is the God of love and kindness, God, the spirit, to Whom I pray ?

[Young] Lyova is writing something, and Masha Kuzminsky is copying it for him. I should like to know what it is all about, but I am afraid to disturb him by asking him to read it to me, or by even mentioning it.

June 29.

These last ten days have been peaceful and uneventful, neither happy nor sad ; and there have been no visitors. Only the little ones have had a temperature. Repin[16] and Kuzminsky[16] arrived to-day. After lunch I took Sasha and Vanya for a walk, as nurse had gone to see her mother at Sudakovo, and Lydia had stayed at home as she wasn't feeling well. Repin came with us, too. We sat down to have a rest in the orchard, and Repin began to

sketch the group in his album. It is unlike us, but the effect is quite good. It was a lovely sunny day, and flowers everywhere ; the children gathered fruit, while we had an interesting talk ; Repin seems to have had a very sad life.

Tanya and Lena have gone to Serezha's, as it is his birthday ; they will probably come back to-morrow.

Repin is going to do some sketching, and he wants to do a portrait of Lyova in his study.

We are expecting Countess Alexandra[88] on Tuesday.

July 16, 1891.

Countess Alexandra has been here, but had to go quickly back to Tsarskoie, where Sophie, her blind sister, suddenly took ill. As usual, she was gay and kind, and interested in everything. But she is a lady of the Court to the very marrow of her bones ; she loves the Court, the Emperor, and the Imperial family—partly because she is prepared to love everybody, and partly because they are *sovereigns*, and she loves the Monarchy and the Orthodox Church.

I went to Moscow the day after she left to order 20,000 more copies of volume xiii. ; the 3,000 copies that were printed were sold out in no time. It was a terrible job getting the paper and finding a printer who would do the job in a fortnight. I also bought Masha Kuzminsky's trousseau, and ordered the silver plate. Vera Kuzminsky came with me and we stayed with Dyakov, who is living in our house. I went to the French Exhibition with Vera, as I wanted to see the paintings, but did not see much, as it was just going to close. I was bored with the show and wouldn't go up in the balloon as I didn't want to spend five roubles.

While I was in Moscow I got a letter from Lyova, saying that he wanted to make volume xii. and xiii. public property, so that anyone could print it. But I would hate my family to lose all that money, and, moreover, since the

works contained in the last two volumes were allowed to appear only in the *Complete Works*, it would be unfair to mislead people and cause them unnecessary trouble and expense. Yet it hurts me, most of all, to annoy Lyova, and so I told him yesterday that he could do whatever he liked, and that I would neither interfere nor protest. But up till now, he has done nothing at all about it. We have had a mob of visitors these last few days. Repin left to-day, having finished a small picture of Lyova in his study. He has also begun a full-size portrait, which he will finish at home. It shows Lyova walking barefooted in the wood, with his hand inside his belt.

Ginsburg[83] is doing a big bust of Lyova which is very poor, and a small statue of him sitting at his desk, which is quite good.

Varya Nagornov,[85] Vera[84] and Varya[84] Tolstoy, and the Zinovievs[5] have been here also, and now the Helbigs[88] are with us ; young Helbig and I took some photographs to-day, of Repin's portrait and of Vanya and Mitya—but they aren't any good.

We got two rather dull letters from [young] Lyova, who is on his way to Samara. Serezha has gone there too, with my messages. Beloborodov, the notary, came with the papers the other day—the division is getting on. Figner arrived on Sunday night and sang, but not very well. Lyova is not very cheerful, and I was told to-day that he had said that he wouldn't go to Moscow. I simply don't know what to do or to decide ; my heart is torn with doubts and anxiety, and this terrible responsibility of having to decide one way or another. How can one educate the boys in the country ? I don't see how it can be done. And what about [young] Lyova, who is sure to throw up the university if he has to go on living alone ? And then there is Tanya, who stands a much better chance of getting married in Moscow than here, and, on the other hand, Lyova who

cannot bear to live in a town. I keep hoping that God will guide and help me to make the right decision. It is terribly hot and dry, though the nights are cool ; and on all sides, I keep hearing about the terrible famine ; I cannot help thinking of it all the time. This seems to be quite a *hopeless* problem.

Lyova's health is not too good : he ate such quantities of green peas and watermelon yesterday that I got quite terrified. He paid the penalty at night, but he won't touch kumyss.

Last night and to-night I took Vanya and Sasha for a walk ; yesterday we went to the Zakaz ravine, and to-night to the well near the old wood. Vanya likes to let his imagination run wild—he likes to think that the wood is full of wolves, and that the water in the well has something peculiar about it.

Ginsburg's bust is a failure.

July 21.

I must write down to-day's sad, absurd, and incredible story. I don't know what is most absurd about it—myself or the positions with which I am faced ? But how harassed and exhausted I feel, in body and mind !

Just before dinner, Lyova said that he was writing a letter to several newspapers, renouncing the copyright of his latest works. When he brought up the question the last time, I had made up my mind to bear it patiently, and succeeded in doing so. But when, a few days later, he came back to the subject, I wasn't prepared for it, and my first feeling was a spiteful one—I immediately felt how unjust such an action would be towards his family ; for the first time I realised that this publication would be an open avowal of his disagreement with his wife and family. This upset me most of all, and we said a lot of unpleasant things to each other. I told him he was ambitious and

vainglorious, and he said I was always out for money, and that he had never seen such a greedy and stupid woman. I said that he had made it his business to humiliate me, all my life, because he had never had anything to do with decent women, while he replied that I only spoiled the children with the money I got. . . . Finally, he began to shout : " Leave me alone ! leave me alone ! " So I went out and walked down the garden, not knowing what to do. The gardener saw me weeping and I felt so ashamed. I wandered into the orchard. I sat down beside a ditch and signed all the notices in my pocket, in pencil. Then I wrote in my note-book that I was going to Kozlovka to kill myself, because the constant trouble with Lev Nikolaevich had worn me out ; that I was unable, by myself, to come to any clear decision in our family problems.

I remember how, in my youth, I always wanted to commit suicide after our quarrels, but I always felt that I could not do it ; I would have done it to-day if it hadn't been for an accident. I was at my wit's end as I ran to Kozlovka. For some reason, I kept thinking of [young] Lyova, and reflecting that, if I suddenly got a letter or wire saying that he had died, it would hasten my decision. When I came to the footbridge across the big ravine, I sat down to rest, and though it was getting dark, I was not afraid. Curiously enough, I felt *ashamed* to go home without fulfilling my purpose, so I wandered vaguely on, with such a terrible headache that I thought my head would burst. Suddenly I saw someone, dressed in a blouse, coming towards me. I was overjoyed—for I thought it was Lyova, and that he would make it up. But it turned out to be Alexander Kuzminsky. It annoyed me that he should upset my plan, for I knew he wouldn't let me go on by myself. He was much surprised to see me, and realised at once that I was upset. I had not expected to see him, and asked him to go home and to leave me alone. I assured him

that I would come at once, but he wouldn't go away and kept asking me to go with him. He pointed to a crowd in the distance, saying that you never knew what kind of people were roaming about here, and that I might get a fright.

Then he added that he had meant to go by the round-about way, through Voronka and Gorelaya Polyana, but that he had been attacked by a swarm of flying ants, so he had run into the thicket, had undressed, and, having wasted so much time, had decided to go back the same way. I realised that God did not wish me to commit that great sin, so I yielded and followed Kuzminsky. But as I did not want to go home, I went through the Zakaz wood, meaning to bathe ; I thought I might get drowned—that would be a solution. The same dull despair, and the desire to depart from this life with its insoluble problems, kept pursuing me. It was quite dark in the wood, and as I came to the ravine some beast—I am shortsighted, so I don't know whether it was a dog or a fox or a wolf—suddenly jumped at me, trying to cross the road. I gave a loud scream. The beast dashed off into the wood and I only heard the rustling of the branches. Suddenly I lost my courage and went home to Vanichka's room. He had already gone to bed, and fondled me, saying "my mummy, my mummy !" When, in similar moods, I went to my children in the past, they always gave a new meaning to my life, but to-day I was horrified to find that they only deepened my sorrow and despair.

I lay down on my bed at first, but I got anxious about Lyova, so I lay in the hammock outside, listening for his footsteps. By-and-by they all gathered on the verandah, laughing and chattering, and Lyova finally came too. He talked in such a cheerful, lively fashion, just as if nothing at all had happened ; as for the pain he had caused me—why, he had caused it so often already ! He will never

know that I nearly committed suicide ; and even if he does know about it, he will not believe it.

I fell asleep in the hammock, thanks to all my bodily and mental exhaustion. Masha, who came in with a candle looking for something, woke me up. I went to have some tea. So we sat round in a circle reading Lermontov's *Strange Man*. When everybody had gone to bed and Ginsburg had left, Lyova came up to me and kissed me and made some conciliatory remark. I asked him to publish his announcement and not to mention the matter again. But he said he would not until I *understood* that it must be done ; so I said that I could not tell lies, and that I could *not* understand it. This day has brought me nearer death—it has broken something within me, and I feel old, and gloomy. " Let them strike me, but strike me harder, so that it may be the end." That's what I say to myself.

And again the thought of the *Kreutzer Sonata* keeps pursuing me : the period of satiety is back again. . . .* I told him to say that I would . . .† never live with him again as his wife. He said that that was just what he wanted—but I didn't believe him. He is asleep now, and I can't go near him. It is Masha Kuzminsky's nameday to-morrow and I have promised to arrange charades for the children. May God grant that the day passes happily and without quarrels.

July 23.

Yesterday's wound will never heal. . . .‡ I went twice to tell him to print the announcement renouncing the copyright of his last works. Let him tell the public of all the disagreement between him and his family, I have a clear conscience and am not afraid of anything. The money I get for the books is all spent on his children ; I simply

* Eighteen words missing. † Twenty-nine words missing.
‡ Eighteen words missing.

control the payments, for otherwise the money would be spent foolishly and recklessly. I have only one desire now—to be clear of this last charge that is being brought against me. I have so much on my hands already—this division of the property which is being done against my will, the education of the boys with whom I will have to go to Moscow, all business connected with the books and the house, and the whole moral responsibility of maintaining the family.

These last two days I feel as though I were bending under the weight of all these cares, and if it hadn't been for the flying ants who attacked Kuzminsky and sent him my way, I might have been dead by now. Never was I so calmly determined to do it. And yet in spite of all these thoughts, I got up charades for the children. Misha, Sanya and Vasya Kuzminsky, Boris Nagornov, Andryusha, and Misha all took part. Sasha came in for a minute, dressed up as an angel, and she also played in the *tableau vivant.* They all played quite well, and I believe that such games are good for taking the boys' minds off other things. In any case, it can do no harm. Beside Erdeli[14] and the family, the Zinoviev girls were there, and all the servants, the Bashkirs, and the coachmen came in to watch. It was a great success, and everybody was pleased. When it was all over, I was simply shaking with exhaustion, and there was a heavy weight on my heart—it is there still. Yesterday they decided that Masha Kuzminsky[15] would be married at Yasnaya Polyana on August 25. I am very glad—it will all be much easier and cheaper. No one will need to go to Petersburg, and everybody will enjoy it.

It is still very dry and windy, and it is cold at night. The orchards and gardens and meadows are all parched, and [young] Lyova writes saying that it is the same in Samara.

Ginsburg's bust is finished, and it is very poor. In any

case, Ginsburg is only a low-minded plebeian . . .* and I am glad he has gone.

[*Added later*]: I have completely changed my mind about Ginsburg ; he is a good, honest man.

July 26.

The young wife of Peter, Philip the coachman's son, died in the village yesterday. Masha, who used to go and look after her, said she had some kind of disease in her throat. Later on, when she declared that it was evidently diphtheria, I told her not to go there again. Still, if she had already caught the disease, it was too late to warn her. I am very sorry for the poor woman, but I am also annoyed at Masha who runs the risk of infecting the whole family, and especially the children. Judging from what she now says, it must have been diphtheria, but, with her usual slyness, she pretended all the time that she didn't know. But she is upset now, too, and complains of a pain in her throat, and seems to have got a fright. This daughter, whom God has sent me as a curse, has never, never brought me anything but worry, annoyance, pity, and unhappiness.

I have been correcting the *A B C* all day. The School Committee has not passed it, owing to some words like " fleas," " lice," " bugs," " the devil," etc., and there are also a few other errors to correct ; and they have also suggested that we should cut out the stories about " the Fox and the Fleas," " the Stupid Peasant," and one or two others, but Lyova will not agree to this alteration.

Vanya, Mitya, Vasya, and Lyova have colds. There has been a thunderstorm and heavy rain, and it is cooler now. Lyova rode to Tula yesterday to get some specially " virtuous " doctor ; but the latter had gone to Moscow, and, meantime, the sick woman died. Tanya and Masha Kuzminsky went to Petersburg on the 24th to see about the trousseau.

* One word missing.

July 27.

I am terribly dissatisfied with myself. Lyova woke me up this morning with passionate kisses. . . . Then I picked up Bourget's new novel, *Un cœur de femme*, and read it in bed till 11.30—which I hardly ever do. To think what unpardonable debauchery I go in for at my age ! I am sad and ashamed. I feel a sinful and unhappy woman, and, however much I try, I can't do anything about it. So I stayed in bed, instead of getting up early to send off the Bashkirs, who may miss the train, or writing to the notary for the papers, and seeing what the children are doing. Sasha and Vanya romped about on my bed for a long time, playing and laughing. I told Vanya the story of Lipunushka, and he was delighted with it. Vanya has a cold, and Sasha's stomach is out of order. Then I gave Misha his music lesson, which went off very well. Andryusha is doing an English translation ; he has given up music altogether. Sonya Mamonov and Khokhlov are staying here. It is a cool, sunny day.

What a strange man my husband is. The very next morning after that wretched *business* the other day, he spoke passionately of his love for me, saying I had taken a hold on him and he never thought that such violent attachment was ever possible. But it is all *physical*—and that is the secret of our quarrels. His sensuality is contagious, and yet my whole moral being *protests* against it, for I never wanted it. All my life I have dreamed sentimentally of an ideal and spiritual relationship—but not *that*. But life has gone past, and most of the good is dead—the ideal is, at any rate.

Bourget's novel made a strong impression on me, because I found in it a theme and an idea which I myself could have expressed. It deals with a society woman who loves two men at the same time, her former lover—almost her husband (though not an avowed one)—noble, handsome,

and affectionate; and her new lover, also handsome, and very much in love with her. I can understand this double love, and it is well described. Why, indeed, should one love exclude another? And why can one not love and remain pure at the same time?

July 29.

Strakhov[11] is here; he is as pleasant and intelligent as ever. Basilevich[12] was here also, and a woman student from Kazan, who questioned Lyova on all kinds of moral and abstract subjects.

Lyova's stomach is out of order, and he felt feverish at night. Tanya has gone to Pirogovo. It's a dull, rainy day and I am worried about [young] Lyova and Serezha. I have written to Tanya, Ginsburg, and our Samara manager.

August 12.

Lyova has gone to Pirogovo on horseback. There is a strained, depressing atmosphere in the house. Everything seems to be uncertain. Lyova told Masha to-day that we would stay here all winter and could not go to Moscow at all, and so advised her not to train as a nurse and to cancel her application. This news seems to have depressed Tanya as much as it has me, though she hasn't said anything. My state of mind is terrible—what *shall* I do?

All my energy, all my endeavour to educate the children at home are exhausted. I can't do any more. I don't know how we shall go on, or where to get teachers, and whether Andryusha will do any work—his brain has been asleep all last winter. Nor do I know what [young] Lyova will do, or how I can leave him. And how will I live without Lyova and the girls if I have to go to Moscow; and how will they manage without me? O Lord, advise me! On the other hand, Lyova would be so ill-tempered and unhappy if he went to Moscow. In any case, our life is

broken up, and we have drifted apart—I to the children, and he to his ideas and his selfishness ; and what is broken cannot be mended.

I trust that God will help me when the decision has to be made.

I try to enjoy life, and yet the thought of suicide keeps coming back—the desire to put an end to this double life with all its responsibilities. I spent four hours with little Sasha, looking for mushrooms, and the other day I went to the Figner concert with Vera Kuzminsky, Misha, and Andryusha. I saw plenty of people I knew, the singing was good, and I enjoyed myself. [Young] Lyova has written from Astrakhan. He is going to sail down the Caspian, but will not go to Piatigorsk, in the Caucasus, on account of the landslide on the Georgian military road, which will be closed until September 10. I often think and worry about him.

There are lots of apples and plenty of every kind of mushrooms. They brought in some *openki* to-day.

August 14.

I have been to Tula ; Andryusha and Misha had their suits tried on at the tailor's ; I got 2,000 roubles to pay the Nikolskoye debts ; and Masha Kuzminsky[16] went to meet her fiancé, whom she has brought back home. My Masha has still a high temperature, and she looks so pale and pitiful. I had a wire from [young] Lyova, asking the date of Masha Kuzminsky's wedding. I went out for half an hour with Sasha and Vanichka to pick mushrooms, but it was very wet. I spent the evening with Masha, and then we all talked about women, love, and marriage. My sister Tanya said to-day : " You simply must go and stay in Moscow ; you can be certain that your husband and your daughters will miss you before long and will come to Moscow, too."

August 15.

It was such a wonderful day that I went out for four hours with the children to gather mushrooms. It was lovely ! The wonderful smell of the earth, the gentle quiet of the wood, the fresh dewy grass, the blue sky above, and the happy faces of the children carrying big baskets full of mushrooms. That is what I call real pleasure. I had a letter from [young] Lyova from Vladikavkaz and a wire from Kislovodsk. Thank God he is alive and well. Masha is feeling better.

I spent the evening with Tanya, Masha, and Erdeli at the Kuzminskys. We talked of married life, and as I was telling them of my marriage, the whole of my rather unhappy life seemed to pass before my eyes. This hopelessness is now more apparent than ever. People should be in love in their young days, and be friendly in their old age. Yet it is so different with us : these outbursts of passion always followed by long periods of coldness. I sometimes feel the need of a warm, gentle affection, and of mutual friendliness ; and I feel that it is never too late, yet every time I try to establish this cordial friendly relationship I come up against his dull look of surprise, and his coldness, his terrible coldness. And his excuse for this gulf between us is always the same : " I live a Christian life and you refuse to recognise it ; you spoil the children, etc., etc."

What is Christian about it when he hasn't an atom of love either for his children or for me or for anybody except himself? I may be a pagan, but I love my children and, alas, I still love this frigid Christian so much that it breaks my heart wondering what to do—to go or not to go to Moscow. What must I do that will be best for everybody ? God knows I am only happy when I know that those around me are happy.

August 20.

Two Frenchmen have been here : Richet,[87] the psychologist, and a cousin of his ; Professor Grot[88] brought them along. Masha drove to Pirogovo to bring Lyova back, and now she is in bed again with a temperature of 39.6. Yesterday morning we went for a picnic in the wood with all our neighbours, but showers interrupted the children's fun, and we soon came back. Lyova is gentle, friendly, and *amorous*. It was interesting to listen to his conversation with Richet and Grot. In the evening I talked of sending the children to the high school and of moving to Moscow. " But the matter is settled now, isn't it ? " Lyova remarked. No, this very painful question is very far from being settled.

September 19, 1891.

When life is particularly eventful and interesting I don't seem to have time to write my diary ; so I will have to go back over this last month now.

We were happily busy until August 25, preparing for Masha Kuzminsky's wedding. We did all the shopping, made Chinese lanterns, decorations for the horses, flags, etc. On the morning of the 25th, brother Sasha[89] and I blessed Vanya Erdeli and took him to the church in the coach. We were both deeply moved. I felt sorry for the pure, delicate boy who was so alone in the world, and who was taking on all this responsibility so early in life. I wasn't present at Masha's blessing. They say she cried a great deal, and her father, as well. All through the ceremony tears kept choking me, and I thought of my past and the girl's future, and of my possible separation from Tanya, and Masha, whom I always pity and who makes me feel guilty of not loving her more.

Then we had dinner on the croquet lawn. It was a lovely warm day, and everybody was happy and gay—the family,

all the relations, and the neighbours. At night we played games, danced, and sang ; Figner sang extraordinarily well that evening. I kept watching Tanya all day, and her former suitors—I mean all the young men who have proposed to her ; and I watched Stakhovich as well ; I would be so glad if she could marry him. I am sure he would love and appreciate her. The children were late in getting to bed, and as the guests did not want to drive home in the dark I sat up with them till dawn ; my daughter-in-law, Sonya, Tanya, and Stakhovich stayed up too. Stakhovich would keep on saying hard things to Sonya about little children and how troublesome they were. Lyova was ill for two days before the wedding, but he felt better that day. All my nine children were there, and I was very happy, and tried to forget all my cares and worries. The young couple spent the night in their old places—Masha slept with her sister, and Erdeli in [young] Lyova's room. Everything was the same the next morning, and only at six at night did we see the newly married couple off to Yasenki, and we all wept. There was a cold wind blowing, and I was in a gloomy mood ; life went back again to its old rut, though there were new cares in store. I did not mention Moscow until the 29th. But the days were going fast, and, on the evening of the 29th, I asked Lyova to come out for a stroll with me. I asked him what he had decided about Moscow and about sending the boys to school. I said that I knew how painful the problem was, and that I only wanted to know how much time he would be willing to sacrifice for the family and how long he would stay with me in Moscow. He said he wouldn't go to Moscow at all. To this I replied : " Very well, then ; that settles it. I shall not go to Moscow either, and we will start looking out for new teachers." " No, I don't want that," said he, " you must go to Moscow and put them in the school, seeing you think it must be so." " But this is

like a divorce," said I, " for you will see neither me nor the five children for the whole winter." " I don't see much of them anyway," said he, " but you could come here now and then." " Me ? No, never ! " . . .*

I felt sorry that during my whole life I had loved and belonged only to him, and that now, when he was throwing me away like an old piece of clothing, I was still attached to him and unable to leave him.

My tears embarrassed him. If he had only a fragment of that deep psychological understanding which is shown in his books he must surely have understood at that moment the depth of my pain and despair.

" I pity you," he said, " I can see you are suffering, and yet I do not know how to help you." " But I can tell you," I replied, " I call it immoral to tear the family in half for no proper reason ; so I shall sacrifice [young] Lyova and Andryusha and their education, and shall stay here with our daughters." " There you are, talking of *sacrifice*—and then you'll be blaming me." " But what can I do ? Tell me, what can I do ? " He was silent for a while. " I can't tell you now," he said at last, " let me think it over till to-morrow."

We parted in the Grumont field—he went to see a sick man at Grumont, and I went home. What a deep scar he has left in my heart with his cynical, heartless way of throwing me out of his life ! It was growing dark. I went along the road and wept. It was like another funeral of my happiness. The village folks who passed me looked at me with amazement. I was frightened, walking through the dark wood. At home the lights were lit ; the children were having tea, and they ran out to meet me. Next day Lyova said quite calmly to me : " Go to Moscow and take the children with you ; needless to say, I shall do whatever you wish." *Wish ?* The word was absurd. For many years

* Eighty words missing.

I haven't *wished* anything for myself; all that I have ever wished for has been their welfare and happiness.

In the evening I packed up the children's things and my own, got all the papers ready, and on Sunday night, September 1, I took the boys to Moscow. My fears and doubts as to whether this was right will always remain. But, at the time, I thought it was right. Just before we left, [young] Lyova told me how M. K.* had sinned with Mitya's nurse, and how he had told my boys the whole story. Another blow! I felt disgusted, sorry for my sister, and frightened for the innocence of my boys, and the pain of it all did not leave me all the time I was in Moscow. However, I eventually calmed down; I had so many things to see to, and I had to give the boys all my moral support in these new surroundings. Later, [young] Lyova arrived and told me of all the sorrow this episode had caused my sister. I had suffered so much already because of it that, by this time, I had become hardened; and Tanya was hurt by my apparent coldness and indifference. But she was wrong. For a calm sorrow can be just as genuine as the warm spontaneous sympathy that can only exist at first, and which you can't expect to last for a whole fortnight. [Young] Lyova came to Moscow, too, to sit for his belated second year exams. He is too good for words: he is so pure and gentle and brilliant, and so kind to the children. He at once grew interested in their work and life at school; he went over the lessons with Andryusha, and spoke to them seriously about the M. K. business.

I spent a fortnight in Moscow, and got the house painted and re-papered, and had the furniture re-covered; and after seeing the children settled down, I left for home. I left my three sons there, together with M. Borel and Alexei Mitrofanovich, and now Fomich has joined them, too.

* Obviously Misha Kuzminsky, the writer's young nephew.

I got home on the 15th in the morning, and Lyova at once referred to the fact that I had sent my children to "jail." Again there was an exchange of words, though it didn't last long this time. . . .* This wasn't the time for quarrels. I told [sister] Tanya how disgusted I was with Misha, and mentioned the possibility of being separated next summer. [Young] Lyova had thought this necessary in the interests of the younger children ; but the thought was distressing both to Tanya and me. She blushed and said : " That'll do, Sonya, you have upset me quite enough already." So we are not going to come to any decision till next spring, and will see how Misha behaves in the meantime. Then Lyova and I discussed the letter he had written on the 16th for the newspapers, about renouncing the copyright on the articles published in volumes xii. and xiii. The one and only reason for all this is his vanity, his thirst for more and more fame, and his desire that everybody should talk about him. This is my firm conviction. The letter was sent off. In the evening a letter came from Leskov,[90] with a cutting from the *Novoye Vremya*, entitled : " L. N. Tolstoy on the Famine." Leskov had let the paper print the passage dealing with the famine in the letter Lyova had sent him. Lyova's letter didn't hang together well, some of the opinions were too harshly expressed—in any case it wasn't fit for publication. He was terribly excited that this letter should have been printed and couldn't sleep all night. Next morning he said that the famine was worrying him terribly, and that free kitchens must be organised for the hungry people ; that, above all, people must make *personal* efforts ; and that he hoped that I would give some money towards it. (It is hard to make him out : for he had just sent off the letter renouncing his claims on the copyright of volumes xii. and xiii. !) He also said that he was going to Pirogovo at once to organise the free

* Sixteen words missing.

kitchens, and that he would write about it to the papers. But since it was no good writing about a thing of which he had no real experience, it would first be necessary to organise two or three kitchens, along with his brother and some of the other neighbours, and after that he could write about it.

Just before leaving he said : " Don't imagine that I am doing this so that people will talk about it ; I simply cannot live in peace." Yes, if he were really doing it because his heart was throbbing with anguish at the thought of the starving people, I would fall down on my knees and worship him, and give him so much ! But I do not hear the voice of his heart. However, it will, at least, be something if he can stir up the hearts of others with his brain and the power of his pen ! Life goes quietly along with Tanya, Masha, Vera, Vasya, Vanya, Sasha, and Mitya. It is a calm, wonderful day. We have had some nice letters from the boys. I am glad to be alone and to have a rest ; I have concentrated on my inner life, reading, meditating, writing, and praying. Yesterday my husband roused my passions ; but to-day everything is calm and quiet and holy. Serenity and purity are my ideals.

September 21.

I got a letter from [young] Lyova and Misha. Both yesterday and to-day I went a long walk with Sasha, Vera, and Lydia. These are wonderful days. It is almost too warm even in summer clothes. I gathered a few bunches of flowers, wrote to the children in Moscow, and was glad to give my mind and body a rest in this refreshing quiet. I don't feel like doing anything. I read at one gulp Rod's *Les trois cœurs*. It's gloomy and not very good, but quite exciting. I am too tired and exhausted, both mentally and physically, to read anything serious. Yesterday I wrote a long outline of a story which I should like to write, but

I don't think I'll be able to. No news from either Lyova or Tanya—I am missing them, especially Tanya. It is curious how Lyova's refusal to go to Moscow, and his arguments for my living there alone for the whole winter, have shattered my feeling of attachment for him ; to be separated from him no longer seems as terrible as it once did. Yes, I'll have to get used to it. The time will come when he will no longer be *amorous*, and then he will cast me out of his life—cynically, cruelly, and coldly. And this moment is not far away. I must guard my heart against this shock by loving my children more than my husband. Thank God, there are many of them, and many of them are good.

It upsets me to think that three of my sons have to be in Moscow while I am able to enjoy the beauty and calm of the country. But then we, too, were brought up in the city, and now the time for rest has come.

October 8, 1891.

I couldn't resist the temptation any longer, and went to Moscow to fetch the boys. This is how it happened : my relations with sister Tanya were somewhat strained after the M. K. business. She expected pity and sympathy from me, while I could not help being harsh about Misha, and angry with him for demoralising my boys with his dirty stories. So I decided to go with Tanya to town. Everybody was well at home, and Liza Obolensky[20] and Masha[21] were staying here. We went in a separate carriage, which was specially attached to the train at Tula ; Zinoviev[8] saw us off, and the stateroom was specially opened for us at the station. In Moscow I drove with Vasya to Aunt Vera Alexandrovna,[10] and my three sons, looking very lively and cheerful, came there after the exhibition. They had expected to see Tanya,[7] and Misha looked at me for quite a while without recognising me ; but at last he cried : " Mummy ! " We spent a happy evening together, and

I spent the next day with them as well, and on Saturday, September 28, I took them home to Yasnaya. Liza and Misha Olsufiev[92] came with us. [Young] Lyova did not come, for he was very busy with his lectures and music. The next day (Sunday) some more visitors came : Zinoviev, Davydov and his daughters, and Misha Stakhovich. Both the Michaels were there whom Tanya had at one time considered as possible candidates. But, however hard I watched them, neither seemed to show any particular inclination ; only something hostile seemed to be between them, like a silent duel. Everybody went away on Monday. Andryusha had a temperature, but on Wednesday I saw him and Misha off to Tula, where I handed them over to the Zinovievs who were taking them to Moscow. On our way back from the station Masha, Serezha, and I discussed the prospects of Tanya's[7] marriage.

After the children had left, I felt sad again. They had slept for three nights next to my bedroom, and I could hear them, and didn't need to worry about them. Never do I get a kind friendly word from Lyova, really from his heart. My heart is so tired out that it gives me asthma and neuralgia. At night I couldn't sleep. I often go away somewhere all by myself and weep for hours ; how often have I wept over other bits of my life that have gone past. But if I were asked what the central cause of all my sorrow was, I should say it was the complete absence of love on Lyova's part, for he not only completely ignores me nowadays, but he torments me, and has *never* loved me. I can see it in everything—in his indifference to the family and his lack of interest in things which concern us both, in his indifference towards the life and education of the children. We have just been talking about the letters we wrote to-day, and he started enumerating his—all to the *dark ones*. I asked where Popov,[93] Zolotarev,[94] and Khokhlov were. Popov is a retired army officer, the other two are young

fellows of the shopkeepers class. They are all supposed to be Lev Nikolaevich's followers. " Popov," he said, " is with his mother, she wanted him to go there ; Khokhlov is at a technical college, where his father sent him ; and Zolotarev, poor devil, is staying with his father, an *old-believer*, in some backwater in the South." And all three, he said, are obliged to stay with their parents, and they are finding it very trying. " Where would they like to stay ? " I asked. I knew that Popov had found it " trying " to live with his very charming wife, and had left her ; then he settled down with Chertkov but couldn't get on with him either, and now he found it trying to live with his father. Lyova, too, finds it trying to live with me ; these are surely strange principles that make life so very difficult wherever one goes ! There have been plenty of these Tolstoyan communes,[95] but they soon came to an end, so *trying* did the people find it to live there. Such was the unpleasant finale of our talk, and Lyova went off to Kozlovka, while once again tears threatened to choke me ; however, I managed to calm down. I mustn't get ill, and I mustn't lose heart ! I have so much work and so many duties ! Either I must be active and work for the family, or—if I can't stand it—it is better not to go on living.

I have just looked at the last entry in this diary, where I referred to Lyova's and Tanya's journey to Pirogovo, where they went to inspect the famine-stricken areas. Serezha, Lyova's brother, met them at Pirogovo in a rather unfriendly way, saying that they had come to teach him, that they were richer than a poor man like him, that they could more easily afford to help the people, etc., etc. Then Lyova and Tanya went to the Bibikovs, where they took down the names of the people who were starving. Tanya stayed with the Bibikovs,[96] while Lyova drove on to see a woman-landowner and Svechin. Bibikov and this woman were not much impressed by the idea of organising

free kitchens for the needy. Neither of them had any money to spare—as usual, everybody was taken up with his own affairs. The Svechins" alone were rather more sympathetic.

After five days, Lyova and Tanya came back, and on our wedding day (twenty-nine years !) Lyova and Masha took the train to the Epifany district. They stayed with Rafail Alexeich Pisarev, and from there they inspected the stricken villages. Rayevsky joined them there, and they all discussed the free kitchens. Lyova decided there and then that he would stay the winter with Rayevsky" and take his two daughters with him, to organise the kitchens. He gave them 100 roubles to buy potatoes and beetroot—it was the money I had given him. When they came back and said that they were going to spend the whole winter in the steppe and not go to Moscow at all, I was quite horrified. How could we live apart all winter—they living twenty-five miles from a railway station, and Lyova having his constant attacks of indigestion ; the girls living in that wilderness, and I worrying about them all the time ? And this just after we had solved a problem after such endless efforts. I had even agreed to the printing of the announcement about volumes xii. and xiii., since I thought this would make it easier for him to live in Moscow ; and now another problem has been created. I fell ill with worry. And again, before he knew of the decision to stay with Rayevsky" [young] Lyova wrote advising us all to stay at Yasnaya, since my presence would interfere with the boys' work; he said my presence wasn't required. Another blow ! I have devoted to the family—and no one but the family—twenty-nine years of my married life. I have given up everything that gives joy and interest to every young person's life ; and now *nobody* wants me. To think how much I have wept all these days ! Surely, I must be very wicked ; and yet love is said to be good, and I have loved them so much. . . .

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In the evening I did some reading with Sasha, and played with her and Vanichka, and talked to them about the historical picture book. During the day we planted 2,000 young fir trees at Chepyzh, and to-morrow we are going to plant 4,000 birches. Later on, I planted some more trees in the garden, along with Mitya and Nikita—some young pines, birches, beeches, and firs—and we mean to plant some more to-morrow.

I intend to go to Moscow on the 20th ; how I hate the thought of going ! I simply don't know what Lyova and the girls will do without me. I feel very dubious about the free kitchens. All the strong, healthy people will be going there, while the children, pregnant women, and all the old decrepit people will not be able to go at all—and these are just the people who need to be fed.

I had meant to give 2,000 roubles to the hungry just before Lyova published his announcement about the copyright of volume xii. and xiii., but my idea was to choose a special district and to give every poor family so many bags of flour, grain, and potatoes a month. But now I don't know what to do. I cannot do anything on somebody else's initiative and with this spoke in the wheel (the announcement). If I do give any money, I shall give it to Serezha, who is the secretary of the local Red Cross. It is his duty to serve the hunger-stricken : he is free and young and honest, and he is right on the spot.

October 16, 1891.

I have been to Tula, where I settled the land question with Sokolova, the priest's wife ; only I don't know if the senior notary will confirm it. I also saw Beloborodov, the notary, about the division of the family property. It is all very boring and unpleasant. As it was snowing in the morning, I went in the two-horse sledge ; when I came

back it was already eight degrees below zero. Some gipsies had put up their tents just outside our grounds, with their children, pigs, and hens, forty horses or so, and crowds of people. The girls went down to take them round to the kitchen. Last night Lyova sent off his article "On the Famine" to Grot's journal, *Questions of Philosophy and Psychology*. Sasha and Vanya have just been drawing lots; Sasha, who drew for herself, got the left half of Bistrom, while Vanichka drew for Andryusha and Misha. Misha got the Tuchkov plot, and Andryusha the right half of Bistrom.

I went to see Serezha and Ilya on the 13th. I spent the first day with Sonya,[1] and Ilya[1] arrived in the evening. They have made a most painful impression on me. There is little love between them, their interests are mean and petty, and their estate is poorly run. Ilya looks so miserable and depressed, and I felt very sorry for him. Heaven knows who is to blame, but they certainly know little happiness. And, worst of all, is little Nicholas. His mother simply starves and neglects him, a bad mother who doesn't love her child; that's obvious. But little Anna is delightful. Only the thought that little Nicholas will die or be a cripple weighs heavily on me.

Serezha is calm and cheerful and good in every way. I inspected his whole place, trying to see if I couldn't bring something new and pleasant into his life. He is the local magistrate and also the secretary of the Red Cross. His house is clean and cosy, though rather poor and modest; but he leads the life of a decent man. May God give him the strength to go on like this. [Young] Lyova has suddenly got the idea of going off to the famine area of Samara. His restlessness worries me—all this fuss of throwing up the university and dashing off heaven knows where. The management of the Imperial Theatres have refused to pay me royalties on *The Fruits of Enlightenment*. I was

terribly annoyed both with them and with Lev Nikolaevich, who had robbed me of the pleasure of giving the money to the starving. I wrote to Vorontsov, the Minister of the Court, asking him to arrange for the money to be paid to me. I don't know what will come of it. We are busy packing up for Moscow ; I feel dull and unwell, and there seems to be an atmosphere of discord in the family and all around. The famine lies like a heavy cloud over everybody and everything.

October 19.

Complete apathy. I have stopped packing or doing anything at all about the journey; I spent all day drawing in Vanichka's sketch-book, Petya Rayevsky is here, also Popov (the *dark* one), and another intellectual tramp whom Sutayev has sent along : a miserable, disappointed, disgruntled looking individual. Lyova is curiously boisterous in a selfish way : he is happy in body, but not in spirit.

November 12, 1891.

I have been in Moscow with Andryusha, Misha, Sasha, and Vanya since October 22. On the 26th Lyova and the girls went off to the Dankovsky district to stay with Ivan Ivanovich Rayevsky at his Begichevka estate ; and on the 25th [young] Lyova went off to the Patrovka village in the Samara region. They all had just one idea—to help the hungry people. For a long time I did not want to let them go, it was so painful to part from them ; but in my heart I knew that it was right, and I agreed. Afterwards, I even sent them 500 roubles in addition to the 250 I had sent before. [Young] Lyova only took 300, and I gave 100 to the Red Cross. It is so terribly little compared with the real need ! I grew terribly sad and homesick on arriving in Moscow. I cannot put down in words all that I felt.

I went all to pieces, and was on the verge of committing suicide. To add to it all, Dmitri Alexeich Dyakov[11] died. We have lost in him Lev Nikolaevich's best and oldest friend. When I saw him he was nearly on the point of agony ; and I also went to the funeral. Then all the four children fell ill with influenza. One sleepless night I suddenly decided to make an appeal to public charity. In the morning I jumped out of bed and wrote a letter to the *Russkie Vedomosti* and took it straight off to the editorial office. The next day—on Sunday—it appeared. I suddenly cheered up, and felt brighter and healthier, and contributions came streaming in. It was truly touching the way the people responded to my appeal. Some of them come here and weep as they bring their share. Between the 3rd and the 12th I collected 9,000 roubles. I sent Lyova 1,273 and gave 3,000 to Pisarev to buy rye and maize ; and I'm waiting to hear from Serezha and [young] Lyova what to do with the rest. I spend all the morning receiving the money, entering it into the books, and talking to the people. But sometimes I suddenly lose courage and long so desperately to see Lyova and Tanya and even Masha, though I know that Masha is always happier away from home. It is strange how Lyova's indifference acts upon me like a cold shower when we are together. "What do I want with him ? Why is he here ? " I keep saying to myself ; and yet, when we are separated, I keep on thinking of him every moment. It is because the qualities which I love in him are greater and better than anything he can give. Again, I couldn't sleep because of the articles in the *Moskovskie Vedomosti*. After printing Lyova's article—"A Fearful Problem"—this paper is now making its own comments on the article. They talk of " a new liberal party with political ambitions," and almost go so far as to accuse Lyova of revolutionary intentions. The idea that there could be any political object in Lyova's writing,

beyond his desire to help the starving people, shows clearly enough that the paper itself is trying to propagate revolutionary ideas.

They try to tell all the half-witted revolutionaries that they *may* regard Tolstoy as one of themselves, and Soloviev, too; it is a spark which these people need to encourage them.

What a rotten, horrible paper! Everybody with any intelligence hates it. I nearly wrote to the Minister and to the Emperor to point out the endless harm this paper was doing; and I nearly went to see the editor and tell him what I thought; but as I had not consulted anyone about it, I did not dare to do anything.

Andryusha and Misha go to the Polivanov high-school; Misha isn't doing much work, and Andryusha just so-so. I always feel sorry for them, and I'd like to amuse them and cheer them up—altogether, I am too inclined to spoil the children, which is a bad thing. As I sat down to dinner with the children, it occurred to me how fat and sleepy and selfish our bourgeois existence was, how far removed from the common people, with its lack of sympathy and help for others. I could hardly eat, so sad did it make me to think of the starving people, while my children and I were rotting away in this atmosphere of luxury without anything vital to do. But what's the solution?

I had a reply from the Minister of the Court. In view of the worthy purpose for which I want the money, he has promised to let me have the royalties from *The Fruits of Enlightenment*, and I have already written about it to Vsevolozhsky, the Director.

Sunday, February 16, 1892.

Three more months have passed—and how swiftly! Once more I am alone in Moscow with Andryusha, Misha, Sasha, and Vanichka. Lyova, Masha, and Tanya came

twice : first from November 30 to December 9, and the second time from December 30 to January 23. We had many visitors and were all very happy to be together again, though it made the parting all the more painful. I decided to accompany Lyova and Masha to Begichevka, and to leave Tanya here to look after the children. The day we were leaving they brought me a copy of the *Moskovskie Vedomosti* with an article—a paraphrase of Lyova's article on the famine which had appeared in *Questions of Philosophy and Psychology*—in which they compared it with a proclamation and tried to prove that Lyova was a revolutionary. Lyova and I wrote a denial, which he made me sign ; and, after that, we left.

On arriving in Tula we found Elena Pavlovna Rayevsky,[98] with whom we had come to stay, ill in bed with a fever and a terrible pain in her leg. The poor woman has never been able to get well since her husband's death. Ivan Ivanovich died of influenza at Begichevo on November 20, while Lyova was staying there.

On the 27th we travelled from Tula to Klekotka, along the dreary Syzran-Viazma line. I had a fit of nerves and asthma in the train. Lyova kept going out all the time, and was fussy, careless, and silent. The weather was dreadful—it was thawing and raining, the sky was leaden grey, and there was a terrible wind. We drove on in two sledges—Masha, old Fedot, the Rayevskys' chef, and Marie Kirillovna[99] in one, and Lyova and I in the other. We were uncomfortable and it was dark and eerie. Masha was sick all the way, and I was worried in case Lyova caught cold in such weather. We reached our destination late in the evening, and Ilya, Gastev,[99] Persidskaya,[100] Natasha Filosofov, and Velichkina,[101] met us at Begichevo. Ilya was in a queer, timid mood, fearing all the time to see Ivan Ivanovich Rayevsky's ghost. The next day he left, and we stayed there with our female assistants. Lyova

and I lived in one room. I took all the manuscripts and looked through them. Then I went to see the kitchens. I went into one hut where I found about ten people, but by and by thirty-eight more came in. They were all in rags, looking sad and ill. On entering, they all made the sign of the cross and sat down in orderly rows. The woman in charge then carried the bread-basket round and they would all take one piece each. Then she placed a large tureen of soup on the table. The soup had no meat in it, only a little lenten oil. The boys sat on the one side of the table and they were cheerful and friendly and ate happily. After the soup they got a potato stew, or else peas, porridge, or a dish of beetroot. Usually there were two courses for lunch and two for dinner. I went round several of these kitchens, and, at first, rather wondered what the people really thought of them. In the second kitchen I went to, I met a young girl, so pale and ill, who gave me such a sad look that I nearly broke into tears. It must be very hard for a girl like that and for the old man who was with her, and for many others to accept this charity. " May God grant that we give and not take " is a true saying of the people. But later on, I got used to the kitchens, and realised that things would be even worse without them.

The most difficult task of all is to discover the very poorest. It is difficult to decide who ought to be allowed to make use of the kitchens, and how best to distribute the clothes, wood, etc. When I first made my list, there were eighty-six kitchens. Now there are fully a hundred. The other day—it was glorious and sunny—Lyova and I drove round the various villages. We asked about the flour supply at the mill ; then we went to the food store to find out how the distribution was being carried on ; lastly, we opened another kitchen at Kulikovko, the village that was burned down. We saw the head of the village council

and told him to bring along some of the older peasants. They all came in and sat down on the benches. We inquired who were the poorest families in the village, and told them how many persons per family could make use of the kitchens. Then I took down all the names. Lyova told them to come for the provisions on Tuesday, and suggested that the headman's wife might arrange a kitchen at her house, just like the other people whose huts were burned down.

It was getting dark as we drove home ; there was a red sunset on one side, and the moon had risen on the other. We drove through the steppe and along the Don, a dull and monotonous landscape, except for some country houses—both old and new—beautifully situated on the banks of the river. In the forenoons I helped the tailor to make coats for the peasants from the cloth we had received, and he finished twenty-three ; the village boys were overjoyed with these coats and fur jackets. They are *warm* and *new*—something that some of them have never seen before. I stayed ten days in Begichevo. There were several snowstorms, and once all our women assistants went off and didn't come back at night—we were greatly worried. They are both very good girls. Persidskaya is a Cossack girl, red-cheeked, and energetic, who gives the people medical help, and whom they called " the Princess." The other is a thin, delicate little girl, the daughter of a priest ; a little sentimental, but a good worker, too. They used to go round inspecting or opening up new kitchens, distributing clothes, and making notes about the fuel, clothes, and food that had to be given out.

When I get back to Moscow I heard more and more rumours about Lyova having written to England about the Russian famine ; I was told that everybody was very indignant about it, and that I ought to do something at once to save us from banishment, etc., etc. I didn't do

anything for a long time. I spent the whole of the first week going to the dentist every day, but, in the end, I began to feel worried. So I wrote to Durnovo, the Minister of the Interior, to Sheremetyev, to Plehve,[101] the under-secretary, to Countess Alexandra,[11] and to the Kuzminskys.[11] In all these letters I told them the truth, and denied the lies that had appeared in the *Moskovskie Vedomosti*. My denials were not allowed to appear in any paper, even though I sent one of them to the *Government Messenger*. Then I went to see the Grand Duke Sergei Alexandrovich, and asked him to have my denial published. He said that he couldn't do that, and that if only Lev Nikolaevich wrote to the *Government Messenger* himself, it would *quieten all the excited minds and satisfy the Emperor*. So I wrote to Lyova, imploring him to do this. I got his letter to-day, and have already sent it off to the *Government Messenger*. Now I am waiting anxiously to see if they will print it.

Lyova, Tanya, Masha, and Vera Kuzminsky are again in Begichevo. [Young] Lyova has come back from Samara, and I am anxiously waiting for him ; I don't know what he is going to do next. I have become used to my new position of sharing the interests of only four of my children. I have started on a novel, and am busy collecting donations, writing endless letters, paying the banks for the grain, and taking care of all transactions. Besides, I have plenty of my own matters to see to. Sometimes I am sad, but there are some happy moments, too.

Lent begins to-morrow—I must fast.

[This is followed by *My romance with Lev Nikolaevich* written *February 8, 1893*, which is the first draft of "L. N. Tolstoy's Marriage" printed in *The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife*. The two versions are almost identical, though the later version, written after Tolstoy's death, adds some poetic glamour to Tolstoy's courtship, and omits to mention the pain and jealousy of Liza Behrs, Countess Tolstoy's elder sister, to whom Tolstoy was expected to propose. The second version also omits this description of the rather painful and ambiguous situation which lasted

for several weeks ; " My position was very embarrasing. My sister was in love with Lev Nikolaevich. My father, who was always very jealous and suspicious, imagined that Lev Nikolaevich was making love to my mother. She was thirty-six and still very handsome, and Lev Nikolaevich was thirty-four. I alone felt vaguely that he was giving all his attention to me."]

August 2, 1893.

I have just learned from Chertkov[102] that he and Colonel Trepov,[103] in St. Petersburg, hold many of Lev Nikolaevich's MSS. between them. I must tell the children.

[*Added later.*] Later, Chertkov *would* take away all Lev Nikolaevich's MSS., and take them off to Christchurch, in England.

Moscow, November 5, 1893.

I believe in good and evil spirits. The evil spirits have seized upon the man I love, and yet he does not realise it. His influence is disastrous, he is hurting his son, and his daughters, and everything he touches. I pray for my children by day and night, though it is a hard spiritual effort ; I am growing thin, and I shall die physically, but my spirit will live on ; for I shall not lose my communion with God, so long as I am strong enough to resist the influence of these evil people, these blind, cold people who, with their pride and self-assurance, forget the duties that God has placed upon them. I need not pray for the little ones yet; for they, at any rate, need fear nothing. [Young] Lyova has been feeling better and happier since he came to Moscow. He is not subject to any other influence than that of my prayers. If only I can maintain the strength of my prayer ! if not, all is lost. May God shield us from any influence but His own !

March 2, 1894.

Tanya has gone to stay with [young] Lyova in Paris. He is worse again. I have often shuddered at the thought that he will not live long. He is too exceptional, too good,

and unbalanced. I just lead a day-to-day existence—it isn't life. My worries about [young] Lyova, and Tanya, too, have suppressed all my other interests. It has quite undermined my health. I have been spitting up a lot of blood to-day, and at night I feel feverish and perspire, and there is a pain in my chest. Lev Nikolaevich is rather glum, too, though his life goes on in the same way. He gets up early, clears out the room, eats some oatmeal cooked in water, and then goes off to work. I found him to-day playing patience. He had a very substantial lunch, during which Dunaev, at the pitch of his voice, kept telling some silly stories, which interested no one. Then Lev Nikolaevich went to sleep, and now, looking unusually boisterous, he has gone with Dunaev to the mushroom market, to have a look at the people selling mushrooms, honey, cranberries, etc. Masha looks nervous and run-down, and very miserable. Serezha makes very pleasant company, and I am sad he is going back to Nikolskoye so soon.

August 4, 1894.

Zaharyin[104] has found that [young] Lyova is in a very poor way. I knew it in my heart all along. How could I survive the terrible sorrow of losing such a young, good, and loving son? My heart is so strained, and living this day-to-day existence has become such an effort that I just feel that I can't stand it much longer. And yet, I must live. I must live for little Vanichka, for Misha, and even for Andryusha, who has lost so much already, but who still has a flicker of tenderness and love for me. It is all very wearisome. Just to think of my husband who has drifted away from me, who has thrown the weight of everything on my shoulders—children, house, land, all the business affairs, books, everything—and who continues to despise me and to torture me with his criticism and his selfish indifference.

And what is *his* life?

He goes out for a walk or a ride, and does a little writing; lives wherever and whichever way he likes, doing nothing for the family, and yet reaping the benefit of everything—the comforts of life, the help of his daughters, the flattery of people, and my work and obedience. And ambition, insatiable ambition, that is what he has worked for all his life, and what he will work for in the future. Only people without a heart can live like that. And [young] Lyova—how he suffered from his father's unfriendliness! The sight of a sick son annoyed him, it spoiled his lazy, easy existence. It hurts me to think of [young] Lyova's weary eyes, and that look of reproach with which he looked at his father who was blaming him for being ill, and who would not believe that he was suffering. He had never suffered all that himself, and, when he was ill, he was always irritable and impatient.

Tanya is in Moscow with [young] Lyova, and I miss her: I haven't a *friend* in the house, though, even in her case, Lev Nikolaevich and his followers have put a heavy yoke on her sane and joyous character, and have torn her away from me.

Strakhov[99] left to-day. It is hot indoors. I bathed with Sasha, went to a meeting of the peasants, and then walked about the fields in the sun till I was quite out of breath. A glorious moonlit night, warm and almost painfully lovely.

Lev Nikolaevich has gone to Potemkino[100] to find out about the village that was burned down, and to give the people some money. Andryusha has gone to see M. A. Schmidt[100] at Ovsiannikovo; Misha is with me here; Masha and Maria Kirillovna[99] have gone to Kozlovka.

November 23, 1894.

I am in Moscow with the whole family. The centre of my life and activity is [young] Lyova, who is still ill. I cannot

get used to this terrible misfortune. Every moment of my life I keep thinking of his pitiful looks, and I worry incessantly. I seldom go out, and see very few people. We have a new English governess, called Miss Spiers. Lyova, Tanya, and Masha have gone to the Pasternaks[107] to hear some music. She, Grzimali, and Brandukov will play there. After causing me a lot of worry and annoyance, Andryusha has at last calmed down. He is in poor health: he has had fourteen boils, and his stomach is out of order. Misha is bright and happy, though he is not getting on with his lessons.

There has been no snow yet, and the sledges haven't been out. It is windy and two degrees of frost. I am having volume xiii. printed, and am reading *Marcella*.[108] Lyova and I were quite friendly for a long time, though these last few days have been unpleasant. I was annoyed at his indifference about Andryusha's behaviour. My chief fault is the hope and the belief—after thirty-two years of married life—that Lyova is capable of doing something for me or the family. I ought to be thankful for what good there has been in him.

January 1 and 2, 1895.

I must write more of my diary; I am sorry I have written so little throughout my life.

Yesterday, Lyova and Tanya went to the Olsufievs,[109] at Nikolskoye. When I am without my husband, I feel freer in spirit and am alone in the presence of God, and can more easily make out the muddle in which I live.

News: [Young] Lyova has started an electrical treatment; he has grown much calmer, and has gone to the Shidlovskys.

Masha is in bed with her usual abdominal pains; Sasha and Vanya have a touch of influenza, and are feeling

dull ; they are playing with little Vera and Kolya. Andryusha is staying with Ilya, and Misha has taken his violin to the Martynovs.[110] There has been a snowstorm and it is seven below zero.

At four o'clock this morning the bell wakened me. I gave a start and waited, it rang again. The butler answered the bell ; it turned out to be Khokhlov,[79] a madman, and one of Lyova's followers. He is trying to chase Tanya, wanting to marry her ! Poor Tanya simply can't go out of doors now, because of this shabby individual, this *dark* one, all covered with lice, who keeps running after her wherever she goes. Such are the people whom Lev Nikolaevich has brought into the family circle, and whom I have got to get rid of !

It's curious ; it is only the weak and stupid people—men who have morbidly broken away from ordinary life—who throw themselves head over heels into Lev Nikolaevich's teaching ; they are the people who are doomed to perish one way or another.

I feel that whenever I write my diary, I fall into the habit of condemning Lev Nikolaevich. But I cannot help complaining, since all the things he preaches, for the sake of human happiness, really complicate life so much as to make it almost unbearable. His vegetarianism means having to cook a double dinner, which is more work and expense. The sermons on love and the good have resulted in indifference to his family and the intrusion of all kinds of rabble into our family circle. The [verbal] rejection of worldly goods is responsible for this constant criticism and condemnation.

When matters get too complicated, I lose my temper and say things that I oughtn't to say ; then I feel unhappy, and regret it when it is already too late.

Elena Pavlovna Rayevsky spent an evening with me here, and asked me to give her my story. I looked over it,

and realised how fond of it I was. I shouldn't feel that way, but it is such a pleasant feeling.

I feel very fond of Masha. She is so kind and light and delicate. I should like so much to help her on with Petya Rayevsky. I don't love Tanya as much as I used to ; she seems to be soiled with the love of the *dark* ones—Popov and Khokhlov. I am sorry for her ; she looks so jaded and old. I feel sorry for her beautiful, happy, promising youth ; what a pity she isn't married. To think how little my wonderful large family has given me ; I mean, they have known so little happiness, and that is what pains a mother most.

I wrote three letters—a business letter to Prague, and answers to Baron Mengden and S. A. Filosofova. It is 3 o'clock, and I am going to bed. In the morning I read Jules Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* to Sasha and Vanichka. I said to them : " This is hard, you won't understand it." Vanichka said : " Never mind, Mummy, you'll see how clever we'll get after we've read this and *The Children of Captain Grant*."

[Young] Lyova came back from the Shidlovskys looking sad and unwell.

January 3, 1895.

I got up late, feeling weary and unwell. I went to see Misha and [young] Lyova, and scolded Misha for not playing the violin and for lying in bed till noon. Then [young] Lyova went to the clinic for his electrical treatment and from there went on to the Kolokoltsevs.[116] I was annoyed, because he took such a long time to send me back the horse. Then I went out to call on Martynova,[110] Sukhotina,[111] Zaikovskaya,[112] and Junge.[113]

The Zaikovskys brought back memories of my youth. But what a sad, ugly impression the life of these old spinsters made on me ! Surely my daughters will get married ? The

children came in to play at night, and I read, to [young] Lyova, Vonvizin's story called *Gossip*. Not very good, and a bit coarse. I sent my own story to Rayevskaya. I should like to write more, but I have no leisure, my nerves are on edge, and, in any case, I don't like to rob the children of my time, for they like so much to be with me. The roads, court-yards, and our garden and balcony are all covered with snow—four degrees of frost.

January 5, 1895.

I didn't write last night, as I was busy reading Vonvizin's story to [young] Lyova. It interested him, though it is coarse. Then I was busy till 3 a.m., going over the accounts, which were all muddled. I spent a great part of the day with Vanya—I read to him and took him along to the Tolstoys.[114] He fell ill this morning. Everything frightens me nowadays, but Vanya's illness more than anything else : his life is so closely linked up with mine that it seems almost wrong. He is such a weak, delicate child, and so good ! Yesterday I went to see Varya Nagornov and Masha Kolokoltsev. Everybody seems to bore me. My make-up calls for constant activity and new impressions—or else I seem to fade. And now I have to spend all my time with sick children, and there is nothing worse than that. I am missing Lyova and Tanya. Ilya and Andryusha have arrived. It is raining and it is one degree above zero. All the same, Sasha went out to skate with Misha and Miss Spiers.

January 8.

Vanya has been ill these days ; he has a temperature and there is something wrong with his stomach. He has suddenly become so thin and pale that it breaks my heart to look at him. Yesterday Andryusha, Misha, and Sasha went to a children's party at the Glebovs',[115] while

Vanya lay on my knee all evening, with a high temperature. I was very sorry that he had to miss all the fun. He had influenza before and hasn't been in the fresh air for three weeks. The struggle with the older boys, and my attempts to make them attend to their duties, has become too much for me, and the worry of this constant struggle makes me dislike them. It is all very painful, just as painful as Ilya's inefficient squandering, Serezha's immoral way of living, [young] Lyova's illness, the unmarried state of my daughters, and this tiny flicker of life in poor little Vanya.

A lot to do in the morning—paying the laundry, giving orders to the workmen ; the servants asked permission to go to a wedding ; the police brought along the papers about the theft at Yasnaya Polyana ; wages to pay ; passports that were overdue, etc., etc. Then [young] Lyova, Vanichka, and I looked at the illustrations in the history books, and I told Vanichka what little I knew about the Egyptians and read him some of *Grimm's Fairy Tales*.

Veselitskaya[116] arrived and sat about with [young] Lyova. I took Vanichka's temperature : it was 37.8 degrees.

The Nagornovs, Ilya, and Veselitskaya had dinner with us ; after dinner Manya Rachinsky[117] arrived, an attractive, clever girl. I gave Ilya 500 roubles, it is hopeless trying to help him ; my children have absolutely no understanding about money, they are all unbalanced and have no sense of duty. It's a characteristic they inherit from their father ; though he has tried to check it all his life, while they have become undisciplined from the very start—it is just a weakness of present-day youth.

In the evening I spent two hours correcting Misha's very poor summary of *The Captain's Daughter*. I found that he hadn't copied out half of it, and that the end was missing altogether—he'll get another bad mark, and will have to do the three months' work all over again.

Later, Storozhenko[118] arrived with his children, and,

later still, Mitya Olsufiev. I talked a lot to him ; he understands, only too clearly, all I say, and I always regret afterwards that I have talked so much.

The row about the photographs hasn't subsided yet ; Birukov[119] blamed me about them, and I blamed everybody else. Without my knowing it, they persuaded Lev Nikolaevich, to get his photograph taken together with all the *dark* ones ; the girls were indignant, all our friends were horrified. [Young] Lyova was much annoyed, too, and I flew into a rage. Schools, Government institutions, etc., have their photographs taken in *groups*. So the Tolstoyans are to be an *institution*, are they ? The public would fall for it at once, and buy pictures of *Tolstoy and his disciples*. What a joke it would be ! But I would not have Lev Nikolaevich dragged from his pedestal into the mud like this. The next morning I went to the photographer and took away all the negatives before a single print had been made. Mey, the photographer, a sensitive and sensible German, at once saw my point and gladly gave me the negatives.

I don't know what Lev Nikolaevich is thinking of my action. He was very affectionate, but *on principle*, he will blame me in his diary ; for what he writes in it nowadays is never kind or sincere. Masha is less pleasant to-day than she had been for some time. I never like her when she has to pretend to be *something* in front of others. To-day she had to pretend to Veselitskaya that she was exactly what Veselitskaya thought her.

I don't like Miss Spiers, the Englishwoman. She is stiff and unfriendly, and leaves the children alone most of the time, while she studies Russian or amuses herself in her own way. I am reading a poor English novel, and am going to drop it. I should like to read some history, so that I could talk about it to the children and explain the pictures in the book to them. I am going to bed late.

January 9, 1895.

Misha Olsufiev[109] brought me a letter from Lev Nikolaevich. He blames me for not being cheerful, as if it wasn't he who had spoiled my life and made it so complicated. But his letter is kind, and it made me happy, though I realise how very much less I love him now than I once did. Nowadays, it is almost a relief to me when he is away. How often have I missed him and longed for him in the past, and have begged him to stay with me and to wait till I was feeling better—or whatever it was. And how often did he ignore my love and desires. If I am not joyful now, it is simply because I am tired of loving him, of taking care of everything, and of helping and suffering for everybody. Only two people really concern me deeply just now—[young] Lyova and Vanichka. Many times a day do I feel his poor little hands and feet, and kiss his weary little cheeks, and I am filled with pain and anguish. When he eats so little at dinner, I can't eat anything either.

Ilya has gone away. I have had a satisfactory and quiet talk with Veselitskaya. She told me the whole story of her divorce. What a pity M. O. won't marry Tanya, though I know I would miss her. Dunayev and Masha Zubov[110] came in the morning ; and Manya Rachinsky went away. I spent the day idly with the visitors ; and now I am nervous, tired, and without energy. The weather is fine—three degrees of frost.

January 10.

If I were asked how I was feeling just now, I would say that I had ceased to live. Nothing gives me joy, everything brings me pain and sorrow.

It has been a dull day. I sat about with Lydia Ivanovna[111] (she left to-day), read Vanichka some more of *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, then I went to the chemist and the fishmonger, where I got some fresh caviare for Vanya and [young]

Lyova. Andryusha and Misha are behaving very well. Sasha played a waltz on her mouth-organ, and Misha accompanied her on the violin ; his good ear for music, and his fine musical style, always amaze me. [Young] Lyova went to see the Shidlovskys : he is calmer, though he is still thin and run-down. As he was listening to the music, Vanichka said : " How I'd like to be able to do something really, really well. Will you teach me music, Mummy ? " I took a bath in the evening, which is good for my present condition. After that, I had tea alone with Masha, and we talked about Tanya and the Olsufievs. It is pouring outside, and it is muddy, with three degrees above zero.

At night I smashed up the negatives of the *dark* group and tried to cut out Lyova's face with my diamond earring, but I couldn't manage it. I went to bed at three.

January 11, 1895.

Vanya has had a hoarse cough since morning ; I stayed most of the time with him, reading *Grimm's Tales* ; then I tried to make a sketch of our garden, but, without practice, it is impossible. Then, mainly for the sake of my health, I went to shovel some snow on the ice-hill. I saw through the window that Vanya had jumped out of bed and was running about naked. When I went back, I gave nurse a terrible row ; she yelled and screamed, and Vanya burst into tears. We all dined at home. It is Misha's nameday, and I gave him ten roubles, and, in the evening, they took Abramka, Ilya's coachman, to the circus, and greatly enjoyed his naïve delight. He had come to get the horse Ilya had bought. I spent part of the evening with [young] Lyova, and, by mistake, repeated Dr. Belogolovov's words that it was simply a matter of nerves with him. [Young] Lyova jumped up, and started cursing me terribly, calling me a stupid old woman, a mischievous old fool, a liar, and what not. Nice things to say ! He is so spiteful that I feel

less sorry for him, though I know it is all the result of his illness, and I pity him the more for that.

But, on the other hand, when Andryusha came back from the circus, he told me how they failed to appreciate me, and how good and wonderful I was, and how he loved me more than anything in the world.

I sorted out Lev Nikolaevich's and my own letters to sister Tanya till 3 a.m., and then read over Lev Nikolaevich's letters to Valeria Arsenyev,[121] whom he once meant to marry. They are fine letters—but he never really loved her.

It is 5 degrees below zero ; and clear and lovely outside.

January 12, 1895.

I got up early and gave Vanya some apomorphine for his cough, which had become worse. I opened the little window ; it was 10 degrees of frost. I washed in cold water—but even that failed to refresh me. I felt so very cheerless. I read to Vanya and received several visitors. Chicherin[122] called, also Lopatin,[123] with whom I had an interesting talk on death ; among other things, he said that life would not be so interesting if there wasn't that everlasting riddle at the end. Later, Petrovskaya[124] and Tsurikova[125] arrived, and Tsurikova stayed to dinner and for the night. She is a type of the old-fashioned spinster of noble birth, believing in fortune-telling and still feeling in love at forty.

At night Vanya again had 38.3 degrees of fever, and I got terribly worried. Something seems to have happened to me, for I seem to lose control over myself.

I went to Lopukhina's funeral service ; called for Misha and Glebov,[115] and spent an hour with the Tolstoys.[114] I walked all the way from there, and felt rather afraid. [Young] Lyova is quite gentle again, Masha is very good and helpful, and the boys are friendly. Chicherin said

to-day that there were two men in Lyova—a novelist of genius and a poor moralist who simply amazed people by the paradoxical contradiction of his ideas. He quoted a few examples. Chicherin is fond of Lev Nikolaevich, for old times' sake, and still sees in him the man whom he knew in his youth, and whose letters he still treasures.

January 13.

I went over the letters I received during the famine from the numerous benefactors, and tore up the ones which only talked of sums of money and the ordinary cliché things, but I kept all those which expressed any real ideas or feelings. Little Vanya helped me. The poor little thing—he always has a temperature and looks so pale and thin.

January 14.

I sat about with Vanya and read to him. Bugayeva,[126] Zaikovskaya, and Litvinova[127] were here in the evening. Silly talk. Vanya had 37.8 degrees in the morning and 38.5 degrees at night. His cough is better, but his cold is worse. My life and soul are at a standstill—I am waiting to be roused.

January 15.

I seem still asleep, and feel more depressed than ever ; is it the weariness of spending days on end looking at my two invalids—Vanya and [young] Lyova ; or is it my periodic illnesses (now every three weeks) which have completely upset my mood and nerves ? I spent all day trying to amuse Vanichka. Dr. Filatov came in the evening, but found nothing wrong with his lungs or throat ; simply influenza. I drove out to the Glebovs to get Sasha, who was having her first dancing lesson there. In the evening I told Masha's fortune. I did the same for Misha Olsufiev, and the cards showed death. It all upset

me very much, and I began to worry about Tanya and Lev Nikolaevich. If only they would come back sooner! How much I could love Lev Nikolaevich if only he were a little kinder, a little more attentive to the boys.

[Young] Lyova is a little highly strung; though to-day, for the first time, he really seemed to look better. Masha is looking very pathetic, and I love the way she tries to help me.

January 16 and 17.

Vanya is still the same. His fever starts at noon and goes on till night. His cough is better, but not his cold. Sasha has a cold, too. M. Stakhovich was here yesterday and to-day, but even he did not cheer me up. Masha Kolokoltsev came last night, and her sympathy and friendliness are a great consolation. Elena Pavlovna Rayevsky and Dunayev came to-night. Vanya's illness and my own condition make it all very trying. . . . I feel weak, and the slightest movement makes me breathless. Andryusha complained of a pain in his stomach, Misha sleeps in [young] Lyova's room; Masha is so meek, gentle, and helpful.

There is a snowstorm, and 6 degrees of frost. Lev Nikolaevich and Tanya have promised to come back from the Olsufievs to-morrow. I am reading *Les Rois*—and rather like it. I sewed, and spent the day with Vanya. Life is sad and idle.

January 18.

I always remember this date—my little Alyosha[1] died on the 18th of January, nine years ago to-day.

I got up at six and gave Vanya four grains of quinine. Then I went to bed again and got up at 8.30—his temperature was 36.7 degrees. Again I went back to bed and fell asleep, and did not get up till very late, with a bad

headache. I drove out shopping, and bought some linen, stockings, thread, etc.; and bought the children some new tunes for their *ariston*. After dinner I played Misha's accompaniments. We played some Mozart, then some Schubert; I was sorry I wasn't reading better; he enjoyed it greatly, and I was sorry to have to stop him and to make him do his other lessons with the tutor. Andryusha has a stomachache, and his laziness and weakness are irritating.

Lev Nikolaevich and Tanya came back from the Olsufievs. It was not a very happy meeting after eighteen days of separation—not at all what it used to be in the past. Tanya has an irritating way of condemning everything, and Lyova is utterly indifferent. He had a pleasant and lazy time there, going out visiting, playing whist and duets. He was far from the critical eyes of his followers, and he could live without the stilted pose he has to keep up when he is with the *dark* ones. This morning I had a talk with Miss Spiers about her uselessness. She is a disagreeable woman, and doesn't like children; I shall have to send her away. It's very hard to find a really good governess—everything is wrong.

January 19, 1895.

I got up earlier than usual, and spent some time with Vanya; he tried to draw a basket while I sketched our garden in water-colour—a complete failure, I must admit. It's dreadful to think how few things I have learned to do! It's a pity. I read *Les Rois*—very poor. Then we had a pleasant family dinner. I cannot live alone, for I am used to living with Lyova and with the family, and to live with only the little ones bores me.

After dinner I looked through the Samara accounts and papers. Goltsev[128] is reading to Lyova the new Tver address and the petition presented to the new Emperor. Dunayev is with them, too. Vanya is still ill, and his fever

always rises about half-past three in the afternoon. It is a clear, moonlight night with 6 degrees of frost—lovely ! I am sad and apathetic.

January 20.

Vanya is very ill, with a very high temperature ; I saw Dr. Filatov in the evening, and he told me to give him large doses of quinine. Lyova is displeased that I have consulted a doctor, though he hardly knows what to do himself. He is in high spirits ; he has been writing, and carrying the water from the well. In the evening he did some reading, and has now gone to see Sergei Nikolaevich.[114] It is 17 degrees of frost—with mist and hoar-frost ; a bright day and a starry night. I feel a heavy weight lying on me ; it is quite unbearable.

January 26.

Vanya has had a high temperature all these days ; I am quite exhausted, physically and mentally. He is better to-day, though I still had to give him two four-grain doses of quinine.

I went out for a drive for the first time, and bought some music, toys, cheese, fresh eggs, etc. I did not stay long with Vanya, but played a duet with Lev Nikolaevich after dinner and chose a piece for Sasha and Nadya Martynov[115] for their children's party. When everybody had gone away, [young] Lyova talked of the house he was proposing to build in the yard, and disagreeably asked me for some money. I refused, and he soon got over it. Then Masha and I looked through the proofs of Lyova's story, *Master and Man.* It annoys me that he should have given it to the *Northern Messenger.* I can't make head or tail of his ideas. If he had published it *gratis* through the *Posrednik* firm, anyone could have bought Tolstoy's new story for twenty copeks. But now the public will have to pay thirteen

roubles before it can read this story. That's why I cannot share my husband's *ideas*—which are false and insincere. It is all so strained and artificial, and the basis is all wrong; it is all vanity, this endless thirst for fame, this everlasting desire to become more and more and more popular. No one believes what I say, and everyone's indifference is terribly painful.

It is past 1 a.m. Lyova has gone to some committee meeting organised—I don't know what for—by Prince Dmitri Shakhovskoy.[111] All the lamps are burning, his butler is waiting for him, and I have just cooked his porridge for him and have stuck in the proof-sheets. In the meantime they just *talk*. And at eight to-morrow I will have to get up and give Vanya his quinine and take his temperature—while *he* will go on sleeping. And then he'll go out and carry water without even asking how the child is and whether the mother is not too tired with all these cares. How very little kindness his family gets from him ! He is austere and indifferent. And his biographies will tell of how he helped the labourers to carry buckets of water, but no one will ever know that he never gave his wife a rest and never—in all these thirty-two years—gave his child a drink of water or spent five minutes by his bedside to give me a chance to rest a little, to sleep, or go out for a walk, or even just recover from all my labours.

February 1.

Vanya hasn't had a temperature for three days, and for four days now I have been giving him five or six drops of arsenic twice a day after his food. I am feeling happier, though [young] Lyova still worries me. My relations with Lyova are good and *passionate*. . . .*

It is warm again—just 1 degree of frost after 25 degrees two days ago and 5 degrees yesterday. I am in poor health—

* Twenty-five words missing.

my asthma and palpitations still trouble me. My pulse is 64, but after a quick walk it goes up to 120. I read Chicherin's *On Space and Time*—dull and pointless. I called on Polivanov at the High School—he complained of Misha's bad behaviour during class. I have written to Kandidov[130] and the contractor.

February 5.

I can't decide whether I am ill-tempered or whether my views are really sane. Lev Nikolaevich has written a wonderful story—*Master and Man.* Gurevich,[131] that scheming half-Jewess, has, by flattering Lev Nikolaevich, always managed to get something out of him for her magazine. He now takes no money for his writings. In that case he might at least publish it through the *Posrednik* printers as a cheap little book, so that *everybody* might have a chance to read it ; if he did that, I could see his point. He didn't give me volume xiii., so that I couldn't make any money out of it—but why should he give anything to Gurevich ? It annoys me terribly, and I shall find some way of doing justice to the public, not to please Gurevich, but to spite her.

Once, on my nameday, Lev Nikolaevich brought me his portfolio with *The Death of Ivan Ilyich* inside. But later he took it away, and published an announcement saying he was making it public property. I was angry, and wept then. Why should he always be so inconsiderate with me ? How cheerless everything has become ! Masha saw Professor Kozhevnikov yesterday—he was not hopeful about [young] Lyova's illness. I scolded Andryusha this morning for having deceived me and his father the other day ; he had promised to come home, but went off to the gipsies with Kleinmichel and Severtsov. Andryusha lost his temper and said that he had deceived his father because for a whole year the only thing he had ever heard his

father say was the two words : " *Come home.*" He said his father never thought of them, or cared anything about them, and had never been of the slightest help to them.—It is painful to hear such things—and a lot of it is true.

Mamonov[132] was here, also Countess Kapnist,[133] a nice woman, but greatly worried about the political disturbances at the university. Lyova has a cough and is busy correcting the proofs of *Master and Man.* Misha's friends were here last night, and S. M. Martynova read us Turgenev's *Faust.*

I remember Turgenev, when he came to Yasnaya Polyana and we went shooting snipe in the springtime, Lyova standing behind one tree, and Turgenev and I beside another. I asked him then why he had stopped writing. He bent down, and, looking round in mock alarm, said : "I don't think anyone can hear us except the trees. So let me tell you, my dear [he used to call everybody " my dear " in his old age]—before I am able to write anything, I must first of all experience the fever of love—and now it's impossible ! " " That's a pity," said I ; and added jokingly : " But why don't you try to fall in love with me—and then you might write something." " No, it's too late," he replied.

He was very jolly, and in the evening he danced a kind of Parisian *cancan* with my daughters and the Kuzminsky girls, and had friendly arguments with Lev Nikolaevich and poor Leonid Urusov.[68] I remember how he asked me to order chicken-broth with semolina and a beef and onion pie, saying that only Russian chefs knew how to make these. He was very friendly and affectionate to everybody, and said to Lev Nikolaevich : " How well you did to marry your wife." He also tried to persuade him to write fiction, and spoke with real enthusiasm of his genius. It is difficult to remember everything now ; it's a pity I didn't write more down in the past. No one ever told me how essential

it was to write, and I lived for years in childlike ignorance.

The *Novoye Vremya* has published the unexpected news of Mary Urusov's [68] death. She was only twenty-five, and she was full of a delicate sensibility and had a real talent for art and music. Her spirit is with her father now ; she never got used to her mother's coarseness. Poor girl !

Moscow, February 21, 1895.

I am passing through another painful period of my life. It is so painful and terrible, and so clear to me that with it my life has begun to decline. I no longer love life, and the thought of committing suicide keeps pursuing me more and more persistently. May God prevent such a crime.—To-day I nearly left home again ; I must be ill and unbalanced, but the real cause of all my suffering is Lyova's indifference towards me and the children. Surely there are some happy old couples who for thirty-three years have lived an amorous life, as we have done, and who continue to be devoted to each other. How different here ! I have these constant fits of tenderness and stupid sentimentality—the day I was ill and he brought me two lovely apples, I planted the pips to commemorate his unusual kindness to me. Will I ever see the pips sprout ? . . .

Yes, I was going to tell about this sad and wretched business. I am to blame for it, of course, and yet it's strange how I got dragged into it. May the children not condemn me—for they will never really understand our married relations. Surely, there must be good reasons why I should so want to die—in spite of all my outward happiness. If only people could know the pain of all this exaltation, all these attempts at love, which, since they receive only physical satisfaction, are bound to wear out in time ; and it is even more painful, during these *last* days of our

life, to watch the indifference on his part, and to realise that for all these years one has loved a selfish and pitiless man.

Now, here's the *business*. As can be seen from my earlier entries, I had been worried about the *Master and Man* story. Still, I tried to suppress my feelings, and helped Lyova with the proofs, and, when everything was ready, I asked his permission to take a copy, so that I could print it in volume xiii. of the *Complete Works*.

To prevent a delay in sending the proofs to Petersburg, I meant to copy them at night. For some reason or other Lyova got angry, and said that they would send us some copies shortly, and that it was mad to copy it out by hand. But I hated the idea of the *Northern Messenger* having all this privilege, and I remembered Storozhenko saying that " the Gurevich woman (the publisher) had fascinated the Count," because she had got two articles out of him in one year. So I decided to publish simultaneously with the *Posrednik* people.—We both got very excited and annoyed with each other, and Lyova was so furious that he ran upstairs and got dressed, saying that he would leave the house for ever.

Since I knew that my only fault was my proposal to copy the story, it suddenly occurred to me that Lyova had a deeper reason for wanting to leave me. The first thought that flashed through my head was the woman. I lost all self-control, and, in case he should leave the house first, I ran out into the street and down the lane. He came running after me. He was in his drawers, waistcoat, and dressing-gown, and without a shirt. He begged me to come back, but I had only one idea in my mind—to die somehow or other. I remember weeping and screaming : " Let them take me to the police station, or take me to the lunatic asylum ! " Lyova dragged me back, and I kept tumbling on the snow; I had only slippers on my bare feet and a

chemise below my dressing-gown. I got soaked to the skin and caught a chill . . .* and now I feel ill and giddy and abnormal, as though I were all choked up.

We managed to calm down in the end, and next morning I helped him with the proofs for the *Northern Messenger*, He finished them just after lunch and wanted to lie down for a rest. Then I said to him : " Well, I can copy it out now—let me take it." He was lying on the sofa, but the moment I spoke he jumped up, and angrily refused, giving me no reasons whatsoever. (I still don't know what the reasons are.) I did not lose my temper ; I simply implored him to let me copy the story—the tears were choking me. I promised him not to publish the book without his express permission—I was only asking him to let me copy it. And although he did not refuse point-blank, I was overcome by his furious expression. I couldn't understand it at all. Why should he take the interests of the Gurevich woman and her magazine so much to heart and not let me publish the story simultaneously as the supplement to volume xiii. and in the *Posrednik* series ?

The feeling of jealousy and irritation—the thought that he had *never* in his life done *anything* for me—broke out with terrible violence. I threw the proofs on the table, and, putting on a light fur coat and hat and my galoshes, I went out of the house. Fortunately or unfortunately—I don't know—Masha noticed the desperate look on my face, and she followed me, though at first I did not notice her. I went towards the Virgin Monastery, wanting to be frozen to death in a wood or on the Sparrow Hills. I seemed to like the idea of perishing of cold like Vassili Andreich in the very story that was going to be the cause of my death. I regretted nothing. I had staked all my life on one card—my love for my husband—and now the game was lost, and it was no good living any longer. I did not

* Seven words missing.

feel sorry for the children ; after all, it is *we* who love *them*, and not *they* who love *us* ; so they can live without me. Masha, as it turned out later, did not let me out of her sight for a second, and it was she who took me back home. My despair did not subside for two more days. I again wanted to go away ; I called for a cab in the street and drove off to the Kursk station. I don't know how the children guessed that I had gone there, but Serezha and Masha caught me at the station and took me home again. I felt so ashamed at being taken home like that. I was very ill at night (February 7). All my nerves were on edge, and it occurred to me that any person whom Lyova's hand had touched, was bound to perish, and I felt painfully sorry for Khokhlov, who had gone mad ; I wanted to pray God to save all men from Lyova's influence. Even now I feel that my love for him will kill me—kill my soul. If I rid myself of this love, I shall be saved ; if not, it will be the end of me. He has already killed my inner self ; so that I am no longer really alive.

That night, as I was weeping bitterly, he came into my room, and, kneeling down, asked my forgiveness. If he could only always have a spark of the love he felt for me at that moment, I might still be happy.

Having harassed me to the last degree, he called for the doctors. It was comic to see how each doctor prescribed his own special treatment. The nerve specialist ordered bromide ; the dietetic specialist ordered a mixture and Vichy water ; while Snegirev, the gynæcologist, gave me something else, making some cynical remark about my "critical period." I didn't touch any of the medicines. I am no better.

Having run about in the cold for three days, with hardly anything on, I naturally caught a chill . . . and all the blood has rushed to my head and heart—and, of course, I'm ill. The girls were frightened ; Misha burst out crying,

Andryusha went to tell Ilya all about it, Sasha and Vanya were puzzled, as children are, and Lyova got quite worried—but I liked Serezha best of all ; he was so kind and gentle and he made no sign of reproach. Lyova, you Christian, how easily do you condemn, and how little love and pity there is in you !—And the whole *business* was simply the result of my boundless love for him. He always keeps looking for my *spitefulness* ; if only he would realise that I have plenty of different motives, but not *that* one ; and how can I help my restless and passionate character ?

Sister Marie Nikolaevna was very kind and gentle, too, and she said that in my frenzy I had said many true things —though in a somewhat exaggerated form. Yes, but my frenzy is an irreparable and unpardonable fault.

Now everything is peaceful again.

[Young] Lyova went off to Ogranovich's Sanatorium, and hasn't been writing. He is morbidly unfriendly towards the family and won't have anything to do with us. It may be best, while he is in this neurotic state. His doctor called yesterday, and was quite encouraging. May God grant I do not live to see the death of any of my children ; let Him take me to the place where love will be no longer a source of suffering, but a source of joy.

Both the *Posrednik* and I have been given the story. But at what a price !

I am busy correcting the proofs, and, with joy in my heart, am realising the greatness of the literary work. At times my eyes are filled with tears of happiness.

February 22, 1895 (morning).

Vanya fell ill last night. He has a scarlet-fever rash, a sore throat and diarrhœa. Filatov came and said so.

February 23, 1895.

My dear Vanichka died at 11 o'clock at night. And, my God ! to think that I am still alive ! *

June 1, 1897.

It was two years on February 23 since my Vanichka died ; on that day I wrote the last words of my diary and then closed it, as I closed my heart and my life. I have not come back to life again, but my spiritual solitude has prompted me to go back to my diary. Indeed, let this book remain as the picture of the last period of my life, of my *married* life in particular. I shall just put down the plain facts, and, when I feel like it, I shall write the story of these last two years—a period so full of inner significance.

To-day is Whit-Sunday—a bright lovely day. In the morning I saw Tanya and Serezha off to the station ; they were going to Moscow for Masha's wedding to-morrow. Then I looked through the proofs of volume xii. of my new edition. Lev Nikolaevich is writing an essay *On Art*, and I never see him before dinner. We had dinner at two. At three, Lev Nikolaevich asked me to go out riding. I refused at first, but agreed in the end, for he was keen on going, and also I didn't like to be left all alone. The three of us (Dunayev was the third) went through some lovely bits of the Zaseka wood. We also visited the mines, now run by the Belgian Company, and the " Dead Kingdom," and rode up and down the ravines. Lev Nikolaevich was unusually warm and affectionate, which gave me much pleasure ; though in the past it would have given me immense joy, but now, since I have learned from his diaries his real feelings towards me, I am merely charmed by his

* See " Vanichka's Death " at the end of this volume.

old-age kindness to me, and shall never again be subject to those fits of intense joy or sorrow which I had before reading his diaries. Some day I shall describe the episode with his diaries which completely changed my emotional life.

We rode for about three and a half hours—it was fine. On coming home, we found A. A. Zinoviev waiting. Lev Nikolaevich then read a German letter to his visitors, while I went on correcting the proofs. Andryusha arrived, but, alas ! soon went off to the fair along with Misha. Sonya Kolokoltsev is staying with Sasha ; they both went for a walk with Mlle. Aubert.

June 2.

Same thing again : correcting proofs since morning, and an evening walk with Lev Nikolaevich, Dunayev, and Maklakov.[134] Dunayev kept on talking about foreign exports and imports.—A lovely sunset—a fiery ball in a clear sky, with only one small black cloud ; I was in a good frame of mind, and remembered the happy past. Now our life is diseased. Sometimes Lev Nikolaevich really frightens me with his thinness, his headaches—and, oh ! that jealousy. I don't know if it is my fault. When I became friendly with Taneyev,[135] I felt that it would be a good thing to have such a friend in one's old age : a gentle, kind, and talented man. I liked his relations with the Maslovs, and I wanted the same. . . . And see what happened !

Zinoviev[136] and Ferret[137] and his wife were here in the evening. I went to Kozlovka with Sasha and met Miss Welsh. The moon is shining, but it is damp and cold and miserable.

June 3.

Masha[1] and Kolya[138] have arrived after their wedding, as well as Taneyev[135] and Turkin[139], Misha's teacher. All

my feelings and thoughts have been eclipsed by this fear of trouble in connection with Taneyev's arrival. I feel sorry for Masha, and I feel fond of her, and will help her on as best I can. Kolya looks a nice boy, but it jars on me to think of him as my daughter's husband. He is weak, he can be of no help to her. . . . However, we shall see. My husband's *strength* broke my life, my personality. But I was strong too—energetic. Just now I feel calm and serene ; but it was dreadful to see Lev Nikolaevich's morbid expression of jealousy when he heard of Taneyev's arrival. At times I find his anguish quite unbearable. And my . . .

June 4.

This morning I had an unpleasant talk about Taneyev[135] with Lev Nikolaevich. The same unbearable jealousy ! Tears choked me. I flung some bitter words at my husband, who is suffering—and regretted it for the rest of the day. I read the proofs of *The Power of Darkness*, a wonderful, solid, and natural work of art. Then I went for a bathe and met Taneyev ; and I sadly thought of our daily meetings, last year. After dinner he played his songs to Tanya. I love his music and his character—so calm, so noble and kind. Then I copied out Lev Nikolaevich's essay *On Art*. He had such a kind expression as he asked me to go out with him—and we had a charming walk. An unpleasant scene with Andryusha about money. He wept, and I felt sorry for him, though his effeminate weakness irritates me.

Taneyev played two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* and moved me to tears.—Then again I copied Lev Nikolaevich's MS. till bed-time.

Masha and Kolya were here, both looking so thin and weak and wretched. . . . Tanya is very dear to me. Only, where is all her energy, her joy of life—that energy that all the time keeps coming out in me ?

June 5.

Taneyev left to-day, and Lev Nikolaevich is happy and quiet ; and I am contented too, because I have seen him. There is only one reason for Lev Nikolaevich's demand that I should break off all relations with Taneyev—and that is Lev Nikolaevich's own pain. Yet it would give me pain, too, to lose this friendship. There is nothing sinful in it—and yet so much calm joy in my pure friendship for the man, that I simply could not cut him out of my life, any more than I could stop seeing, or breathing, or thinking. In the morning I looked through the proofs, and then I waited on the verandah for Taneyev to come for his coffee ; but he came just when I had gone into the garden, on the hill, and was talking to my dead Vanichka, and asking him if there was anything evil in my feelings for Taneyev.

To-day Vanichka seemed to turn me away from him—he must have felt sorry for his father ; but I know he is not blaming me ; for it is he who has sent me Taneyev, and he will not take him away from me.

I went with Marie Vasilievna for a bathe. My strength and ease in walking amaze me ! After dinner Lev Nikolaevich, Taneyev, Turkin, and I went for a long walk, and I gathered a lovely bunch of flowers. Lev Nikolaevich expounded his ideas on art to Taneyev with great enthusiasm—which surprised me, after his fit of spiteful jealousy.—It worries me to think that I haven't yet corrected Sasha's translation. Vera and Masha Tolstoy arrived. I worked all evening ; at first I went over the proofs with Marie Vasilievna, and after dinner spent about three hours copying Lev Nikolaevich's essay *On Art.*

There is very little life in the house. Just now, very few people ; and, above all, I am missing Taneyev.

June 6.

I could not sleep at night—a pain in my back, a headache, and such terrible melancholy. This depression must be due to my "critical" period.—I went bathing with Tanya, Vera, and Masha Tolstoy.[114] As there are no proofs just now, I am busy all day copying for Lev Nikolaevich. I find his essay very interesting and stimulating.

Everybody, except Lev Nikolaevich and myself, went to Ovsiannikovo. As I was going upstairs and he was going to his study, we stopped and talked about Masha and how she had lost her religious feeling which had helped her in the past. Lev Nikolaevich said that *his* religious feeling had changed his whole life. I said, Yes, externally perhaps, but internally not a bit. He lost his temper and started shouting that in the past he used to hunt and look after the house, and teach the children and save money, but that he had stopped doing all that. I said it was a pity he had: it had all been for the good of the family, and the farming had been for the good of the district, and the teaching and saving had been a great help to me—while now, living the same life, in the same rooms, in the same surroundings, he did nothing, after his work was over, but ride a bicycle (as he had been doing for the last days) or ride whatever horse he liked; and eat rich, well-cooked food, and care nothing about his children. He lost his temper completely; it is one of those cruel truths of which I oughtn't to remind him. Let him rest and enjoy himself in his old age. But then I couldn't help it, for he himself accused me of so many things; he said, for instance, that I had ruined his life—I who have lived only for him and the children.

I could hardly stand the agony any longer: I left the house, meaning to go away for ever, or to kill myself, or die. What a joy it would be to live peacefully to the end of my days with a kind, gentle man, and not suffer from those terrible scenes of jealousy as the day before

yesterday, or from such cruel mutual reproaches as to-day. And the sky is so clear, it is such a calm, lovely day, and nature, so rich and triumphant, seems to be reminding us what fools we are with our passions and sorrows.

In the evening we made it up—without any explanation. In the twilight I went to bathe at Voronka, and Lev Nikolaevich came in his little cart to take me home, and said in a kindly voice that it was time we stopped loving each other and quarrelling with each other so passionately. Both, I said, were due to the same cause . . .* for he would never give me any real, spiritual affection. I walked through the wood, alone, praying and weeping for Venichka and for that one real sacred love which we had felt for each other. And all I ever get now is that mad, jealous passion which drives all real affection out of my heart.

June 7, 1895.

To-day I woke up for the first time with a sudden awareness of the beauty of nature ; and my feeling was *virginal*—I mean, without associations, without the recollection of anyone *through* whom I might have loved the beautiful nature of this countryside in the past. Some time ago I worked out a whole theory of the *virginal* attitude to *religion*, *art*, and *nature*. *Religion* is pure and virginal when it is not connected with all those Fathers Ambrosius, and John, or the Catholic Fathers (*confesseurs*), but connects my heart with God alone. Then it is helpful.

Art is pure and virginal when you love it for its own sake and without reference to the artist (e.g. Hofmann,[140] Gé, or Taneyev, to whose art Lev Nikolaevich is so partial, just because he happens to like or dislike them—or my relation to L. N. himself), then alone can art be a great and pure delight.

* Twenty words missing.

It is the same with *nature*. When the oak-trees and flowers, or the scenery around, appeal to you only because of people whom you once loved, and with whom you associate them in your mind—then nature has really nothing to do with it ; it merely expresses the personal mood which you feel. But you must love nature as God's greatest gift—and then alone can it give you *pure* joy.

I copied Lev Nikolaevich's MS. the whole morning. Then I gave Sasha her lesson ; I like to work with her, though her temper (except when she is with me) is quite unbearable ; she even hits her governess, and the girl, a Marie Vasilievna, and anyone at all. . . .* I went bathing with all the others in the morning, copied some more, bathed again in the evening, clipped the trees, tied up the rose-bushes, and spent the day in happy solitude.

Lev Nikolaevich is quite calm, too. He did some writing, rode his bicycle for a bit, rode out towards Ovsiannikovo, but did not go so far, as he met Masha and Kolya on the way, near Kozlovka. In the evening I enjoyed myself looking through the *Salon* magazine, to which Tanya has subscribed. Tanya went to Kozlovka with Marie Vasilievna and Misha rode to Goryachino to see Kuleshov, a schoolmate of his. There was a sultry thunderstorm, very hot, with only a little rain at night. I am longing for music, and want to play myself, only I have no time. I only played two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*—oh ! those *Lieder* ! one of them keeps clinging to my heart.

June 8, 1897.

I am making desperate efforts to regain my vitality—if not for the sake of joy, at least for the sake of work. I corrected proofs in the morning, then went bathing to Voronka. I changed into a white dress for dinner (why

* Thirty words missing.

or for whom ?—just to keep up the standard !), then went to the tennis courts, where Tanya, Masha, Misha, Kolya, Sasha, and Lev Nikolaevich were playing. What a feeling of emptiness with neither Chertkov nor Taneyev here. Then I went to prune the rose-bushes, and gathered a large bunch of roses for Lev Nikolaevich. More proof-reading ; in the evening I drove out for a bathe, looked through the accounts, checked up the table of contents in the new edition, and corrected some more proofs. It is now 2 a.m. It was a wonderful day—warm, sunny, and beautiful. Tanya, too, tries to be cheerful. The poor girl is longing so much for the love of a husband who would be a friend, for the love of children. The latter certainly gives one some pure joys ; but the love of a man is impure, deceptive. . . .

I went to bed last night in such a fine, happy mood and talked to Lev Nikolaevich in such a friendly way. He spoke so nicely and affectionately, and said : " You have such a nice, feminine voice to-day ; I hate when you start shouting." I suddenly grew sad, for I realised that his tenderness was just due to one thing. . . .* And to-day, alas ! he will not be tender again. For it happened that I was reading the proofs of the *Kreutzer Sonata* to-day, and again it made me miserable ; so cynical is his revelation of the evil side of human nature. And everywhere his hero keeps saying : *We* went in for hoggish pleasures, *we* felt surfeited—*we*, always *we*. A woman's emotions are quite different, it is wrong to generalise about any emotions, even about sexual emotions ; they are so different in a man and in a pure woman.

It is getting light already and I don't feel sleepy ; it has struck two, and the moon is shining into the window. It is high up in the sky, and as bright as though it were competing with the early dawn in June.

* Thirty-eight words are missing.

June 10.

Life was so monotonous that I wrote nothing yesterday. M. A. Schmidt[106] was here. Her whole life is just a fanatical adoration of Lev Nikolaevich. She was once a devout churchgoer ; but, after reading Lev Nikolaevich's articles, she took down all the ikons and hung up his portraits all over the place, and collected a whole lot of his prohibited works, and makes a living by copying them out for other people. She is terribly thin, and completely wears herself out doing all the work herself and growing wildly enthusiastic about her little garden, her cow, her calf, and the whole world. Women can't live without idols, and Lev Nikolaevich is her idol. Vanichka was my idol . . . but now life is empty and senseless. As an *idol*, I have knocked Lev Nikolaevich over. I still feel devoted to him, and it would be terrible to lose his constant care and affection. No matter where he is or what he does, he always comes to look for me, and I am always happy to see him. But *happiness*, real happiness—no, he is unable to give me that.

Still the same : proof-reading in the morning, bathing. Morning, noon, and night—always the same. Before dinner I worked on a linen shirt for Lev Nikolaevich ; in the evening I drew up the list of contents of the last volumes. After dinner I asked Lev Nikolaevich, Turkin, and the father of the young artist who was staying here, to go out with me. It was a lovely walk amid the beauties of nature. Serezha came on his bicycle from Nikolskoye, and Semyon Ivanovich came in his coach to get Masha. Wonderful weather—a little rain and thunder, warm and gloriously green.

I am in low spirits again : it takes a terrible effort to repress all kinds of memories. Just now I looked at Vanichka's photo and burst into tears. No consolation, none ! We had a wire from [young] Lyova inquiring anxiously about us. I wonder if he really loves us ? For, if he did, how

could he give me so much pain in such a short time. Tanya has cheered up a little. May God help her ; I am very fond of her and only wish I could help her—but how can I ?

June 11.

Everybody is well and cheerful. I got up late, not having slept at night, and went bathing with Sasha and Miss Welsh. I went over the proofs with Marie Vasilievna, and did some pruning with the gardener and had a look at the apple-trees, the young firs, and flowers. I scolded Dunyasha for wasting some of the flour I had specially brought from Moscow for Lev Nikolaevich. In the evening I went bathing with Tanya and we talked of sexual love. The problem seems to be troubling her, which worries me terribly. She is so chaste by nature, and God grant that she does not marry a man she does not love or . . .* Sukhotin.[141] Serezha and old Semyon Ivanych are here, and they were all very cheerful last night, singing and playing and dancing.

As I went into the house, to-day, Serezha was playing the piano, and I suddenly felt an intense longing for the music which used to put me in such a wonderful mood and gave me so much happiness. Proof-reading at night, and photography, and getting ready for my trip to Tula. It's 2 a.m.

June 12, 1897.

I went to Tula with Serezha and Nurse. I got the interest for Nurse at the Savings Bank, settled Masha's money matters with Serezha, and got an application for Misha appointing me his tutor. Then we did some shopping. Heat, dust, and terrible boredom ! I remembered last year's stay with Tanya, Sasha, and Taneyev,[135] when we went out in a boat, and dined at the station, and came back

* Two words missing.

by train at night, and Andryusha's sudden arrival, and the happy, care-free mood we were all in.

When we got home, we found everybody in a very cheerful mood. I did some proof-reading and then went out bathing. As I walked through the Zakaz wood, I was amazed by the sunset. It was so bright and quiet all around, and the wood looked particularly dark against the majestic sunset. How beautiful it was ! I swam sadly about in the milky mist. Coming home, it was quite dark, but I did not feel afraid. I stopped at Vanichka's hillock, where he used to pick mushrooms and where we often sat together. I stopped for a minute as usual, and said the Lord's Prayer. When I walk alone nowadays, my spirit is always with those I loved and who are no more. And, whatever may happen, and whatever people may say, they cannot rob me of that.

Olga Frederichs[142] arrived at night, and she and Serezha talked sentimentally of the past, and were both unhappy. After all, Tanya may have chosen a happier lot.

Turkin and I looked through some old photographs, which again filled my heart with sorrow and regret. Lev Nikolaevich is happy, and was madly passionate just as last night. May God help me to preserve his peace of mind, and not to do anything that I might later regret. I wrote to [young] Lyova. There are some annoying mistakes in the table of contents in the new edition.

June 13.

I slept badly, getting up late, and went out for a bathe at once. On my way I met some village children taking bread to their fathers working in the fields ; they were all very young and there was something beautiful in their friendly, earnest, and curious little faces. I remembered Vanichka, and entered the bathing-cabin with a heavy heart. Tanya, who was there, said to me : " Mother, I was just thinking of you." "Why, what is it?" I asked.

"I was thinking of Vanichka," she said, "and how sad it always made *me* to remember how he cried, with his little lips half-open—and how he never cried because he was naughty, but always with pain or sorrow ; and I think how much more it must all mean to *you* than to *me*." "Did the village children remind you of him ?" I asked. "Yes," she said. And we both wept. It is strange how often I find in Tanya's heart the echo of my own. Without having said a word to each other, we both felt the same thing at the same time.

Sasha had got into difficulties quite near the bathing-cabin, and Tanya had pulled her out of the water with the greatest difficulty.

On returning home I went to see Lev Nikolaevich. He was well and in high spirits, and had worked well all day. Then I copied his MS. *On Art* for about four hours. We bathed again in the evening, and Maklakov[134] arrived. After supper we drove to the Belgian Works near Sudakovo, and watched the engines and saw how the molten pig-iron was poured out. It was most interesting, but painful to see people working all day in such a hell, and the energetic Frenchwoman, and crowds of people, the heat, and the stones and iron on the ground, and horses that had broken loose and that they were all trying to catch. Lev Nikolaevich is most affectionate, which gives me great joy ; only how long will it last ?—A still, cool night, with the dawn following quickly upon the evening twilight ; I have been thinking of last year's excursions.

A most annoying thing happened. The music has come back from the Moscow binder, and the bindings were all wrong, and—what is worse—they have thrown away the cover with the dedication in Taneyev's handwriting. I nearly wept.

My annoyance displeased Lev Nikolaevich, and I tried to contain myself—but I have a quick temper, which

I find hard to control. I wrote an angry letter, and don't regret it.

June 14.

I was busy all morning working with Sasha, correcting her essay on " Home Animals " and her translation from the English, and examining her in the geography of China. She is a good worker, and I find it easy to get on with her. Altogether, I like teaching, and am used to it. I went bathing with Tanya, Sasha, and Marie Vasilievna. After dinner, I corrected proofs till the evening. Then I went for another bathe with Sasha, Miss Welsh, Mlle. Aubert, and Marie Vasilievna. Tanya, Kolya, Masha, and Misha went to Pirogovo on horseback and in the cabriolet. Turkin and Maklakov have gone to Moscow. At night I had tea with Lev Nikolaevich and Serezha ; I keep feeling very lonely ; I have little to do with Lev Nikolaevich, for he keeps on working from the morning till two ; after dinner he goes out on his bicycle or on horseback. To-day he went to Kozlovka to see off the young man from Kiev who was evidently proposing to settle down here, but whom Lev Nikolaevich politely sent away. He came back after we had had our supper, and had his by himself. He went to bed early, while I am still sitting up.

The sight of nature and my work still keeps up my energy ; otherwise it's very dull and lonely ; but I try to look cheerful in front of other people, and feel a bit guilty about Fate, which has not been so unkind to me, after all.

June 15.

I didn't sleep all night ; at last I fell asleep in the morning, and was wakened by my own sobs. I had been dreaming that Nurse and I were looking over Vanichka's toys. However hard I try, I seem to be unable to suppress this intense love and sorrow. There are some days when I can't

stretch life sufficiently. Life is like a cloth you have to stretch over something ; sometimes there is more than you need ; sometimes there is just enough to make you happy ; but sometimes the cloth is too short, and, as you try to stretch it, it tears.

When I got up I went to see Lev Nikolaevich. He was playing patience, and said he was in a good mood for work. Then he looked at me, and said with a smile : " Didn't you say I had begun to stoop with old age ? But see how straight I am," he added, stretching himself.

It rained at night, but now there is a clear, cool wind. After coffee I corrected some proofs ; I shall soon be finished with them. P. A. Boulanger[148] and sister Liza and her daughter arrived. I was glad to see them. In spite of the cold north wind, we bathed twice. In the evening, Boulanger discussed Lev Nikolaevich, whom he considers a great reformer. My sister and I did not agree with his denial of the Church, nor with his new idea that the value of a work of art depends on its degree of *contagion*, on the inspiration it can produce. Yes, but on whom ? This question destroys his whole argument. An ordinary peasant is inspired by his song and his concertina ; I am inspired by a Beethoven sonata or one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, Strakhov is affected by *Russlan and Ludmilla*, Mrs. Helbig by Wagner, the savage Bashkirian by his reed. Cloudy, windy, and cold.

June 16.

I got up late, and did not see Lev Nikolaevich till dinner-time. Did a lot of proof-reading. They all came from Pirogovo for dinner, feeling very tired. I had a talk on religion with sister Liza, and am sorry I told to her my views on the subject. One ought to preserve jealously one's inner, direct relation towards God ; and take from the Church what the Holy Fathers and God Himself have

given it ; and the main thing is not the external forms, or the moral or religious canons, but the *strict education of one's inner feeling, which would guide one's conduct* and would tell one *for certain* what is good or bad.—I went to Voronka for a bathe with Marie Vasilievna—my only companion this summer ; it is almost as bad as solitude, for the woman is vulgar and noisy, and would be quite unbearable if it were not for her inner goodness.

More proof-reading at night—and so the day passes. It is cold, dull, and windy.

June 17, 1897.

. . . . * I dreamed that I was lying in a strange bed in a strange room. Taneyev comes in, and, seeing me, goes straight up to the table : there are little bundles of paper there, like bills or notes all torn up. He puts on his glasses and writes something very rapidly on the bits of paper. I am frightened he will see me, and keep lying very still. But, having finished writing, he takes off his spectacles, puts all the papers in a heap, and goes out. I jump out of bed, and, picking up one of the papers, try to read it. It is a detailed description of his state of mind : all his struggles and desires. I read it quickly, but suddenly there is a knock, and I wake up. So I didn't manage to read it all ; I was very sorry, and wanted to fall asleep again and read the rest ; but, of course, I couldn't.

More proof-reading, bathing in the cold water, a solitary walk home along the road so closely associated with the thirty-five years of my married life.—After tea we all walked to Kozlovka : Tanya, Sasha, Vetochka,[144] A. A. Behrs,[144] Turkin, Miss Welsh, and Miss Aubert. It was a fine walk, and Turkin talked of philosophy, and told me about the new philosophic movement in England.—I kept thinking of last year's walks to Kozlovka—what a difference !

* Twenty words missing.

I was so well and cheerful and so full of life ! There's the difference. Last year Taneyev played such delicate and lovely music ; just now Lev Nikolaevich is banging some false discords on the piano, trying to accompany Misha, who is playing Russian folk-songs on the balalaika—rather well, I must say, but for which I really don't care very much. Surely this kind of thing doesn't compare favourably with last year ! However, I am glad that Misha is at home and is seeing a little more of his father for once. I am going to correct some more proofs, and that'll be another day gone.

I am still having trouble with Sasha. She is wild, rough, and obstinate, and keeps on hurting my best and most humane feelings.—Lev Nikolaevich went twice to-day to see Constantine, a dying peasant. While we were out for a walk, he was busy writing, and then went out on his bicycle. He is happy and cheerful as usual. . . .* It has quite a different effect on me ; I feel ashamed and sad, and I long for a poetic, spiritual, even a sentimental relationship—only to get away from this everlasting sex.

June 18, 1897.

This is Sasha's thirteenth birthday. Her birth is a depressing memory. I remember how we all sat round the tea-table—the Kuzminskys were still staying with us then, and Mme. Seuron, the governess, and her son, Alcide (the poor boy died of cholera), were here also—and we talked of horses. I told Lev Nikolaevich that he ran everything at a loss. He had bought some wonderful breeding horses in Samara, and had driven them all to death—no breed, no money, nothing—and it had cost thousands. He was always disagreeable to me during my pregnancy, the sight of me must have been annoying to him, especially during the

* Four words missing.

latter months. But this time he lost his temper completely, and, putting some things in a calico bag, said he would leave for ever—perhaps go to America—and so he left the house, in spite of my entreaties.

Just then my labour pains began. I was suffering—and he wasn't there. I sat in the garden and my pains were getting worse and worse—and still there was no sign of him. Lyova, my son, and Alcide came along and asked me to go and lie down. But sorrow seemed to have paralysed me. In the end the midwife came, and she and my sister and daughters, who were weeping, took me upstairs to the bedroom. My pains grew violent, but he did not return till five in the morning.

I went downstairs to see him, and he looked so gloomy and angry. " Lyova," I said, " I am feeling very ill, the child will soon be born. Why are you angry ? Forgive me if I am to blame for anything ; for all I know I may not survive this day." He said nothing. And suddenly it occurred to me that he might be jealous or suspicious. So I said : " No matter whether I live or die, I must tell you that I will die pure in body and mind : I have never loved anyone but you."

He turned round and looked fixedly at me, without uttering a word. I left him, and an hour later Sasha was born.

I gave her to a wet nurse, for I was unable to nurse the child and carry out both the man's and the woman's duty, after Lev Nikolaevich had handed all his affairs over to me.

What a hard time that was ! And that was the time when he *turned to Christianity*. But in that Christianity the *martyrdom* was *mine*, not *his*.

I got up late to-day and went bathing with Tanya and Marie Vasilievna. It was bitterly cold. It is only 5 degrees now. I spent an idle day, only read a few proofs, and made

some notes for a story. In the evening I drove to Ovsiannikovo to see Masha. I liked being with her. At Kozlovka the people were hauling a wagon across the railway line, singing as they worked. The Behrses—father and daughter—and Turkin, Sasha, the two governesses, and Marie Vasilievna went with us, and Tanya and Misha followed on horseback. Later on I developed the snapshots of Sasha and Vetochka[144] which I had taken during the day.

Lev Nikolaevich bathed to-day in the middle pond, and did some writing afterwards. After dinner he played tennis with Misha and the girls. Then he went off on his bicycle, and later rode out to meet us. While I was developing the photos he talked to Turkin and Behrs about art; he is greatly interested in the subject, but I don't agree at all with some of his theories.

Later Tanya played the mandoline, and Behrs[144] accompanied her; then he played some dance music, and Misha and the three girls danced; I also danced a waltz with him, and was amazed at my lightness.—It has struck one o'clock.

June 19.

Before dressing, I at once started printing the photographs of Sasha and Vetochka. Then I saw Vetochka and her father off, and at once sat down to correct some proofs. I went bathing with Marie Vasilievna—the water was very cold. It was only 5 degrees last night. More proof-reading after dinner. I went to Kozlovka to get the letters, and talked all the way with Turkin, Misha's tutor, about education, and human types and characters. On my way home I met Lev Nikolaevich and a man who had been in jail for a poem he had written about the Khodynka[145] disaster. Lev Nikolaevich said good-bye to him and came with us, which gave me much pleasure. I am feeling unwell and feverish, and my legs are sore—it's all said to

be due to my " critical " period. The worst of it is a sense of helpless melancholia. Again I feel as though something had broken within me.

There was that unfortunate business about the trees to-day : the Grumont peasant who had cut them down came here, all ragged, and begged forgiveness, bowing down to the ground. I wanted to weep, and I felt annoyed that I should have to look after the timber and be obliged to punish such a wretched creature. I never cared for this kind of work and have never been able to do it properly. Estate management means a constant struggle with the people—and I am no good at it.

We decided to let the peasants who had stolen the timber do a corresponding amount of work for us, and not to report the matter to the police, and to let them keep the timber they had already used for building.

We also got an unpleasant letter from the Kholevinsky[176] woman, who has been banished to Astrakhan because of some banned books which she had lent to a Tula clerk on Tanya's recommendation. She is angry and embittered, and is asking me for help. I don't know what I can do, but I should like to obtain her pardon.

Lyova is working feverishly on his book *On Art* and has nearly finished it. It takes up all his attention. In the evening he read us a French comedy from the *Revue Blanche*.

June 20.

I worked hard on the proofs all morning, and, oh, joy ! finished the lot. I have been working on them for the past six months, and this is the end. Only I wonder if it's well done ?—I went bathing with Tanya and Marie Vasilievna. The nights are cold and the water was only 12½ degrees. Lev Nikolaevich went to Tula to send Chertkov[62] a wire to England. He was apparently worried about Lev

Nikolaevich's *feelings* towards him. And yet Lev Nikolaevich simply *loves* him ! In the evening I played Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* and as I listened I remembered how Taneyev used to play them. Later I read V. V. Stasov's[147] letter and [young] Lyova's letter from Sweden. Then I stuck in some photographs and wrote to [young] Lyova.

I enjoyed being alone with Lev Nikolaevich ; it reminded me of my young days, with their pure, spiritual calm that was almost like apathy, but free of sin and violent passions or emotions.

If only I could choke the volcano of my uncontrollable nature !

Tanya did some copying, and played the guitar and the mandoline ; Sasha tidied her room and made jam and gathered some bunches of flowers. Misha went off somewhere with twenty-two roubles, and later sang at the top of his voice, banging the piano, and dressed up in Sasha's dress, and hardly did any work at all.

June 21.

I did not sleep and, on getting up late, started working with Sasha. But she looked pale and sick and had a headache. So the lesson was ruined. She was sick and went to bed. She sometimes has these fits of neuralgia, like her father. I called Tanya and Marie Vasilievna, and we went to Voronka to bathe. I cut out a dress and then we had dinner. The Obolenskys arrived, and they all played tennis, while I went for a walk by myself : I went up the hill and talked to Vanichka, and gathered some flowers for his picture. As I was going home I saw them all coming in my direction, but I went home alone and practised a little at the piano, as I want to take it up again. Ilya arrived ; I feel very sorry for him, for I know how badly things are going ; and yet it is impossible to hand out money blindly to one's children without knowing their affairs. For I never

know what I am giving it for, or where the limit is. I have tried to comply with their requests, but there never seems to be any limit ; and now I have to pay the printer and live on the profits, and it is hardly enough. Money is the most troublesome thing in life.

In the evening we went for a walk to Grumont ; it was lovely and I felt so at peace in my heart.

If there is no such thing as complete and boundless happiness in life—no *holiday* of life—there are at least these moments of perfect peace, and one must thank God for them.

I am feeling unwell ; something has been happening within me ever since I arrived. I noticed a strange feeling in my heart—a feeling as though I were waiting for a suitable moment to commit suicide. I have been cultivating this feeling for a long time, and it keeps maturing. But I fear it as much as I would fear insanity—and yet I like it, even though my superstitions and my religious feeling tell me I mustn't. I believe it to be a sin, and I fear that suicide would deprive me of communion with God and the angels—and so with Vanichka. And as I walked along, to-day, it occurred to me to send a hundred letters to the most varied and unexpected people explaining the motives of my suicide. And as I was composing this confession in my mind, I found it so touching that I nearly wept. . . . But now I am afraid in case I go mad. Every time I have any trouble or anyone blames me for something, I say joyfully to myself : Now I shall go to Kozlovka and kill myself, and then you can do as you please. I don't want to suffer any longer, and I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't. I must either live without suffering, or die—and dying is the better course. Oh, Lord, forgive me !

And now I've got to write the menu again : *soupe printanière*—oh, how I hate it ! *Every* day for thirty-five years it's been *soupe printanière* ! I don't want to hear any more of

soupe printanière ; I want to hear the most difficult fugue or symphony ; I want to hear the most complicated harmonies every single day, so that my soul can struggle in its endeavour to understand what the composer is trying to express in his difficult musical language, and what he felt in his innermost heart while composing his work. Misha and Ilya were strumming away on the piano and guitar and bawling their Russian songs. . . . Just as you can express in words the simplest things—I want to eat, or dance, or kiss—or the most complicated philosophical ideas—your relation to God, the connection between your soul and eternity—so you can also express them in music. A simple melody is like simple words—Ilya and Misha, a child, or an ignorant peasant can understand it. But complicated music—a sonata or a symphony—is like a philosophic argument, and can only be understood by a highly cultured person. I would give so much if, instead of this banging, I could listen to the cultured music which gave me so much joy last summer. That, indeed, was a *holiday* of life. Thank God for the memory of it.

June 22, 1897.

A lovely summer day. In the morning I played scales, exercises, and studies on the piano. Then we bathed. Ilya and Kolya Lopukhin had dinner with us. Then I played for another hour. After tea all the womenfolk went for a walk, and Sasha grumbled because I had called her away from the tennis court, although she had only been looking on. Tanya came running after us, and I was very glad to see her. " I am being attracted to you more and more," she said, " and in the end I will go back to the primitive stage and start sucking your breast." I, too, grow fonder of her all the time. I did not give Ilya any money, and he kept being unpleasant to me. He said that

Lev Nikolaevich had made a big mistake in handing the property over to me, as I would get mean in my old age, etc. My God ! surely my dealings with my elder sons don't come down to money and nothing but money. Andryusha, too, talks of nothing but money, money, money. It's awful !

I wrote six letters at night to Stasov, Kholevinskaya, Andryusha, Kushnerev (the printer), Rayevskaya, and the shops.

June 23, 1897.

The beauty of nature has filled my whole being, and has driven out much of my sadness. I felt apathetic, and indifferent towards it for a long time, and kept looking into myself ; but now it is past, and I am happy ! The grass is being cut everywhere, and there is a smell of hay ; the days are so bright ; and to-day I watched the narrow sickle of the moon reflected in the Voronka river ; and the brightly dressed village folks, and the mowers sleeping in tents or cooking in the open air, and the well-fed cattle, and the unusually rich, mature, dark-green leaves of the trees.—I played exercises in the morning, and then went out bathing. After dinner, from three till seven, I copied Lev Nikolaevich's MS. *On Art.* I wrote a lot. After tea we went for a walk to Gorelaya Polyana, and went across the bridge on to the main road. Just below the bridge there is a new bathing-cabin, and Sasha and I had a bathe ; it was cold, but fine. We came home in a carriage, and Lev Nikolaevich met us with his bicycle ; later he complained of being tired. At dinner, Misha spoke very rudely to Ivan, our butler ; his father told him to stop, but, as Misha went on in the same way, Lev Nikolaevich took up his plate and left the room. It was most unpleasant. I had a letter from Andryusha asking for more money—that's all I ever get from him. How much sorrow my children give me !

Tanya alone causes me no sorrow ; she gives me much joy—at least, so far.

Coming home, we found Marie Alexandrovna waiting. She is a fanatical worshipper of Lev Nikolaevich—he is the whole of life to her. This adoration gives her strength to live and to bear all her sorrows and troubles. And how else could she find strength with her poor, exhausted constitution ? The power of love is truly wonderful ! It is really the axle of all life. After dinner, Lev Nikolaevich read us an article on the last days of Herzen, I finished copying another chapter, and then we talked about Gé and discussed his *Crucifix*. I hate this painting, but Lev Nikolaevich and Marie Alexandrovna[106] praised it highly. As we grew rather quarrelsome, the talk soon came to an end. Had a letter from Sweden from [young] Lyova.

June 24.

It has been raining ever since morning, and I got up late. I had a pain in my right arm all night. I tutored Sasha very well, and she was very attentive. What she needs most is not knowledge, but mental development, and I am doing my best in that direction. We worked for two hours. Then I spent some time with Marie Alexandrovna Schmidt, and altered the sleeves on my dress ; I talked to her of my family affairs and she was very kind and sympathetic. I went out for a drive with Sasha, Marie Vasilievna, Miss Welsh, and Mlle. Aubert, but the horses were erratic, and it was quite unbearable. The water was cold and it was deeper after the rain. Lev Nikolaevich is so taken up with his work that the whole world has ceased to exist for him. I am as lonely with him as I have been all my life. He needs me only at night, not during the day-time ; it makes me sad, and I can't help longing for last year's dear and friendly companion.

Lev Nikolaevich rode alone to Ovsiannikovo, and then

stayed downstairs. When I went down, I found him playing patience. When no one was at home I played two Beethoven sonatas, and one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* ; I always finish up with it, just as if it were a prayer ; I love it. I have now been copying Lev Nikolaevich's MS. since supper-time, and have got quite a lot done. It is 2 a.m. now, and I am going to bed.

I had a letter from Sukhotin[141] saying his wife has died. All this correspondence between Tanya and Sukhotin is very painful both to me and Lev Nikolaevich. . . .*

June 25, 1897.

I did not sleep at all last night, and I felt feverish, as though the room were full of hot steam. It is a hard time from the physical standpoint.—I played Mozart and some exercises for over two hours. Then I did some more copying for Lev Nikolaevich. I am sorry, but I don't like his essay. There is something unpleasantly angry and aggressive about it. It just makes me feel as though he were attacking an invisible enemy (Taneyev, for instance, about whom he used to be so jealous) with the sole object of destroying him. I walked to the Voronka river for a bathe, and took a gentle joy in nature, and hardly said a word to Marie Vasilievna. The day—like this whole summer—passed slowly and wearily. Masha and Kolya have been here ; also Nadya Ivanov. And all the people are so dull, dull, dull. . . . I picked up a French novel which I found lying about, and was horrified by its voluptuous subject. The title alone is enough : *Aphrodite*. What a corrupted people the French are ! But, on the other hand, the book gives you a good standard for judging the beauty of a woman's body—and my own.

It is a blessing for a woman to be ignorant of the beauty

* Thirty-nine words missing.

of her body right down to her old age ; for this ignorance keeps her mind and her heart pure. But such books are fatal.

June 26, 1897.

It is hot, and, all around, the mowing is going on. I have a violent headache. I went bathing in the morning with Nadya Ivanov, and we talked of the motive force that exists at the bottom of every person's soul. In men this motive force is ambition or love of money, and only in a few cases the pure artistic instinct ; in women the main thing is love, sometimes fanaticism. A nun at Shamordino planted two orange-pips that Father Ambrosius had spat out ; and now she worships the two trees, and they are the whole of her life. And there is this woman student, a gentlewoman, Marie Schmidt, who worships Lev Nikolaevich. Lev Nikolaevich loves fame above all things, etc., etc. I played with Miss Welsh after dinner, and am going to practise Beethoven's Sonata in E flat major. I like working with her.—Tanya and Sasha have been to Tula. Serezha has arrived, and to-morrow I am going with him and Sasha to Ilya's.—I spent all evening copying Lev Nikolaevich's MS. As usual, I have hardly seen him all day. He cycled to Tula, and left the bicycle there to be mended, and walked back part of the way, and then took one of the carts that were coming home. I am feeling worse and worse.

June 30, 1897.

I came back last night from Serezha's and Ilya's ; I had gone there with Sasha. I wanted to spend Serezha's birthday with him, and make him feel less lonely for that day at least. I feel very sorry for him, and his sorrow has made him gentle and quiet and kind to people. And . . .* his wife is expecting the birth of his child. . . .† I found

* Two words missing. † Fifteen words missing.

Ilya and all his affairs most depressing : he has four lovely children.[148] and yet think of the example their father is setting them ! No interest in life except his hounds, and getting drunk along with all kinds of rabble. If he does not change his ways, the children will be wasters. Sonya, his wife, is vaguely aware of it, and I feel sorry for her. She works hard, and does her best to make things better ; but he is of no help to her, and she will not be strong enough to bring up the children all on her own.

We had a wonderful walk at Nikolskoye, and Serezha and I had a talk on the theory of music, and he told me all kinds of things and lent me some pamphlets and books on the subject. I was glad to spend the day with Varya Nagornov.—On our way home I read a dreadful book—Prévost's *Les Demi-Vierges*—and felt degraded and almost physically ill, as I always do on reading a dirty book. How terrible is this absence of purity in love—and yet even the purest love finally leads to the desire for intimacy and possession. But in this French book the disgusting thing is not the woman's surrender, but this semi-vice—i.e. *everything* except the final move ; and there is nothing worse than that. When I came home I found that Tanya had gone to Kozlovka ; she was going on to the Olsufievs, and I was glad that, at least for a time, she would shake off the influence of . . .* Sukhotin, and would see some decent people for once.

I found Misha having a serious attack of dysentery and there was no one to look after him : Masha was busy with her young husband, Tanya had gone away, and his father —my children have no father.

Lev Nikolaevich himself is very unpleasant, and it annoys me to see how indifferent he is towards me and my whole life whenever I am with the family ; he only begins to appreciate me when there is danger of losing my love, or of sharing it with another man, even if only in the purest

* Four words missing.

and most innocent way. As if my loneliness could destroy my attachment to *others* or strengthen my love for him !

The only pleasant part of the day was my talk with Turkin.[130] We talked about children's characters and their education and about Rousseau's *Emile*. Then we talked of travel, and he spoke of the Crimea. I did a lot of sewing, and it seemed a futile kind of day. It's been raining ever since morning, and there is nothing to cheer me up.

July 2, 1897.

I didn't write yesterday. Lev Nikolaevich had a bilious attack. I was copying his article when Misha suddenly came running along and said : " Father is screaming and groaning with pain." When I went down I found him all doubled up with pain and perspiring so heavily that I had to make him change his shirt immediately. Masha, Misha, and I set to work—got him a linseed poultice, a clyster of camomile, rhubarb, and soda-water. Nothing did him any good, and the medicine he took merely made him sick, and the vomiting only increased the pain. He did not sleep all night, and the pain continued until I became frightened for his life. I suddenly realised how terribly lonely I would be if I lost him, and, although it makes me suffer to think that he loves me physically more than mentally, yet I could hardly live without his constant sympathy. As I was putting on his poultice to-day, he stroked my hair, and when I was finished he kissed my hands and kept watching me all the time as I was busy preparing things for him.

Dr. Rudnev came to-day ; he said Lev Nikolaevich had a very strong constitution, and that his illness—acute catarrh—was in no way dangerous. It'll be hard to make him keep to his diet. He fell ill from eating cucumbers and radishes—and didn't I ask him not to eat any during the epidemic, and with the pain in his side ? Misha, too, is ill

with dysentery. He is very gentle and childlike when he is ill.—I went for a bathe ; it was warm and damp, and a wonderful moonlit night. It's just my luck that, instead of enjoying a walk, and music, and the beauty of nature, I've got to mess about with clysters and poultices, and struggle against sleep and my longing for beautiful things. I read a stupid story from the *Novoye Vremya* to Lev Nikolaevich, and also finished reading the *Demi-Vierges*.

July 3, 1897.

Lev Nikolaevich is better to-day ; his pain has gone, his bowels have moved, and the sadness of seeing him ill has vanished. But he stayed in bed all day. Some young man —a sectarian—came to see him, and they talked for a long time. Like all sectarians, he was very one-sided and narrow-minded, but greatly interested in human wisdom and metaphysics. He had read Plato, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius in the *Posrednik* series.

To-day I moved into Masha's room from the bedroom where I had slept for nearly thirty-five years. But I have been wanting more isolation, and, besides, it was suffocatingly hot in the bedroom. In the evening I went for a bathe by myself ; Turkin went out to meet me, thinking I would be afraid to go home by myself. We all sat on the balcony at night ; it was hot, and the moon unusually lovely. Masha and Kolya have gone to Ovsiannikovo.

In the morning I worked with Sasha for a bit ; she has much improved since I told her I would send her to a boarding-school. Misha is a good worker, and pleasant to work with, but he is wild in many ways, and that worries me : he puts out candles with his gun, and tries to make liqueurs, and strums on the piano and bawls in an ugly, unnatural voice. He is still young, and in time he may grow more refined in manner and soul.—I had a cool little letter from Taneyev—he is coming on Sunday. I haven't told

Lev Nikolaevich yet, in case it upsets him. My God, will he be jealous again? It's a painful thought, and, above all, considering his illness, I fear it may harm him. Wouldn't Taneyev be surprised if he knew! But I can't help being overjoyed at the thought of so much lovely music and pleasant conversation with such a cheerful, decent man. He has written some songs for Tanya, and I am sure he is very fond of her.

July 4, 1897.

Everybody is better to-day, but there was some trouble again. At dinner, Misha referred to Taneyev's[158] arrival. Lev Nikolaevich simply flared up and said: "I didn't know about that.". . . *

I played Mozart for nearly four hours to-day, and greatly enjoyed it. Late in the evening I went for a bathe with Miss Welsh. Pomerantsev[159] arrived during the day. He is a pupil of Taneyev's, and they all kept cursing him. Thunder and rain.

July 5, 1897.

All my cares, all my affection, all my patience with his coarse and unjust reproaches cannot calm his anger at Taneyev's arrival. I am going to keep silent. It is my own affair, concerning none but God and my conscience.— Pomerantsev and Muromtseva have arrived. I spent the day idly, talking to everybody. Muromtseva[160] is a gifted woman who understands a great deal, if not with her brain, at least by intuition.

Lev Nikolaevich talked of art in front of Pomerantsev, Muromtseva, and Misha, denying Wagner, modern music, and Beethoven's later works. He always works himself up to such a pitch of irritation that I cannot stand it and leave the room.

* One hundred and eighty-five words missing.

July 6, 1897.

I talked with Muromtseva[150] in the morning, and then we went for a bathe. It was an unusually hot morning—and I loved it. On our way home we met Taneyev and Yusha, who, just like last year, were going for a bathe. When I came home, I went to Lev Nikolaevich's room. He was irritable, jealous, and most disagreeable, and my gentle words had no effect whatsoever. . . .*

Muromtseva has gone away. In the carriage she fondled Taneyev in a disgusting way, and I saw the worst side of her nature.

Mitya Dyakov[151] came, and all the boys went down to the village fair. Tanya came back too, looking sweet and gentle. Taneyev ate nothing at dinner, and complained of a headache. I hope to God he notices nothing.

July 10.

Another sad trial. What I feared most has taken shape. Tanya is in love with Sukhotin,[141] and has already talked to him of marriage. We came to the subject by chance, and somehow quite naturally. She must have wanted to tell me about it. . . .† She also talked it over with Lev Nikolaevich. When I first told him about it he was dumbfounded ; he suddenly seemed to shrivel up ; he was more than sad—he was deeply upset. Tanya has been weeping all these days, and seems to realise that she will never be happy with him ; so she has written to him breaking it off.

My relations with Lev Nikolaevich have greatly improved. Only at what a price ! . . .‡

July 13, 1897.

Taneyev[135] left to-day. These last few days were happy and peaceful. He played several times : first, in the evening

* Sixty-three words missing. † Five words missing.
‡ One hundred and fifty-two words missing.

of the 10th, when Lev Nikolaevich had gone out to talk to Tanya, I asked Taneyev to play me Mozart's Sonata. We were alone in the room, and I felt serene and happy. He played two sonatas—and most charmingly. Then he played the lovely *andante* from his own symphony, which I had heard in Moscow and which I love.

The same evening, when everybody had come in for tea, he played Chopin's Sonata. No one in the world can play like him. So noble and honest is his playing, with such a sense of measure and restraint ; sometimes he seems to be carried away, forgetting everything—and those moments are the most wonderful. The next day he played Beethoven's Rondo, Mozart's Variations, "*Ah, vous dirai-je, maman,*" then some Schubert, Marguerite's song from *Faust*, and finally Chopin's Ballade and Polonaise.

He seemed to be choosing the pieces which he knew would appeal to Lev Nikolaevich most. His playing made my heart bleed. As he was coming to the end of the Polonaise, my eyes filled with tears and I nearly burst out sobbing.—Yesterday he again played the Chopin Sonata.

There was a change in the weather yesterday. I felt so well and happy all last week. . . .* We went twice to the Belgian Works, and walked all round Gorelaya Polyana, and bathed in the river, just below the bridge. We also walked to the Zaseka wood and visited the coal-mines ; yesterday we went for a long walk to the " Lemon Grove " and up to Kochak. The whole crowd went bathing every day. Yesterday and to-day I took some photographs, and so did Turkin. Nearly all my photos came out well. I took several of Taneyev, and this time Lev Nikolaevich did not mind. He suddenly grew quiet and friendly, did some riding and cycling, and has not been angry with me at all. As if there were any reason why he should ! What evil can there be in my friendly attachment to such a kind, pure,

* Three words missing.

and talented man? What a pity that Lev Nikolaevich's jealousy should have marred our friendship!

Tanya had a reply from Sukhotin[141]; no doubt his letter is full of those sentimental platitudes with which many a woman has been taken in. Masha and I wept to-day over Tanya's blind and senselsss infatuation. . . .*

Andryusha came from Moscow just for an hour. The same old story: money, money, money! He looked poor and weak and pathetic. We went for a bathe at night. I hate to think that our walks, and the music, and the company of that dear and friendly man are a thing of the past and may never come back again. But I trust in Providence. I believe in God's will, and in the kindness of His will.

I did a little copying for Lev Nikolaevich, and developed some photographs, and am sorry not to have seen more of Marie Alexandrovna.[142]

It is 2 a.m., and I can hardly see with my right eye. Death is nothing—I welcome it—but helpless old age is horrible. Pomerantsev has dedicated his songs to me, and Taneyev brought me some of his vocal duets. I shall take up my music again.

There is a change in the weather. It was terribly hot all week, but it was only warm to-day, and rainy and windy at night. Such a warm, bright, and happy week—except for Tanya's troubles.

July 14, 1897.

I was busy all day developing and printing photographs and doing work for anybody who asked me. Here is a picture of me,† cut out of a bad group with Tanya in it. But they tell me I look younger than this picture; no doubt due to my bright complexion.—I went for a bathe; a clear sky and a north wind. I was tired at night, and Lev

* Seventeen words missing.

† A photograph of Countess Tolstoy is attached here to the original MS.

Nikolaevich asked me to go out with him for a stroll ; I was glad. Misha, with unusual frankness, suddenly started telling me how much his sexual instincts were troubling him, that it made him almost ill, and that he would like to remain pure, but was afraid he wouldn't be strong enough. My poor boys ! I don't know anything about this side of a man's life.

Tanya has been to Tula. Lev Nikolaevich was very cheerful, and told us how he had cycled into the Tula *velodrome*, and kept talking of cycle races and everything relating to bicycles. To think that this, too, can interest him !—I have been feeling rather weary ; wrote to [young] Lyova, answered various business letters, paid the wages, looked through the bills, and copied a little of Lev Nikolaevich's essay *On Art*. I am trying to pull myself together and am feverishly active. Have been copying Lev Nikolaevich's MS. till 3 a.m.

July 15.

I got up late, printed some photographs, and went bathing with Sasha and the governesses. Then printed more photos, tutored Sasha (the lesson went very well to-day), and told her to write an essay on " The Wood," and we read over various extracts from Turgenev and other writers describing woods. I pointed out the beauty of their descriptions, and the details which were not *imagined*, but directly *experienced*. Sasha seemed to understand all I was saying. Then I corrected her translation of the English story about the ancient philosophers, and questioned her on the geography of America. After tea we all walked to Ovsiannikovo. A young Swedish student is staying here just now—a nice fellow. As we walked along, Turkin kept taking photographs of sheep and horses and of the railway station. I hope they come out. We stayed for a little at Masha's and then drove home. The

clear, pale-blue sky and the red ball of the sun at sunset looked so fresh and lovely. Lev Nikolaevich and the Swede came home on horseback. I am amazed how much Lev Nikolaevich ate to-night : eight cups of tea, a large bowl of porridge, and a whole plate of *vinaigrette* and fruit salad. It is 2 a.m., and I am still busy copying. What a dull, weary task—especially as Lev Nikolaevich is sure to cross out everything I have written to-day and to start it all over again. His patience and perseverance are amazing !

I have been thinking a lot of Taneyev since I talked about him to Nikolai Vasilievich, and heard the high praise of the Swedish student, who knew Taneyev in Moscow. There is something in him that everybody loves. I think of him serenely—it is always like this after seeing him. But I always miss him, especially during the summer months. . . .*

I passionately long for music, and should like at least to play myself. But either I am too busy, or else Lev Nikolaevich is sleeping or working and must not be disturbed. Life is sad without this personal joy which I only find in music. I try to persuade myself that there is a joy in doing one's *duty*, and I make myself copy manuscripts and do all kinds of things which are supposed to be my *duty*, but sometimes my will protests against it, and I want some *personal* joy, a *personal* life, something that would be *my own* work, and not the work of other people which has occupied my whole life ; and this feeling makes me unhappy.

July 16.

I got up late, having gone on copying till 3 a.m. I copied again till dinner-time. After dinner I went to watch the gardener pruning the apple-trees ; I went round the orchard with him and gave some necessary orders. Then I gathered some mushrooms, and on my way home, meeting

* Thirty words missing.

the man who had rented our cherry-orchard, I yelled at him in a degrading way for not having put supports round the trees, many of which had got broken owing to this carelessness. I meant to send a complaint to the county magistrate, but desisted. I had been well and active all day, but suddenly I was overwhelmed by a feeling of hopeless despair. I *must* lead an active life and look ahead, and never look back, never regret anything, and believe that everything will be well and that God is merciful. As I was walking through the wood I prayed fervently, with all my soul, and appealed to God's mercy and goodness. I spent all evening passe-partout-ing photographs, and shall give them away to-morrow. I shall never waste my time like this again. I did eighty photographs. Turkin, Misha's tutor, has left. I am terribly sorry, for he is a fine man and an excellent teacher. This is a warm and wonderful summer ! Lev Nikolaevich is busy most of the time writing his article and numerous letters ; sometimes he reads, goes bathing, or cycles. He is indifferent to everything.

July 17, 1897.

Still busy copying, and printing photographs. I gave the whole lot away to-day and shall not do any more for a while. We went bathing ; the Shenshins, our neighbours, came from Sudakovo after dinner, and we went for a walk through the orchard and to the bathing-hut. A clear, wonderful evening, and a rosy sunset. Tanya sad, and Lyova seems to be so far away ; I feel most melancholy. Misha went to the christening of Ivan's (the butler's) baby. Sasha is making jam for Masha ; she wrote an essay, and kept giggling all day—a big, red, fat lump. Masha and Kolya were here and played tennis.

Annochka, my granddaughter, was here with her Russian governess, and Sonya is coming to-morrow with her

three boys, and Ilya on Saturday. Sonya leaves the house with the children each time Ilya starts his drinking bouts with his neighbours. I admire her for trying to disgust Ilya and her children with all this immoral and disgraceful behaviour. I shall be glad to see my grandchildren, especially little Misha. I was hoping to spend the day by myself, playing, writing, or reading—but all these visitors arrived, and I shall have to devote my time to the grandchildren now. I copied out a long chapter of over fifty sheets ; what a dull and dreary business ! But never mind —I shall do my *duty* to the bitter end. I have never known much joy, and now I know even less.

July 18, 1897.

The 18th of July already ! I don't know whether I want time to run on or to stop. I don't want anything ! Tanya was sitting in the drawing-room to-day, weeping bitterly ; when Marie Alexandrovna[106] and I saw her, we also started weeping. Poor girl ! She does not love boldly and joyfully as young people do, with faith in the future, and with the conviction that all the joy and happiness are still to come ! She is morbidly in love with an elderly, feeble-minded man—he is forty-eight, and she only thirty-two. I know this *morbid* love, which, instead of bringing sunshine into your heart, dims the world around ; you feel that it is *wrong* and you *mustn't*, and yet you are unable to change ! May God help us.

Sonya, my daughter-in-law, has arrived with all her children. I was glad to see them, though, alas ! they will never fill up my life. The love for my own children has run dry—and children are no longer of the same importance to me.

They have all gone to Ovsiannikovo ; the three youngsters have gone to bed, and I started practising the piano, but was interrupted by the sudden arrival of Obolensky[111]

and young Count Sheremetyev.[153] I am *always* being disturbed—it is most annoying.

Both Lev Nikolaevich and I have indigestion to-day, and we are both gloomy and depressed. I did a lot of work : wrote to the Samara factor, wrote an advertisement for the papers about the new edition, wrote to the magistrate about the damage done to the apple-trees, sent [young] Lyova a book, sent off various business papers and passports to Moscow, wrote to Löwenfeld in Berlin, noted down all I would have to do in Tula to-morrow, etc., etc. It must all be done, though it is boring, boring ! Lev Nikolaevich wrote in the morning, and has been lying on the sofa ever since, reading. His grandchildren interest him no more than his children. He needs no one and nothing—and yet all the people around him keep on making their personal claims and speaking of their personal interests.

July 20, 1897.

I wrote nothing yesterday, having been busy with my grandchildren and later with the photographs, which are very poor. To-day has been a day of misfortunes. Sasha pinched Annochka, Tanya lost her temper with Sasha so completely that she burst into tears and wouldn't even come down for dinner. It annoyed me that this should have upset Ilya's nameday dinner, and I shrieked at her, telling her to come at once. She came, but wept all the time, and wouldn't eat anything. I thought how upset my gentle Vanichka would have been to see her weeping like this—he could not bear anybody's sorrow, and the thought made me sad and wretched. I did not feel particularly sorry for Sasha, for just before dinner, while she was dressing, I could hear how she was tormenting poor Nurse.

The same again : we went bathing and I copied a lot of

Lev Nikolaevich's MS. I feel gently affectionate towards him ; in moments of difficulty or sorrow I still seem to be attracted towards him, expecting to be helped and consoled—though I know that he seldom responds, and hardly ever helps me. My God, to think of all the difficult spiritual and family problems I have had to solve all by myself !

Here's a case in point. I had a wire from Andryusha to-day : " For God's sake send 300 roubles*." What could I do ? After consulting everybody I decided not to send him the money, and Ilya said he would go to Moscow to-morrow to see him at the barracks. I am most grateful to him.

Another piece of bad luck : N. V. Turkin, Misha's excellent tutor, is unable to continue his lessons with him. Both the Sabaneyevs—husband and wife—are ill, and there is only Turkin left to look after the family and their magazine, *Nature and Hunting*. What bad luck for Misha. I'm afraid it will harm his examination for Form VII. He will never do any work by himself, and a new teacher is always an unknown quantity.

In the evening I tried over some of Taneyev's songs and duets, and couldn't make anything of them. They are hard and complicated, and I'll have to practise them.

It is terribly hot : 43 degrees in the sun and 30 in the shade. I like Ilya's family, and I am grateful to dear Sonya for having come with the children. She is such a good and *real* mother and wife ; and she has a sweet temper.

Tanya has been weeping for the last two days, but has been quieter to-day. I played for an hour both yesterday and to-day—so little ! Nothing at all for my musical progress, merely a pastime and something to soothe my nerves.

* About £30.

July 21, 1897.

I dreamed of Vanichka last night ; he was lying down, looking so thin and miserable, and stretching his arms towards me. To-day I dreamed of Taneyev, also lying down, and smiling and stretching his arms towards me, too.

Masha told me to-day that Ilya was rather annoyed that they should all be talking of my affection for Taneyev at my sister Tanya's in Kiev and at the Filosofovs'. Public opinion is a queer thing. According to it, it is evil to *love*. But all this gossip doesn't upset or worry me. I am even proud to be connected in peoples' minds with such a wonderful, kind, talented, and moral man. I have a clear conscience ; I am as pure as a new-born babe in body, soul, and even mind in the eyes of God, my husband, and my children.—I know that I have never loved, and never will love, anyone with a better and stronger love than I have loved my husband. Sometimes when I see him, I am filled with joy—I love his eyes, his smile, his conversation, which is never coarse (except in moments of anger, but let us forget about that), and his constant desire for self-perfection.

Misha and Mitya Dyakov have gone to Poltava, to the Danilevskys. Ilya has gone to Moscow to see Andryusha, and Masha and Kolya Obolensky have gone off to his relations.

We bathed, and again I took some photographs in the water and in the carriage. I printed some of yesterday's and copied Lev Nikolaevich's MS. for three hours on end. Storm and wind and clouds of dust, and the distant rumbling of thunder, and the sound of the fire-tocsin somewhere not very distant. It was sultry—28 in the shade, 43 in the sun, and 20½ indoors.

Tanya is not well, and looks very pale. My God, how sorry I feel for her, and how I love her ! I just feel like

seizing her in my arms and carrying her away somewhere. My eldest, my dearest children, Serezha and Tanya, how much love and care have we given you, how many hopes have we placed upon you : God would not look at you ! How little happiness have you known !

July 22, 1897.

Again Lev Nikolaevich was ill all night. He had a bilious attack in the middle of the night—with vomiting and diarrhœa for four hours on end. He had little pain, and it stopped towards morning. He had eaten an incredible quantity of baked potatoes the day before, and had drunk *kvas*, in spite of his indigestion, and two days ago he had been drinking Ems and ate a peach. Considering his intelligence, his greed and his ignorance in matters of diet are quite extraordinary.

Serezha came, and played the piano very pleasantly. I live like an automaton, walking, eating, sleeping, bathing, copying. . . . I have no life of my own—not a moment to think, or read, or play the piano ; such is my life. *Is* it life ? *Hélas, la plus grande partie de notre vie n'est pas vie, mais durée.* Yes, I am not living—*je dure.*

Serezha said to-day : " Mother is in her second childhood. I shall give her a doll, and, if she's a good girl, a new tea service." His words may be funny, but the idea of my second childhood is anything but funny—it is tragic.—I have never had any time to do any independent work concerning *myself* alone. All the time I have had to place myself at the disposal of my husband or children. And now old age has come, and I have wasted all my physical and mental powers upon my family, and, as Serezha said, this is my second childhood. It is depressing to think that I should never have continued my education or learned any art ; I have known few people, and have learned little from them. But now it is too late. A change

of weather : wind and a grey sky. I wrote to Turkin, copied a whole chapter of Lev Nikolaevich's MS. *On Art.* Another day gone. Lev Nikolaevich is better, and is sitting in the drawing-room playing chess with Serezha.

July 23, 1897.

Ilya and Andryusha arrived in the morning, as well as Sobolev, Misha's new tutor, who is to take Turkin's place. I am so sorry about Turkin ! This lively, enthusiastic chemist talked to Serezha a great deal about chemistry and the university. Andryusha has again wasted all his money at the gipsies',* and has had to borrow 300 roubles ; I find him and his disgraceful way of living most unpleasant and depressing. Heaven knows what'll become of him. He has no morals, and drinks heavily, and when a man is drunk he cares for nothing.—Ilya came into my room to-day and started grousing that I had changed, and didn't love my children as much as I did, etc. I tried to justify myself, reminding him (Tanya, Sonya, and Andryusha were there too) of how I had devoted my whole life to my children, how I had served and worked for their father ; I also recalled the unhappy time of Vanichka's birth : [young] Lyova was passing his exams. just then, and the boys were without a governess, and I had to nurse a sickly child with my aching breasts, and look for teachers, and do all the spring-cleaning and packing ; and Lev Nikolaevich had gone off to Yasnaya on foot and had left me in spite of all my tears and entreaties. I told him of all my work and my sleepless nights, and my tears, and my constant doubts, of all the springs I had spent in town so as not to leave the boys alone while they were working for their exams.—and now I get blamed. I listened, and argued, but, being unable to bear it any longer, burst into

* By "gipsies" is meant an all-night restaurant with gipsy singers.

tears. But, whatever I may say, I shall never be the same again. Everything wears out, motherly feelings too, and the passionate love for one's family. I don't want to make myself suffer any more by looking at all their faults and mistakes and useless lives. I prefer strangers ; I need new and more interesting people, and calmer human relations ; I am weary of all these family relations.

They also blamed me for Taneyev.[185] Let them ! This man has given me a rich, joyful gift : he opened the doors into the world of music for me, a world which has brought me joy and consolation only since I heard him play. His music brought me back to a life which I had left after Vanichka's death. His meek and gentle presence was a balm to my spirit. And now, after seeing him, I always feel serene and happy.—Yet they all believe that I am in love ! How vulgar they all are ! I am too old—such words and thoughts no longer suit me.

After tea I went for a walk with Lev Nikolaevich, Serezha, Tanya, Sasha, and the governesses. Lev Nikolaevich spoke to Serezha about science in an unpleasant and irritated voice. I left them alone—for I hate it when he talks like that ; I always feel that it might develop at any moment into a violent argument, or even a quarrel. But Serezha was very restrained, and it passed off. It was dark when we came home ; the men were playing chess ; I did a little reading, for I had been copying all day.

It has got cold, with a dry north wind ; only towards evening it cleared up a little. We bathed all the same. I haven't a chance to play, and life is very boring. I cut my grandchildren's hair and played with them in the evening ; they are charming children, only I feel that my *grandmotherly* affection is not very deep. I must get back to earth again, and develop a new interest in children—and yet I feel that I have grown away from all this, and that

children are unable to interest me any longer. I've had enough of it !

July 24, 1897.

I tutored Sasha in the morning and corrected her essay on " The Wood." Then I went for a bathe. After dinner and just now I copied Lev Nikolaevich's MS., and finished a long chapter. In the evening they all played tennis—Ilya, Andryusha, Lev Nikolaevich, and Vaka Filosofov.[110] The grandchildren kept running about with little whips, and Tanya, Sonya, and I watched them playing. I dislike being idle for long, so I got a saw and a pair of shears and clipped the dry branches in the alley. The rain drove us all home. Just before that I went round the garden looking at its poor condition—the result of a useless gardener. When we got home I had a talk with Ilya, and then with Andryusha and Vaka. I told them of the terrible dangers of drink, and advised them all to drop it. All the faults of my sons and all their misconduct are due to drink.—Tanya had gone to Tula, and came back looking very lively, but her unnatural liveliness gives me no joy. Our poor girl has dropped us, dropped her former self, and her happy and peaceful life, and is heading for disaster. Will she go so far ? Or will she turn back ? It is sad, sad, sad.

I am just going to read Anton Rubinstein's *Letters on Music.*

Somebody Yartsev,[111] a *dark one*, has come to see Lev Nikolaevich. Lev Nikolaevich must be terribly bored with him. Moreover, he is weak and unwell, and still has a pain in his stomach. He lies on the sofa downstairs most of the time, reading, and looks very glum. He is much upset about Tanya.

July 25.

Lev Nikolaevich is still suffering from pains in his stomach. He is very gloomy, and unable to work, and he even

apologised to me to-day for being in a temper.—This has been a rather idle day. I copied Taneyev's music, which he had composed for Fet's poem at Tanya's request: *What happiness to be alone at night.* I read Rubinstein's *Letters on Music* ; wanted to play, but hadn't any time. At night, after tea, I longed to go for a really long walk. Tanya and Sonya went out in a boat. Sasha and the governesses went to Kozlovka. Lev Nikolaevich was having a visitor—some student from the Church Academy, whom Mme. Annenkov had sent along. I asked him to come out for a walk, but the sunset was already over, and it was cold outside, and Lev Nikolaevich came only as far as the village, and, feeling cold, turned back, while Sonya and I went on a little farther. But that wasn't a walk—so short and pointless. However, I am glad that Sonya went with me—I always like her company. Tanya and I bought some Russian lace from an old woman. After dinner Lev Nikolaevich read us a rather silly French play from the *Revue Blanche.* Sonya and her children are leaving to-morrow morning, which makes me sad. They were not in the way, and added something happy and cheerful to our home.

As I was sitting alone on the balcony to-day I said to myself: surely, I am living in a good world. Yasnaya Polyana is lovely, my life is so quiet, my husband devoted to me ; I have no money worries—why am I not perfectly happy ? Is it my fault ? I know all the causes of my heartache. First, I am sad because my children are not as happy as I should like them to be, and because I too am really terribly lonely. My husband is not a friend to me ; he has been at times—and especially in his old age—my passionate lover. But I have been lonely all my life. He will not go out for walks with me, for he likes to ponder over his writings in solitude. He has never been interested in my children—he found them tedious and unpleasant.

He would never travel with me anywhere or share any impressions with me—he knew everything and had travelled everywhere before my time. As for me, I have gone silently and obediently through life—a calm, quiet, uneventful and impersonal kind of life. And now I sometimes have a passionate longing for new impressions—new forms of art, new scenery, something new to think about ; I want to gain some new knowledge and meet some new people—but again I have to suppress these desires and go on, patiently and silently, as before. And so to the end of life. It is just my fate. My fate has been to serve my husband, the author. Perhaps I ought not to complain ; for I have served a man who was worthy of the sacrifice.

I went to see the sick boy, put a poultice on his stomach, and gave him medicine, and he gladly submitted to everything.

July 26, 1897.

I copied some music in the morning, and went for a bathe ; it was very cold and windy. To-day's visitors were : Maude, an Englishman[156] ; Boulanger ; Zinoviev ; and Nadya Ferret. Maude is ponderous and dull ; Zinoviev bright and clever, but not very pleasant ; Boulanger kind and intelligent and deeply devoted to Lev Nikolaevich and to the whole family. He is very busy just now with the *Posrednik* publications. We talked of death and the attitude of different people to this question. This is my attitude : for a long time now I have felt that my soul was outside my body, and had forsaken all worldly interests. This has given my *spiritual self* boundless freedom—therefore eternity and the infinite. Moreover, my indubitable connection with the Divine Beginning is so firm that I can sense the way by which I will return to my original source. I sometimes experience a deep joy, thinking of this

mysterious transition to somewhere where there will be none of the torments which I suffer here. I can't express it, but it seems to me that when I die I shall *shake off* all the superfluous weight, and will feel so light—and will fly away somewhere.

I played a lot in the evening. I played, with interest and curiosity, various passages from Beethoven's sonatas, and practised one of Bach's *Inventions*. I have nearly finished Rubinstein's *Letters on Music*. Lev Nikolaevich is not yet quite well. His vegetarian food is not nourishing enough, and it merely stretches his stomach and bowels and causes wind and heartburn. He went to Kozlovka on horseback, and talked a great deal to the visitors.

Sonya and her children left early in the morning. Andryusha went to see Bibikov.[167] Although he goes on promising not to drink, he can't live for two days without drunken and rotten companions like those Bibikovs.

Tanya seems to have calmed down—but she is so thin ! Sasha and the governesses went to gather some nuts.—It is colder. The apples are being gathered to-day—there are an enormous number this year, and they look lovely.

July 27, 1897.

I bathed in the morning ; the water was 14 degrees, and the air 11. It was very cold. Lev Nikolaevich is still feeling unwell, but he went to Yasenki on horseback ; Tanya and I went to Ovsiannikovo, on horseback too. There was a clear, vivid sunset, and the moon was shining ; the weather improved towards evening, and it was lovely. I look at it this way now : if everything is well at any particular moment, I thank God for it.—I found Marie Alexandrovna in a very depressed and weary mood. She works too much.—Again we had Zinoviev, Maude, and Boulanger. Boulanger explained to me at great length that

if, following Lev Nikolaevich's theory, I were to give up all my property and started working, we would not be allowed to work or starve, for money and help and love would come to us from all sides.

How naïve! Here we live, and write, and suffer, and yet no one, except the girls and myself, will do any copying, or look after the sick, or be helpful in any way. I played a little—practised Bach's *Invention*, deciphered the *Oberon* overture, and played my favourite pieces—Rubinstein's *Melody*, Mendelssohn's *Lied ohne Worte*, and Davidoff's *Romance*.

July 28, 1897.

I am living a lazy, weary life: though, externally, life is very busy. I went for a bathe. Ginsburg and I. Rayevsky arrived, and, in the evening, A. V. Zinger. Ginsburg wants to model a little statue of me. He praised my size and figure, and said I hadn't changed at all in the last six years. What's the good of saying all these things? And yet there is something pleasing in this flattery—if it is flattery. Everybody—including Lev Nikolaevich—played tennis, and I played the piano for two hours and gave my soul a rest. After tea we walked to Gorelaya Polyana, and, crossing the narrow footbridge, walked through the Zaseka wood on to the main road. Then we sat for a while in the young Crown forest and then came home, after a wonderfully beautiful, nearly full moon had risen in the sky. And in the west the lovely rosy sunset spread across the clear sky—and my eyes kept looking alternately at the moon and the sunset—both were so lovely. Maude, the Englishman, seemed to consider it his duty to follow me about and talk; and I was so anxious to be alone, and think in silence. . . .

In the evening I played with Sobolev, Misha's tutor,

Mozart's Eighth Symphony, arranged for four hands, and started Beethoven's septette, but did not finish it.

I had a letter from Taneyev. I had been expecting it for a long time—for I had sent him a photograph, and, being a well-brought-up man, he should have thanked me for it.

I had another talk with Tanya about Sukhotin, and it was pitiful to see how far gone she is. Lev Nikolaevich is well, but not cheerful. He played tennis, and is now playing a game of chess with Maude, the Englishman. It's annoying that Misha hasn't come home yet. Andryusha is going off to-night again to join his regiment.

I had an affectionate letter from [young] Lyova. He is feeling homesick, and worried in case his wife is missing her people here. Everybody can't have everything his own way!

July 29, 1897.

Another dull day ! What have I been doing ? I tutored Sasha in the morning—without much enthusiasm ; then went bathing—which takes up a lot of time, but at least keeps one's body fresh and alert—and it's very enjoyable. After dinner I wrote to [young] Lyova and Taneyev. I wrote T.'s letter twice—and still it wasn't right. Tanya was annoyed with me to-day for having written to [young] Lyova about the Sukhotin business. But I felt so depressed at the time that I couldn't help telling my son about it. In any case, she herself discusses the matter with all the nurses and governesses ! During the day I made a black *tricot* cap for Lev Nikolaevich. Went for a walk to Kozlovka ; I sent off my letters and sent Misha a wire telling him to come home. In the evening I did some copying for Lev Nikolaevich. I didn't play the piano, and am therefore feeling bored.

Maude, the Englishman, was here all day, and later Fletcher,[188] the editor of the *Northern Messenger*, arrived.

(They both need Lev Nikolaevich's co-operation, and that's why I feel disgusted.) We all went for a walk, but Lev Nikolaevich and they walked at some distance from the women, so that I couldn't hear what they were saying. But I wouldn't have heard anything new or interesting, anyway. I am tired of all this beating about the bush, all this destruction and denying, all this seeking—not for truths (for that would be a good thing), but for something that has never yet been said to humanity—something new, something unusual and extraordinary—and that bores me. It's all right when people seek the truth with a pain in their heart—that is always noble and beautiful, but to seek truth simply to astound the public—that should not be done. Let everyone seek it for himself. Clear days again, very dry, and lovely moonlit nights. If one could only *use* this beauty of nature in some way. Otherwise the days are dreary. . . .

July 30, 1897.

A glorious moon is shining through my window just now. It was wonderful in my young days when I could look at the moon and speak with the man I loved, knowing that he was looking at the same beautiful moon, which was attracting his eyes as well as mine ; our silent conversation seemed to be passing through it.

I played for four hours to-day ; music seems to lift me from the earth, and it makes all these painful and annoying things less painful, and easier to bear. Two things annoyed me to-day : a wire from Mme. Danilevsky saying that Misha was well and happy and would not come back until Saturday. This lack of decency and consideration on Misha's part simply drove me to despair. His tutor is living here, and I succeeded in getting the headmaster of the Lyceum to put off his exams. till autumn ; and now Misha just has a good time at Poltava, and I have to feel

ashamed of him in front of his tutor, and, later, in front of his headmaster.—No, I cannot bear the weight of bringing up a lot of weaklings and wastrels ! The wire simply made me cry. Even Lev Nikolaevich, who cares nothing about the children, was indignant; I sent Misha a third wire—but a fortnight has already been wasted.

Sasha annoyed me too. She has been working very badly lately, and I made her go over her lesson again, and wouldn't let her go out riding with Tanya. I don't like to punish the children, but there has never been a governess who could manage Sasha.

The day went past in the usual way : I bathed, and copied, and played the piano. Lev Nikolaevich went to Miasoyedovo to inquire about the villagers whose huts had been burned down. Ginsburg, the sculptor, arrived. Tropical heat and terribly dry to-day. I can hear the piercing, ugly hoot of an owl. But the night is so lovely and still !

July 31, 1897.

Still the same : I did a lot of copying for Lev Nikolaevich. It is interesting in parts, but I don't agree at all with some of the other passages, which put me in a helpless rage—for I don't want to argue with Lev Nikolaevich. It annoys him so much when anybody doesn't agree with him that one simply has to stop arguing.—I like his idea in his book *On Art*, where he argues that, in the past, art used to serve the Church and religion—and it was sincere then ; but after the faith was lost, art did not know what to serve, and went astray. But I don't think this is a new idea. When they were showing me the Saviour's Church in Moscow, I remember saying that I did not like it—that everything, including the painting and the chief ikon, had been made without religious inspiration, and that it was therefore a pagan temple ; the Church of the

Assumption, on the other hand, is full of the spirit of old, simple, but genuine religion—it is a temple of God, and much better than the other.

I went for a bathe, and played exercises for an hour. In the evening Lev Nikolaevich went on horseback to the post office at Tula, and Tanya also went on horseback to Yasenki. Goldenweiser[119] came and played Taneyev's songs and preludes to me, and all his other works which I had copied out. He reads music extraordinarily well. During the day, Ginsburg worked on my statuette. It is poor and in bad style so far, and very unlike me ; I don't know what it'll look like later on. Misha hasn't arrived, and I'm annoyed at that. I made a chemise for myself in the evening, and altered Lev Nikolaevich's cap. Then I did some more copying. Life is dull and I am not feeling well. In the evening, Lev Nikolaevich and Goldenweiser played chess. Lev Nikolaevich is well and cheerful, thank God. Had a letter from Lyova ; he will be back on the 12th.

August 1, 1897.

To-day I was copying Lev Nikolaevich's MS. *On Art*, where he talks indignantly of the excessive sensuality in all works of art. And, this morning, Sasha said : " See how cheerful Daddy is to-day ; and when he is cheerful everybody else is." If only she knew that *Daddy* was cheerful thanks to the love he condemns in his books. . . .*

It is still dry and sunny. Clouds of dust and poverty everywhere. We went bathing, and I sat for Ginsburg. In the evening we had a walk in the moonlight. Goldenweiser played Chopin's Sonata with the " Funeral March " extremely well. What a wonderful, penetrating musical epic ! It is the whole story of death—with the monotonous funeral chimes, the wild music of agony, and the tender,

* Sixty-four words missing.

poetic remembrance of the dead, and the wild cries of despair—you can just follow the story. I hope Lev Nikolaevich will grant that this is *real* art. Goldenweiser also played Chopin's Preludes, Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 90), and Tschaikovsky's *Variations*. It was such a pleasure !

The Obolenskys[138] have come. Tanya has already started making eyes at the new tutor—so strong is her habit of flirting with people. Lev Nikolaevich had three strenuous hours of tennis, then he went to Kozlovka on horseback, and wanted to go out on his bicycle, only the bicycle was broken. He also wrote a lot, and is still very young and healthy and full of life. What a powerful man ! Yesterday he sadly observed that I had grown old during these past few days. I don't think I will last as long as he, in spite of the sixteen years' difference, and my youthful, healthy appearance (so everybody says). I neither played nor read to-day—this enormous task of copying takes up all my time. I grew melancholy in the evening again, and went out for a walk. How helpless one sometimes feels in the presence of some strong and violent desire. A man in a dungeon must feel like that. I felt like that after Vanichka's death—and I sometimes feel like that nowadays. At such moments I would welcome death !

August 2, 1897.

In the morning, Misha came home from the Danilevskys at Poltava. I wanted to scold him, but hadn't the heart to do it : he came back so happy, and so full of new impressions. In one's youth the *novelty* of impressions—of people and especially of nature—is such a wonderful thing. Besides, a change was good for him, for he used to be worried greatly by his sexual temptations.

I bathed with Nadya Ivanov to-day, and went for a long swim. Then I copied a lot, and Lev Nikolaevich said to-day : " I am glad you are copying so well, and are

putting all my papers in order." I must be thankful for small mercies, for it is difficult to get any appreciation from him, however hard I try. I posed again for Ginsburg's statuette, which is ugly, in bad style, and quite unlike me ; I'm sorry to be wasting all this time on it. Lev Nikolaevich's statue is no better. I don't think this Ginsburg man has much talent. In the evening, Sasha and I went to Kozlovka, and we met Masha and Kolya[188] in their carriage. Poor Masha ! having a big-eared waster for a husband. She is so thin and sickly and pathetic, and she has to take care of everything, while he walks about and plays and sponges on other people and never thinks of anything !

Some working man has come to see Lev Nikolaevich ; and, although Lev Nikolaevich keeps saying that the man is a very intelligent fellow, he seems to be thoroughly bored with him and doesn't know what to do with the man.— I finished reading Rubinstein's *Letters on Music*, and told Sasha about it during our walk.

In the evening, Sobolev, Misha's new teacher, told us some interesting stories about the gold and platinum fields in the Ural Mountains.—It is warm and still, and the moon is shining through the clouds. Lev Nikolaevich is unhappy to-day : his bicycle got broken and he had to go to the bathing-hut on horseback. He also surprised me to-day by playing tennis all morning. He always values his mornings so much, and yet he has got so interested in the game that he started playing in the morning to-day. He is still so young ! I am interested only in music and in looking after the garden—sawing off branches, planting, weeding—and nothing else.

August 3, 1897.

This morning I sorted out my letters to Lev Nikolaevich and his to me. I must copy them and send them to the Rumiantsev Museum in Moscow. I have already sent them

some. I bathed by myself. Then I posed again. After dinner I played—but did no more than play over some Schumann, Beethoven, and Tschaikovsky. I am alone downstairs, and it is so peaceful and quiet. In the evening I arranged and copied Lev Nikolaevich's essay *On Art*. I serve him all day long nowadays, and he is happy and pleased. Once again he has taken up my whole life. Does it make me happy ? Alas, no ! I do my duty, and there is some happiness in that, but I often long for other things.

August 4, 1897.

Crowds of people all day long. No sooner had I got up than a Frenchman came to see Lev Nikolaevich : he is a geologist travelling about Europe ; a well-behaved man, but uneducated, usually living on his estate in the Pyrénées. Then Kasatkin, the painter, came and showed us a great number of photographs of paintings and drawings which he had brought back from Europe. It gave me great artistic pleasure. Once again I went alone to bathe, and posed a little for Ginsburg. So did Lev Nikolaevich. We all went for a walk in the evening ; it was dry and still and there was a rosy sunset ; and now the moon is shining. Two Odessa doctors called for half an hour, both on their way to the Moscow medical congress ; one called Schmidt, the other Lubomudrov, an army doctor. Both disagreeable people. Just before going to bed, Goldenweiser played Beethoven's Sonata and Schumann's *Carnaval*. Lev Nikolaevich says he is feeling weak and chilly ; he bathed and drank a lot of tea. He should stop bathing.

August 5, 1897.

One day follows upon another, and life runs on without stopping. I went bathing to-day and took Sasha and Vera in the cabriolet with me. I took photographs of the herd, and of the two girls with the horse and carriage. This took

up a lot of time. After dinner I sat for Ginsburg for two hours, and though he grew quite excited modelling the statue, it is still unlike me. After dinner, Kasatkin, Sobolev, and I took photographs of Lev Nikolaevich on horseback. But none of them came out well ; the horse kept on moving, and mine was under-exposed. In the evening we all went for a walk, and Lev Nikolaevich went to Miasoyedovo to give money to the people who had suffered from the fire. We went to the village and called at several houses. Tanya was anxious to call on Peter Osipov, the son of Lev Nikolaevich's nurse : he is a peasant who reads books and papers, and despises the gentry and the intellectuals, whom he regards as his mental inferiors. A most disagreeable person. It was quite dark when we came back ; we had supper and developed more photographs. I had a letter from Andryusha and another from the Gurevich woman asking me to send Lev Nikolaevich's article for her magazine. What have I got to do with it ? He has always done everything his own way, usually a way I didn't like. And I don't like the Gurevich woman, and shan't do anything for her. Just now he is reading his article to Kasatkin, Ginsburg, Sobolev, and Goldenweiser. His style seems very ponderous when he reads. Dry, clear, and warm outside. Masha is unwell, and Tanya is still dreaming of devoting her life to the Sukhotin family . . .* but at least she is calmer and more cheerful.

Sasha worked very well to-day. I corrected her essay, "The Description of our Garden," examined her in geography, and talked to her at great length on the various forms of government.

August 6.

I am terribly tired after copying a whole long chapter of Lev Nikolaevich's book *On Art*. I sat for Ginsburg for a long

* Five words missing.

time, and that, too, tired me. One's spirit grows dull contributing always to *other people's* work, not doing anything for oneself.

I went bathing with the children—Sasha, Lenka, and Mashka. To children, everything in the world seems important, and one feels joyful and *an equal* with them. In the evening, Ginsburg impersonated a comic tailor, then an Englishman and a German. Everybody laughed—some worked themselves on purpose into an almost hysterical mood—but I am incapable of laughing and don't understand comic things. It is one of my failings. Goldenweiser played Grieg's Concerto beautifully, a powerful and most original composition which I greatly enjoyed. Then he played two Chopin nocturnes, a bit of Schubert, and a waltz by Rubinstein. Kasatkin is making a sketch of Tanya. Sobolev took more photos to-day, and I made several prints of his best negatives. I also meant to take some photos to-day, but hadn't any time with all this copying and posing.

Masha and Kolya are here. She is very pitiful and wan and pale, and I wish I could do something to help her. I would rather say nothing about Tanya. I am frightened for her. Misha is much perplexed by all the Yasnaya gossip—as to who wants "to have everything his own way," etc., etc. It annoys him, and yet it is so usual ! Better not to think of it.

Lev Nikolaevich went with Kolya to Yasenki. Ginsburg is making a statue of him, too ; but it also is unlike him. In the evening he read to the visitors the first three chapters of his essay *On Art*. Later on he played chess with Goldenweiser and Serezha. He is well and full of energy.

August 8, 1897.

Masha has fallen ill, and Rudnev thinks it is typhoid fever. The news upset me terribly : the tears—those terrible

tears of fear and anxiety—began to choke me. Masha had dreamed of Vanichka, and perhaps he will call her hence and rid her of her poor, unhappy, and difficult life with that waster of a husband of hers. She led such a good, useful, and self-sacrificing existence before her marriage, but heaven only knows what the future holds in store for her. But I am feeling terribly sorry for her, especially since she left our home. And I suddenly remembered Sasha Filosofova, who died of typhoid fever, and I was more terrified than ever.

The house is simply crowded with people. Masha and Nicholas Maklakov have arrived, and the two Stakhovich sisters and Natasha Obolensky[160] and Natasha Kolokoltsev.[161] Not to mention Ginsburg, Goldenweiser, and Kasatkin. Taken separately, I like them very well, but this is rather too much of a good thing. There were twenty at table. No walks, no solitude, no work, no copying, just a case of hanging about all day. Again I sat for Ginsburg, and printed photographs, and bathed, but I didn't *do* anything. Life seems to be going past, and things seem to have taken a sharp turning—something has gone wrong.

I left the diary lying on the table yesterday ; Lev Nikolaevich read some of it again, and seemed to be annoyed. Why should *he* be annoyed. I have never loved anyone as I have loved him—and for so long. We had a wire from Lambroso,[162] a learned anthropologist who has come to Moscow to attend the medical conference. He wants to come and see Lev Nikolaevich. Ginsburg is modelling Lev Nikolaevich's statue, too, and, during the sitting, they read the essay *On Art.* What I particularly like in his essay is his attack on the new decadent movement in art. This low and absurd tendency must be put an end to. And Lev Nikolaevich is the very man to do it.

August 11, 1897.

I have done no writing for three days. The day before yesterday they brought Masha here from Ovsiannikovo. She has typhoid fever and has had a temperature of 40 degrees for the past few days. At first we were frightened, but then got used to the thought of her illness. Dr. Rudnev came to see her and said that the illness was in a mild form ; but I feel very sorry for her when I see her tossing about and not sleeping all night. I stayed with her till 3 in the morning, copying Lev Nikolaevich's essay. I had done quite a lot of work, when Masha was suddenly seized with violent pains in her stomach. Lev Nikolaevich got up and wanted to put on the samovar for a poultice, but found that there was enough heat left to warm napkins in the oven. It always makes me laugh to see him do anything practical, he is always so crude, naïve, and clumsy. He dirtied all the napkins with soot and singed his beard with the candle, and, when I started putting it out with my bare hands, he lost his temper. At 3 a.m., Tanya took my place at Masha's bedside. Lambroso arrived in the morning. A funny little man, shaky about the knees and looking far too old for his age—he is only sixty-two. He speaks poor French, full of mistakes and with a strong accent ; and his German is even worse. He is an Italian and a very learned anthropologist who has specialised in criminal types. I tried to make him talk, but he didn't tell me very much. He said that crime was progressing, except in England, and that he did not believe in Russian statistics, as we had not a free Press. He also said that he had studied women all his life and was still unable to understand them. *La femme latine*—Italian and French women—he said, were incapable of doing any work, and their aim in life was dresses and the desire to please. But that *la femme slave*—including Russian women—were capable of every kind of work and were much more moral. He said that education could do nothing

against heredity, and I am inclined to agree with him. Ginsburg left to-day. He finished the statuettes of me and Lev Nikolaevich. While he was working on Lev Nikolaevich's yesterday, three young ladies came along and begged Vasya Maklakov to let them see Tolstoy. So they were taken in. He asked them if there was anything they wanted to ask him, but they said that they had merely wanted to see him. So they had a look at him and went away. Later, some young man arrived with the same purpose, but was told that Lev Nikolaevich had gone out. While we were having tea on the verandah some man suddenly arrived with a bicycle, with blood streaming all over him ; and he, too, asked for Lev Nikolaevich. He turned out to be a teacher at the Tula High School who had fallen off his bicycle and hurt himself. We took him to the bungalow and washed and bandaged his cuts, and then he had supper with us. The two Natashas went away yesterday, and by to-morrow there will be nobody left. I am longing for solitude. Yesterday, Misha went to Moscow with his tutor, who has to be on the jury for some case in Moscow. It has been terribly hot and dry and dusty these days. I am feeling unwell, with pains in my liver and kidneys, and in all my bones. Lev Nikolaevich is well, and played a lot of tennis to-day. Will I never be happy and cheerful again ? I have no luck at all. I don't want much for my own satisfaction : just a chance to play the piano for a couple of hours and to get five days off to go to Kiev to see my sister Tanya. Masha's illness has upset all my plans. Of course it is quite natural that she should be here in her parents' home. I wanted to bring her over myself. But it annoys me to see Kolya living here all the time, and I feel like chasing him away like an annoying fly. I hate these phlegmatic parasites, who are not even ashamed of their idleness.

August 13, 1897.

Masha still has a temperature—it has been over 40 degrees from morning till night. I feel so sorry for the poor girl and feel helpless in the face of this relentless and terrible illness. I have never seen such a case of typhoid before. The doctor came again—Lev Nikolaevich went on horseback to get him ; but although he said there was no danger, I have a heavy heart.

I have been doing a lot of copying these days. Yesterday I talked to him about his essay *On Art* and asked him how he thought art could exist without any special " schools." He protests against " schools." But it is impossible to *talk* to him ; he gets terribly irritable, and begins to yell, and it becomes so unpleasant that the question you were going to discuss becomes quite insignificant compared to the desire to stop the argument altogether. It was the same yesterday. When he read his essay to the visitors, no one said a word : they were quite right not to say anything and to make him believe that they agreed with all he was saying. Yet there are some wonderful ideas in it. For instance, that art must inspire, and not amuse people. That is absolutely true. Also the idea that drawing and music and every other art ought to be taught in schools, so that every one with any particular gift may have the chance to discover it ; it's a wonderful idea.

It is terribly hot and dry. The rye had to be sown in soil as dry as dust. All the grass and leaves are withered. Bathing is a great relief. Still no news of Misha from Moscow.

August 14.

[Young] Lyova and Dora have come back from Sweden, looking joyful and happy. Thank heaven for that : for they will brighten up our life, too. The doctor called and found that Masha was not in any danger. I had him sound

me, too ; he found that my nerves were completely out of control, but that I was well otherwise, and prescribed some bromide.

Lev Nikolaevich went to Baburino on horseback to see some schoolmistress from Petersburg. I spent a lazy day, feeling very tired after my strenuous night ; for I had sat up with Masha till 4.30 a.m. She had a very high temperature—40.7 degrees—and kept tossing about all the time. I went for a bathe, and passe-partout-ed some photographs, read Taine's *Philosophie de l'art*, and spent several hours with Masha. The drought is terrible.

August 16, 1897.

Life is getting worse and worse. Masha is still very ill. I got up this morning feeling perfectly dazed : I had sat up with Masha in a state of terror till 5 a.m. She was delirious, and it went on like this all morning. I went to bed at five, but could not sleep. Trouble on all sides. Tanya went to Tula to meet Sukhotin and stayed some time at his hotel, and then travelled with him in the train. Not for a second has she given up the idea of marrying him. . . .* Misha hasn't gone to Moscow, where his tutor is waiting for him ; he is doing no work and is sure to fail in his exam. He spends all his time with the village lads and playing the concertina to them, and he walked about the village till two in the morning with that stupid, dumb Mitya Dyakov.[161] Andryusha arrived this morning and is going to stay for six weeks. He proposes to visit Ilya and to go to Samara ; I'm glad. But the chief trouble comes from Lev Nikolaevich. It's impossible to speak to him, and there is no way of pleasing him. Boulanger[148] was here yesterday, and I suggested to him that it would be a good thing to look through the essay *On Art* and to cut out anything—and there isn't much—to which the Censorship might object,

* Six words missing.

and to publish it simultaneously in the *Posrednik* edition and as volume xv. of the *Complete Works*. I did not venture to mention it to him first ; I am so much afraid of the irritable way in which he talks to me—as well as to anyone else who dares to disagree with him about anything.

Boulanger[140] talked it over with him and told me that Lev Nikolaevich had agreed. But when I brought up the subject, Lev Nikolaevich lost his temper and said that Chertkov had asked him not to publish any new book before it had appeared in English. Chertkov again ! Why, even living in England, he is able to keep a hold on Lev Nikolaevich !

We had a talk about Tanya to-day. Lev Nikolaevich said that we ought not to say too much, lest we give her some wrong piece of advice. But I said that it was no good lying, and that we ought to say exactly what we thought—even if we were wrong ; it was no good being dishonest just for safety's sake. I don't know who of us two is right—perhaps he is ; but whoever is right or wrong, it is quite impossible to talk to him ; he has become so irritable lately. As he was coming out of his study to-day, he pounced on Misha and Mitya Dyakov[141] and said a lot of hard (though true) things to them. But what was the good ? If he had told Misha firmly and calmly this morning to go to Moscow and to get on with his exam. work, it would have been very much better. But this scolding merely tends to irritate the boys ; they say that their father merely swears at them, and never takes any friendly interest in them, or gives them any advice. They even say that only their mother has a right to scold them, because their mother alone takes care of them. Yes, I have taken care of them ; and yet what have I achieved ? Nothing ! Andryusha has been a complete failure so far, and Misha is weak, and heaven only knows what'll become of him. It is sad, sad, terribly sad. . . . [Young] Lyova and Dora are unpacking and arranging

their room. Poor Dora must find it hard being in this strange land and amongst a cheerless family like ours. I often feel like running away ; I am so tired, so terribly tired, of life. But I shall have to carry the weight of my labours—and it is nothing but *labour*—till the bitter end. I ought to start copying again for Lev Nikolaevich, but I can't somehow ; I feel embittered against him for having made me a slave for life, and for wanting me to keep on slaving now when I am too weak to do it, and for never having cared either for me or for the children. I spent the night at Masha's bedside, and also copied out the whole of chapter v. I always have to do a double amount of work. There has been a small shower, but it is still sultry and hot. I have been reading more of Taine. I had started reading it before, but Lev Nikolaevich needed the books and put them away somewhere. Now I have dug them out, and am going to finish them. I like his definition of art : *L'art a pour but de manifester le caractère capital, quelque qualité saillante et notable, un point de vue important, une manière d'être, principale de l'objet.*

Lev Nikolaevich doesn't think much of Taine. But Taneyev advised me to read him.

August 17, 1897.

Lev Nikolaevich and I are quite friendly again—not that we ever quarrelled, but I was simply hurt by his attitude. . . .* A hospital nurse has come to look after Masha, who is better to-day, with only 38.6 degrees. [Young] Lyova and Dora are dull and don't seem to be feeling very well. I am sorry for the poor girl ; she must be feeling very homesick, here in Russia, without her people. It is dry and windy again, but it has been cooler since morning. When Tanya and I were coming back from the bathing, we talked about Sukhotin.[141] She said she hadn't decided anything definitely. Misha went off to Moscow last night,

* Nine words missing.

and Andryusha has mysteriously disappeared.—I have again started copying for Lev Nikolaevich, and keep Masha company ; but these duties give me neither pleasure nor satisfaction, and I am feeling bored.—Sad news from Ilya : he has had another fire, and the whole of this year's harvest has been destroyed, as well as the barn, all the agricultural tools, etc. Life is certainly a heavy burden !—Dunayev and Mitya Dyakov are here. I wondered to-day why I was finding it so hard to copy Lev Nikolaevich's MSS. It *must* be done. But here is the answer I found to my question : in doing any kind of work, you must be interested in the quality of the work and what it will be like when it is completed. When I do some sewing, I can see the result : I am interested in the process of work and whether it is well or badly done. When I tutor the children, I can see some progress ; when I play, I feel I can always discover something new or beautiful in the music. I am not talking of original work—such as the painting of even the most primitive picture : I am just talking of ordinary, everyday work. But when you copy the same article for the tenth time, there is *nothing*. There is no feeling of achievement, and it is hard to see when it will end. For once again it will be taken to bits and the same bits will just be shuffled into some new sequence. And, in any case, I am quite unable to be as interested in the work as I used to be, copying some work of *literature*. I remember how I would always look forward to copying *War and Peace* after Lev Nikolaevich had finished his day's work. How feverishly would I go on and on, and find some new piece of beauty in every page I wrote !—But now I find it boring. I must do some *independent* work—or else I shall run dry.

August 18, 1897.

I had a wonderful walk last night with Lev Nikolaevich and Dunayev. We walked through the Zaseka wood, and

then along the railway line to Kozlovka. While walking through the wood I was overcome by a feeling of poetic calm and serenity ; it was a feeling I hadn't experienced for a long time. But later I grew tired—we had walked nearly eight miles, and I felt dull and depressed. . . .*

Masha is much better. Marie Alexandrovna Schmidt called. There was a little rain. We went for a bathe. The day before yesterday a hospital nurse arrived to look after Masha and watch her pulse. Dr. Rudnev has been here, too. I went to the other house with [young] Lyova, and had a very boring time putting the house in order and examining the mattresses and lamps and jam-pots. Then I copied a great deal for Lev Nikolaevich. One of my lower teeth had got quite loose—and that is why I'm in such a bad mood. How I hate to grow old—and yet I must get used to the idea.—I have spent a most uninteresting day : I shall now go and read some Taine.

August 21, 1897.

I have been frightened for Masha all these days. Her temperature kept jumping up and down ; it was over 40 degrees, and this morning it was suddenly 35.6 degrees. We gave her wine and champagne. She couldn't drink anything through the day—everything made her sick. We sent for the doctor, and, after feeling chilly, she again had 40 degrees at night. It is terrible ! I feel terribly sorry for the poor girl ; she is quite worn out.—Liza Obolensky came, and she is helping me to look after Masha. We engaged a nurse to look after her at night and to watch the progress of her illness. Prince Nakoshidze,[103] the Caucasian, was here—a great bore. He is the brother of the Princess Nakoshidze who handed the money to the Dukhobors at

* Ninety-three words missing.

Tiflis, and then went to England to stay with the Chertkovs. Mitya Olsufiev is coming to-day.

I have been taking photographs yesterday and to-day. I took photos of flowers, the apple harvest, the orchard, etc. I went for a walk with Dr. Rudnev ; the sunset was lovely, and there were little rosy clouds with a silver lining floating across the clear sky. The drought is terrible.

Lev Nikolaevich went for a ride through the best parts of the Zaseka forest. He has started re-writing his essay *On Art* all over again. He is very kind and affectionate these days ; but I seem to be paralysed with anxiety on Masha's account, and the sleepless nights have completely upset my nerves.

I tutored Sasha in the morning, but not enough. She is embroidering a napkin for me, and will make me a present of it to-morrow. It'll be my fifty-third birthday.

August 23.

Masha is better, and everybody has cheered up. But I have another heavy weight on my heart. Sukhotin is coming to-morrow, and Tanya is terribly excited. . . .* [Young] Lyova, Dora, Kolya, and Andryusha went to Tula to see the peasant handicraft exhibition. Yesterday we all went for a long walk through the Zaseka wood to see the landslides, and drove back from there. Lev Nikolaevich was very kind to me, and went on horseback to find some nice new spot to take me for a walk on my birthday. Indeed, yesterday's walk was most enjoyable, and we saw some lovely spots, but I was unable to conceal my tiredness, which rather upset Lev Nikolaevich, and makes me regret it now. However, we rested for a long time near the hut of the peasants working in the wood : they had lighted a bonfire, and the hundred-year-old oaks all around looked

* Ten words missing.

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so glorious and majestic that I quite forgot about being tired, and on our way home I was quite happy and cheerful. I am wasting much time on useless photographs, and haven't been copying at all these last few days, which makes me feel very guilty.—Boulanger has arrived, and Liza Obolensky is going away. I am going to Moscow to-morrow. I have plenty to do there, and I must also see Misha and stay there during the two days of his exams. It is a very boring business, and I wish I didn't have to go—but I must.

August 26, 1897.

This is my second day in Moscow. I went to the banks yesterday and collected my dividends, and paid 1,300 roubles interest on the mortgage of Ilya's estate. I shall have to pay the same amount later on ; and he has had a fire, and he has forfeited the 2,000 roubles deposit for the Volhynian estate, which he and Serezha had foolishly meant to buy. All this annoys me and makes me very sad. Ilya is incapable of anything : his studies were a failure, and he is no better at managing his affairs, or at any other *work*.

Manya, Serezha's wife, gave birth to a son on the 23rd. Poor child, and poor Serezha ! . . .*''' Moscow is very dull and quiet ; everybody seems to be away. Turkin—he is such a nice man !—called on me, and we had such a pleasant talk about the education of children. Taneyev isn't in Moscow at the moment, and I am terribly sorry to miss him. I spent all day to-day lying on the sofa and going over the accounts with the clerk. Figures, figures without end, and the terrible concentration of trying not to leave out or forget anything. It has been raining, and now it is cold and bleak. Misha is sitting for his exam.

* Three words missing.

to-morrow, and I have to go to the Censorship Board, and get through some more work at home with the clerk.

August 28, 1897.

This is Lev Nikolaevich's sixty-ninth birthday. This seems to be the first time since we were married that I am not spending his birthday with him. It makes me sad. I wonder how he is feeling to-day ? I kept thinking yesterday of his essay *On Art*, and the thought of it torments me : it could be such a fine book, and yet it is full of unjust, paradoxical, and aggressive ideas.

Misha is sitting for his last exams. to-day, and I am anxiously waiting for him. I wonder if he will pass for Form VII. ?

I have been working hard with the clerk, and have been counting and counting for two solid days. Yesterday I went to the Censorship Board about Spier's[164] book, which *Posrednik* intends to publish, and did some shopping. But I haven't done anything about the house, which is very dirty.

I am leading a calm, healthy life here, and I shall come back again on September 10. ...* The weather is cool and dull. I went to the public baths to-day.

August 31, 1897.

No luck anywhere. Misha has failed in his exam. ; and I had another painful scene with Andryusha. The poor boy went off to the Gruzinskys in tears, together with Misha. It seemed to me that he was a bit drunk, for he kept changing in a very queer way from extreme coarseness to extreme tenderness. Misha annoyed me by the way he took his failure. It had no effect on him, for he went into the garden with Andryusha, Mitya Dyakov, and Boris

* Seventy-four words missing.

Nagornov, where they sang songs in their loud, uncouth manner.—My children are not at all what I should like them to be : I wanted them to be well educated, and refined in their tastes and with a sense of duty. Lev Nikolaevich wanted them to lead a simple life, and to do some hard, rough work, and we both wanted them to have high moral ideals. But it has all failed ! The day before yesterday I came back to Yasnaya Polyana, tired and worn out. Lev Nikolaevich met me on the road near the house, and sat down in the carriage beside me, but did not inquire after the children. How it always hurts me ! There were crowds of people at home : Dunayev, Dubensky[166] and his wife (Tsurikova),[166] Rostovtsev,[167] and Sergeyenko.[168] All the rooms are taken up with people and the chatter goes on all day. I found it very trying. All these people are expecting something from Lev Nikolaevich, so he has decided to write an open letter to be printed abroad. The point is that, Nobel, the Swedish kerosene man, left a will in which he bequeathed all his millions to the man who would do most for the cause of peace—i.e. against war. They had a meeting in Sweden, where they decided that Vereshchagin[169] had made a powerful protest against war with his paintings. But it was later discovered that he had done it not on principle, but accidentally. Then it was said that Lev Nikolaevich deserved to inherit the fortune. Of course, he would not take the money, but he has written a letter saying that the Dukhobor sect—who had refused to do their military service and had severely suffered for it—had done most for the cause of peace. At first I had nothing against the letter, but later I found that Lev Nikolaevich had attacked the Russian Government in it, in the most coarse and aggressive terms, and for no apparent reason—just for the fun of it. This greatly upset me, and, in a state of nervous excitement, I wept and blamed Lev Nikolaevich for not sparing himself and for

molesting the Government for no apparent reason. I even wanted to leave the house—for it is hard to live under this constant threat ; for Lev Nikolaevich might some day write something really spiteful and desperate against the Government, and then we would be deported.

He was much moved by my sorrow, and he promised not to send the letter. But to-day he again decided to send it, though in a milder form. As for me, I suddenly grew quite indifferent to everything—just from an instinct of self-preservation ; for one can't go on spending sleepless nights like last night, and weeping and worrying all day long.

And there has been more trouble. Ilya was here. There has been a fire at his place, and he was evidently expecting me to help him. But I have already so many bills due, and have just paid 1,300 roubles into the bank, and will have to pay as much in the winter. He did not ask me for money, but kept alluding to his poverty. In the end he said to [young] Lyova: " I asked mother for 1,000 roubles last winter [I had already given him 2,500 during the course of the winter], and she refused ; so I was unable to insure anything, and now it is burned down, and I shan't get anything." " I suppose it's mother's fault again," said Lyova, leaving the room ; " this is hardly fair to her." So I reminded Ilya that he and Serezha had agreed—so as not to be asking their mother for money all the time—to receive 2,000 roubles a year from me for the mortgage ; and that this had satisfied him completely. But now he blamed me for not having paid him cash instead of paying the money into the bank. I am sorry to say that when he said this I lost my temper, and told him it was mean and indecent of him to blame me for paying the money into the bank after he had asked me to do it. It is so sad and shameful that we should have quarrelled over money—for I don't mind giving it to him, only I simply haven't got it just now.

September 1.

All the visitors have gone, and I am glad to be alone with the family. Last night I had a short but unpleasant talk with Lev Nikolaevich. I was feeling very unwell, and he grew annoyed with me, and we remembered our diaries (I have always meant to tell that old story), but the real trouble was that I could see what he was wanting, and how annoyed he was that my illness was making me reluctant to respond.

We are quite friendly to-day, and I copied two of his chapters, tidied his room, and put a wonderful bunch of flowers there. I went bathing with Sasha ; the water was cold—11 degrees—and it is cold at night, and little clouds keep crossing the brilliant, full moon. The days are dry and sunny.—Tanya went to the exhibition at Tula. Masha is feeling better, and Sasha was very sad to-day because her pet hare, which had been living in the barn, had suddenly disappeared. Lev Nikolaevich went for a ride, and a Catholic priest, who is making a study of Russian monasteries, came to see him.

I have been missing music all the day, and keep longing for it. I shall soon go to Moscow, where I shall hire a piano and play ; and I hope Taneyev will come and play to me. The very thought of it gives me a new lease of life.

I have been wondering to-day what kind of country we like best. I believe we like best of all the places untouched by human hand : rocks, mountains, the sea, big forests, deep ravines, and large rivers. We do not like a mass of fields, meadows, and gardens, where so much is the work of man. For we love *illusion* in nature—the mysterious and the virginal.

September 2, 1897.

I tidied the books in the library, bathed in cold water, and went to fetch Verochka. I took photos of the

apple-trees in the garden, all covered with apples, and copied Lev Nikolaevich's letter—which he has somewhat toned down—about the Nobel bequest and the Dukhobors. I haven't finished it yet, but its beginning is quite moderate in tone. My two shaky front teeth are responsible for my bad temper, and the idea of false teeth is intolerable. But what can one do? I must get used to the idea of getting old.

I am going to bed to read Spier's philosophic book. There has been some rain, but it is still quite warm.

September 4, 1897.

All my efforts to improve our life are futile. Every one in the family is lonely—although we all seem very friendly on the surface. Lev Nikolaevich, too, complains of loneliness, of "being abandoned." Tanya has fallen in love with Sukhotin, Masha is married; there has been no perfect harmony between us for a long time, and we are all tired of spending all our life serving Lev Nikolaevich. He was happy knowing that he had enslaved the lives of three women: two daughters and myself. We used to look after him, and write for him, and take the greatest trouble about his vegetarian cooking, which was a very troublesome business, especially when he was not feeling well, and we never left him alone. And now suddenly all three have started making claims on his personal life; his friends have been deported, and there are no new followers—all this makes him miserable.

I make a supreme effort to help him: I copy his manuscripts, and yesterday I copied a fifteen page letter of his about the Dukhobors and the Nobel bequest; I look after him; but at times this life without personal interests, without recreation, without friends, without music, becomes unbearable, and I lose heart.

Lev Nikolaevich writes everywhere and always about

brotherly love, and the service we owe God and our fellow-mortals. It always puzzles me when I read it or hear it. All his life from morning till night has absolutely nothing to do with his fellow-mortals. He gets up in the morning, and drinks coffee, and goes out for a walk or a bathe without having seen anybody, then he settles down to work ; later he goes out on his bicycle, or for another bathe ; then he has his dinner or plays tennis or goes downstairs to read. He spends the evening in his own room, and only after supper does he spend a little time with us, reading newspapers or illustrated magazines. And this regular and egotistical life goes on day after day, without love for anyone, and without any interest in all the joys and sorrow of his near ones. I am weary of this indifference, and I have started looking for something which will stimulate my own mental existence ; and I have developed a love for music, in which I can read—or rather guess—all the complex human emotions contained in it ; but music is not encouraged here, and I have been severely reprimanded for it ; and so my life is empty and meaningless again, and again I struggle on for hours and hours copying that dull essay *On Art* for the tenth time, and trying to find joy in doing my *duty*. But my true nature rebels against it, demanding a *personal* life, and sometimes I can bear it no longer, and run through the wood to the Voronka river, and jump into the ice-cold water in this stormy weather—and at least this physical emotion gives me a little pleasure.

Without saying a word to me, Lev Nikolaevich went off to Hotunka on horseback, to see Bulygin. Some American professor has come ; but I haven't seen him yet. I simply shuddered just now as I looked through Lev Nikolaevich's MS.—there is still so much to be done.

This morning I tutored Sasha for one and a half hours, and corrected her essay on " Our Trip to the Troitza Monastery." Then I initialled Misha's handkerchiefs, did some

reading and sewing and was busy all day—and yet I feel as though I hadn't done anything. That's the result of not being able to put my heart into the work! As I was coming back from bathing to-day, I again realised that man can only live on *dreams*. If a cabman living for years in an unfriendly town did not dream of his village and his family, of the harvest, and how many stacks of hay there would be this year, and whether they had bought a new cow or a new horse—his life in town would be intolerable. And yet he endures it for years. And it is the same in life. For the sweetest dream is the Kingdom of Heaven after death, and the thought of being united with God, and of meeting again the beloved who have gone. Vanichka, Vanichka! To-day I came across a bit of his striped blue jacket, and I wept bitterly. Why did he leave me all alone in life—without friends, without love? I have been incapable of living since he died; I often feel that he took my soul away with him, and that my sinful body is just living aimlessly on.

September 8, 1897.

Crowds of people again: Dunayev, Boulanger, St. John, an Englishman,[170] whom, I believe, Chertkov has sent along. Boulanger is being expelled from the country; the Government considers him harmful; he has been propagating Lev Nikolaevich's ideas, and had a letter published in the *Exchange News* about the wretched condition of the Dukhobors. He was summoned to Petersburg, where he was told off at the 3rd Department—i.e. the secret police, who act "administratively," that is, in any way that they please. Boulanger is full of energy, and a very clever, lively man—and he gave them a fright. But we certainly seem to have a most despotic government! There seems to be no Tsar at all, only spiteful little bureaucrats like Goremykin (the Minister of the Interior), and Pobedonostsev, whose actions only tend to make the

young Tsar very unpopular with the people. It's a pity.—Lev Nikolaevich is greatly worried about a pimple on his cheek, and he keeps talking about death. I am simply horrified at his fear of death ! *On Art* is nearly finished, and we have a young woman here who is copying it on a Remington machine ; they want to send an English translation to Chertkov and have it published in England.

Tanya has gone to Moscow ; she just wanted a little change, and she has an idea of publishing some pictures which must be printed before Boulanger's departure on October 1st.

I have lost a tooth, and must go to Moscow to have a new one put in, but I don't feel like moving, and facing all this troublesome business with the dentist. I have been printing photographs these days for my sister Tanya[1] and Boulanger. To-day I took a photo of the apple orchard and the peasant women who were working there. I went for a bathe, and the water didn't seem cold at all.

I am thoroughly tired of all these material cares—making beds for the visitors, and looking after the food, etc. ; only with the greatest effort did I find time to play the piano for two hours.

Andryusha and Misha have gone to the village ; Misha has not gone back to school yet, which is most annoying.

September 9, 1897.

I was anxious to play, and read, and go out for a walk, and even have some tea. But instead of all this I copied *On Art* for several hours on end, and when Lev Nikolaevich came back from Süssermann's, where he had gone on horseback, he did not even thank me, and even got annoyed when I asked him to explain a passage to me which I did not understand. It annoys me to think how this irritation of his depreciates the value of my work. I did not give him

my work, I simply let him take it. As Seneca says, *qu'il s'est laissé prendre ce qu'il n'a pas pu retenir.*

It is warm to-day, and bright gossamer is floating through the air. I went for a bathe, and Lev Nikolaevich went out on his bicycle.

It's curious about Süssermann, the old retired general. He was seventy years of age and had been through several wars, and yet he died through a tree falling on him which they were cutting down in his garden. He has left a widow and sons and daughters. I am so sorry for them !

I am sorry not to have worked with Sasha to-day, but the housework took up all my time.

September 12, 1897.

This is my second day in Moscow, and I am happy to be all alone here, with no one except Nurse. Misha has started going to school, and comes in only for dinner, and I do not see much of Tanya, who is staying with the Wulfs. I go to the dentist in the morning, who tortures me with a hot red paste, and other unpleasant things which they use for putting in false teeth. The sad moment has arrived when I must get false teeth : I have lost another front tooth, and I could not tolerate such ugliness and inconvenience. But I can see how troublesome it will be to have false teeth.

I am happy here ; for there are no strangers and unpleasant visitors calling on Lev Nikolaevich, and no complicated family relations, and no talks about the Dukhobors and the Government, and articles and letters to be printed abroad, and no disclosures of the actions of the Government, and no constant claims and reproaches. I am so tired of it all, and I need a rest so much !—In the evening I played, and wrote the outline of the story I should like to write. There has been no news from home. I haven't seen anybody here, but I am very anxious to see Taneyev

and to hear him play. I do hope he will come on my name-day and play to me.

September 14, 1897.

Yesterday I went to the dentist again, and spent the rest of the time at home sewing, reading, and playing. I am studying two pieces : a two-voice *Invention* of Bach's and a Beethoven Sonata.—It isn't going well, and I shall have to work hard before it does. In the evening Tanya and I arranged to meet at the Kolokoltsevs to see Vera Nagornov ; but she hadn't come back to town yet. We talked to the children and young people there, and even danced ; I waltzed with Sasha Behrs, and it gave me a silly joy to hear them tell me how gracefully I could still do it.

I had a most strenuous day to-day. Early in the morning I took the horse-tram to the Smolensky Market to buy mushrooms. There were lots of mushrooms there, and I bought some to send to Yasnaya Polyana ; for there aren't any at home quite so good. I also bought some grapes, and then took them all to the Wulfs, where Tanya is staying ; after that I took a cab and went with Nurse to visit Vanichka's and Alyosha's' graves. Their little graves always bring back memories and sorrows that nothing will ever heal.

I longed to die and to escape to the mysterious realm where my little boys had gone. Nurse sighed and wept, and, after saying the Lord's Prayer and trying to unite my soul with the spirit of my boys and ask them to pray for us poor sinners, I fled from my overwhelming sorrow.

To please Nurse, I went with her and the girls to the wood to look for mushrooms. But we could see none. When I came home, I found a crowd of boys whom Misha had brought along—Mitya Dyakov, Sasha Behrs,[171] and the Danilevskys. After dinner Nurse and I made jam and

pickled mushrooms, which took up several hours. The rest of the evening I played some of Taneyev's, Pomerantsevs, and Goldenweiser's songs, which they had given me. By the way, Taneyev called here to-day with Yusha Pomerantsev, but did not find me in. I was terribly excited when I heard that Taneyev had called ; I am longing to see him, and don't quite see how it can be arranged. Perhaps God will help me ; but, if not—it may be for the best.

No news from home : Lev Nikolaevich has not written at all, and Lyova's letter contains only messages, and no news about his father.

September 15.

I got up late, and was busy about the house all morning. They put in the window-frames for the winter and washed the floors and doors and beat the furniture and beds : then they pickled more mushrooms, grapes, etc. There was such a mob about the house, with Nurse at their head—painters, polishers, cleaners, etc.—that I was quite unable to do any work. Later I went to the dentist ; the false teeth are looking quite all right, only he bruised my lip so badly that I shall have to go back again. What a bore !—When I came home I found that Taneyev had called again ; and again the news excited me, and I longed to see him. I went out to see Prince Urusov at Kniazhi Dvor, but found that he had gone out of town. Then I went to Konushki to see if Varya or Masha Kolokoltsev had arrived, but found that they hadn't. I wanted to see a friendly face. Taneyev came at 8 o'clock. We spent the evening together. Misha, who had dinner with me, had gone to the Dyakovs. What a pity that Lev Nikolaevich should object to my friendship with Taneyev ! It is such a calm, earnest, and interesting friendship ! We spent the evening talking of art, and music, and of Lev Nikolaevich's

writings—Taneyev is so fond of him—of how we had spent the summer, and what a complicated thing life was, and how it grew more and more narrow in one's old age, and how the *endless* aims and ambitions and the mental and bodily power which we have in our youth gradually disappear, and now nothing remains but a high wall—the end of strength and life. And then at last the time comes when the infinity must be taken from *this* life across to the *future* life. I have done it already. Though only in a very small measure. May God help me to develop this longing for the spiritual, religious, posthumous infinity (*l'infini*). Taneyev played me his wonderful symphony, and I was deeply moved by it. It is a fine work, written in a high and noble style.

September 17.

This has been my nameday, and I have spent all day fussing over it. I rearranged the furniture, and bought some inexpensive flowers and decorated the house—just as I used to do when I was a girl. My dear Vanichka loved to *celebrate*, as he would say, his and other people's namedays. I was glad to get a letter from Sasha. Lyova hasn't been writing to me, and it hurts me to be ignored like this. There is a "nameday atmosphere" about the house ; I even treated the servants to tea and cake, and gave them a pie and a roast goose, and they were all very pleased. Uncle Kostya, Alexei Maklakov, S. I. Taneyev, Pomerantsev, and Kursinsky[173] came at night, as well as several of Misha's friends : Golitsin, Butenev, Dyakov, Lopukhin, and the Danilevskys : they sang and danced, and wrestled, and ate and drank. Uncle Kostya asked Taneyev to play—I did not venture to ask him myself—and he played his symphony again.

Taneyev's music is like some people : the better you

know it, the better you like it. I was listening to his symphony for the third time, and discovered many more beautiful passages ; it's a very interesting process.

I called on Aunt Vera Alexandrovna. It was her name-day, too ; but she was quite alone, and in bed with influenza. Vera Sevértsova, her granddaughter, is staying with her now, but is soon going away. It is most instructive to see a mother of eleven children being left all alone like this. But one must be prepared for it, and it is no good complaining.

I played and read a little to-day, and went to the market to buy some mushrooms—a rather futile day on the whole.

September 18.

I got up late, and sat down to play, and studied Bach's two-voice *Invention* very carefully. It is hard. When it stopped raining I went to the dentist and to Gübner's factory to buy some calico. Quite by accident I met Taneyev. I didn't recognise him the first moment, and was much surprised to see him. Fate always plays such tricks on me ! He was going for a walk as far as the Holy Virgin Monastery, and I went with him as far as the horse-tram. I was too late to go to the factory, so I went straight to the dentist. I believe he has put my teeth in good order to-day. I am sorry I told Taneyev how nearly I committed suicide, by freezing to death in the Sparrow Hills. Of course, I didn't tell him any details, nor the causes. But the remembrance of it was so painful that I had to tell him.

There is a new statue of Pirogov in front of the hospital—what a hideous work of art ! It is ugly and inartistic from whatever angle you look at it.

I had dinner with Misha, and played the piano for four hours on end, and got very tired. Later Misha came home with Butenev ; Misha went to do his lessons, while I did

some embroidering, and Butenev—with a stutter—read me some French *Pensées et Maximes*. I had a nameday wire from the family—but it came too late. I sometimes long to be back at Yasnaya, but when I think of all our complicated family life, I feel like staying here, in this quiet house, all by myself. The very thought of all the strange visitors makes me want to stay here.

September 19, 1897.

A gifted man puts all his understanding and all the subtlety of his soul into his works, while his attitude to real life is dull and indifferent. I tried to understand the meaning of Taneyev's songs yesterday ; I have plenty of them now. The music in them corresponds not only to the mood, but almost to every word of the poem—and yet Taneyev's individual manner is preserved throughout. I can always recognise his style now. And yet in life he is so calm and uncommunicative ; and he never expresses any feelings, and seldom any thoughts, and he always seems indifferent to everybody and everything.

It is the same with my husband, who is infinitely more gifted than Taneyev. What a wonderful understanding of human psychology there is in his books, and what an extraordinary indifference and lack of understanding in his home-life. He neither knows nor understands me, or his children, or any of his friends.

It is a dull and windy day, and I am feeling sad. All I long for is music, music, and music. I am lonely and unwell, and I want love and human company—but where is it ? Everybody longs for love, and yet very few people are capable of giving it. Or else you give it bravely and joyfully—but your love is not wanted ; your love is a burden. It is usually like this : the lines of love are parallel, and never meet, ═══ ; they are very seldom like

this —— ——. It is always a case of one *loving*, and the other *allowing* himself to be loved.

September 22, 1897.

I have come back to Yasnaya Polyana. I left Misha in Moscow with Nurse and that drunkard Ivan. I was sorry to leave my world of solitude, where I could play to myself, and to come back to this bustling life which Lev Nikolaevich has made for me. The Molokans, whose children the Government had taken away from them on account of their sectarianism, were here. Lev Nikolaevich had already written about them to the young Emperor, but it came to nothing. He has now written again, but fortunately the Emperor is abroad, and the letter may not reach him.[111] I would do anything to console the mothers and children, but, since *nothing can be done*, what is the good of taking all these risks. Then there is that letter to the papers about the Dukhobors ; how he likes noise, and danger, and publicity ! I have no faith in his kindness and his brotherly love. The sole source of his activity is his ambition, his feverish, insatiable, boundless ambition. How can one believe in his love, when he suddenly develops this violent love for the sectarians' children, he who has never loved his own children or grandchildren ! He has a boil on his cheek, and he looks so wretched with his face tied up ; and he is such a hypochondriac !

While I was in Moscow he went to the doctor twice, and, the third time, sent for him. He kept saying that this was cancer and that he would soon die, and he was very gloomy all the time, and could hardly sleep at night. He is feeling better now. He is afraid of pain, and his fear of death is enormous. May God help him. I do not wish to see him die ; may I die first !

Tanya intends to go to Yalta ; she is still in a state of nerves. Masha is very weak both in body and spirit.

[Young] Lyova and Dora are getting on well. Kolya Obolensky has gone to Moscow on business.

I have just done some copying for Lev Nikolaevich. I also printed some photos for Misha, and made a dress for little Vera, the butler's daughter. I am longing for music, but when I said that I would play a little, my two daughters simply pounced on me.

September 26, 1897.

These have been rather futile days. Without specially celebrating our wedding-day on the 23rd, I spent it very pleasantly. It was the thirty-fifth anniversary, and, although my life is hard at times, I thank God for it : for we have stayed blameless towards each other, and our relations are still friendly and even affectionate. My two elder sons came, and the whole family was here, except Misha. Much to my joy, he has arrived now, also. Sergeyenko and Boulanger, with his nine-year-old boy, were here as well. Boulanger is leaving for England on the 28th ; he is being expelled from the country for propagating Lev Nikolaevich's ideas.

Lev Nikolaevich has written the conclusion to his essay *On Art*, but has changed it already, and I am going to copy it presently. I have also just copied his letter to the *Russian News*. Several papers have said that it was incredible that the Kazan Missionary Congress should have proposed that the children be taken away from the sectarians. And yet it is quite true, and the parents have come to Lev Nikolaevich asking him to take up the matter ; so he is writing about it to the *Russian News*. But it's a question whether they will print it or not.[174]

We had two very quiet days all by ourselves, but more visitors have arrived to-day : Prince Cherkassky, an officer, and Tomaszewicz, the schoolmaster. Liza Obolensky came last night, and we took her for a long walk to-day ;

it was lovely ! We went through the young fir plantation, and then along the river as far as the bathing-hut, and came back through the wood. The shades of colour—from pale-yellow to dark green and brown—are unusually beautiful. There are a few young birches among the dark-green fir-trees, and their pale-yellow leaves look like lace against the dark-green background. Liza and I stopped and could not help admiring it all. There was a clear, lovely sunset and we could see far beyond Grumont. As Liza was interested, I told her all about my affection for Taneyev, of Lyova's jealousy, and of my present feelings on the subject ; and as I was talking I got rather upset. At home I had an unpleasant talk with Masha about her future life. She said that they would live with his mother at Pokrovskoye, while I pointed out to her that it was time Kolya did some work or entered the government service instead of living off his mother or his mother-in-law. They are both going to the Crimea, along with Tanya.

September 29, 1897.

Masha and Kolya Obolensky went off to the Crimea yesterday. I was not very sorry when they left, although I am much fonder of them now than I was when they were first married. The fear of Masha's death during her illness made me grow fond of her. Kolya is a good-hearted boy, though rather lazy and slovenly. He is either unwilling or unable to work—and it's an unpleasant sight.

Vera and Masha Tolstoy have been here. Also a prison priest from Tula, who came to see Lev Nikolaevich—a simple, gentle soul, but sickly to look at ; he said that many of his ideas agreed with Lev Nikolaevich's teaching, and that he was anxious to have a talk with him. What amazed me was the fact that he had to ask the Bishop's permission to come here. I wonder if Lev Nikolaevich is

really regarded as such a dangerous heretic ? The Molokan sectarians have been here also. They had been to St. Petersburg with Lev Nikolaevich's letters to Koni [175] and various other people who, however, were out of town. The question of their children is to be examined by the Senate, and Koni believes that the Senate will decide that the children should be returned to them, but that the matter may then have to go before the State Council, who may take two years to come to a decision. The Molokans told us that a 2-year-old girl of theirs had been placed with a nun, who was very kind to the child, and highly indignant that she should have been taken away from her parents. The girl said to her father : " Let us take a cab, Daddy, and get away quickly from here." The boys have been sent to a monastery, too, but are covered with dirt and vermin and are being very badly looked after. The boys had asked the monks to let them go outside the gate to see their parents' horses, but the parents were told that they could only see their children in church, and they were taken there. When they got there, they found that none of their children were there ; although there were some other Molokans who were being converted to the Orthodox faith, and our Molokans were told to follow their example. The Father Superior came up to them and embraced them, saying : " You are filled with sadness because your children have forsaken you ; but so also is the Mother Church because you have forsaken her." But the Molokans were firm and unmovable.

Everybody has left to-day : Andryusha, Liza Obolensky, the Molokans, and Popov, a young man, who has been to England, where he saw Chertkov. It is a calm, rainy day, and I love this loneliness. The only trouble is the boil on Lev Nikolaevich's forehead : a huge red lump, full of blood and pus. He has had it for three weeks, and it shows no sign of getting better.

Thanks to the rain we are all indoors, which is good from the point of view of work. I must check up the final copies of the essay *On Art* and send them to the translators.

The day before yesterday I went to Tula to see about the transfer of Yasnaya Polyana to the other sons, in view of Vanichka's death. I had to go, since I am Misha's and Andryusha's guardian. There were also plenty of other matters to discuss.

Yesterday I had a lovely walk through the Zaseka wood right up to Gorelaya Polyana and past the new Crown forest. The sunset was glorious. A noisy crowd of peasants were coming back along the main road in their empty carts from the Tula market, and a crowd of day-labourers were coming back from the Crown forest, where they had been planting young trees, and the glorious, majestic sunset shining upon this crowd seemed to give them a holiday appearance.

We had tea with [young] Lyova in the other part of the house. We sat on the balcony for a while, and it was a wonderfully warm moonlit night; the south wind seemed to be wrapping a transparent veil round the moon and then uncovering it. We stayed there till late, and Tanya, Liza Obolensky, Vera, and I told each other's fortune in a stupid kind of way. We sewed, and talked, and were very friendly and cosy. Women can really be very frank and open with each other when they have known and loved each other intimately for all their lives. I am like that with my sister Tanya.

September 30, 1897.

Tanya has gone off to the Crimea with Ilya's son, Andryusha. The house is quite empty—there are just Sasha and [young] Lyova and his wife in the other wing. I am feeling terribly sorry for Lev Nikolaevich. He always used to spend these autumn months with his daughters, who

worked and copied for him, and shared his vegetarian meals and kept him company during the long dull evenings. While I went to Moscow to join the boys, I always missed my husband and daughters, yet I lived with them in spirit—for Lyova, my husband, and Tanya, my daughter, are still my favourites. But now everything has changed : Masha has got married, and poor Tanya has fallen in love, and this love for an unworthy man has upset both her and us. She has gone to the Crimea to think it well over. May God help her !—In six days' time I shall take Sasha to Moscow. I have been trying to put it off, but now it is time she went to school ; she hardly does any work, and she is nearly fourteen. I am also worried about Misha, and feel afraid that he will deteriorate morally ; the home atmosphere is really the best for a boy. Lev Nikolaevich will stay here with Lyova, and I don't think either of them fancy the idea. I must try to arrange everything about Sasha as quickly as possible, and come back to Lev Nikolaevich.—It is all so complicated and difficult ! May God help me to keep firmly to my duty, to understand wherein this duty lies, and to find the best way to do it in the midst of this hard, intricate existence. It is warm and rainy to-day ; most of the remaining leaves are quite yellow, and only the sturdy leaves of the oaks and the lilac-trees are still green. I have been tidying up the house, and printing photographs of Masha's and Kolya's departure ; everybody has asked for copies, and I must print a lot. I coached Sasha for a bit—her essay was very poor. In the evening I shall copy out the " Conclusion " to the essay *On Art* for the fifth time, and must mend my chemise. The lace is worn out and I must put some more on, and arrange the tucks in a different way—I always curse myself for loving pretty, dainty things !

I am trying not to miss Tanya, but I can't help it. She has been my friend for thirty-three years, and my whole

happy past is connected with her. She has shared all my joys and sorrows, and I have no better friend in the world.

October 2, 1897.

Autumn stillness is all around, and the yellow trees glitter like gold in the sun. I have had a good day : I read Seneca's *Consolation à Marcia* and *Consolation à Helvinius* in the morning. Then I re-arranged the books in the library. After dinner I walked to Kozlovka and back ; the road, which brings back so many happy memories, looked sad and deserted. But I mustn't indulge in memories and regrets. Why am I made so that every impression leaves such a deep mark on my heart ?—When I got back I found that [young] Lyova had gone to Krapivna and had left Dora alone. I rushed to her room and spent some time with her.—Then Lyova gave me chapter x. of his essay *On Art*, and I made corrections in all the other copies from it. A difficult, mechanical kind of work, requiring much concentration. I spent three hours on it, and was glad to find that he had run down the Decadents. He quotes some perfectly nonsensical poems by Mallarmé, Griffin, Verhaeren, Moréas, and others. In the evening Lyova asked me to play shuttlecock with him, but I said I would rather play a duet. So we played Beethoven's septette, and did it quite well. The music cheered me up greatly. We went late to bed, and I read Menshikov's[177] article on " Sexual Love " in *The Week*. But, no matter how much people may discuss the subject, they will never come to any kind of conclusion.

The best, strongest, and yet most painful thing in the world is love, and love alone, and everything else is arranged and guided by it. Love gives inspiration, energy, and happiness ; it brings a new ability for work to the artist, the scientist, the philosopher, to women, and even

to children. I don't necessarily mean *sexual* love—but any kind of love. My best, strongest, and most self-sacrificing love in life has been my love for little Vanichka. My affection for my husband and for other people was also spiritual, mental, and æsthetic rather than physical. No matter how repulsive my husband has been to me with his dirt and untidiness, and his want of moderation in his physical habits, I have been able to love him throughout my life, thanks to the richness of his mind—as for the rest, I have tried to shut my eyes. I loved Urusov for taking me into a new philosophic world by reading Marcus Aurelius, Seneca, and Epictetus to me. He was the first to show me the realm of high human thought, which has brought me so much consolation. My affection for Taneyev was also due, not to his physical appearance, but to his wonderful musical genius. The noble, earnest purity of his music must come from his soul.

Of all my children I loved Vanichka best, and for the same reason : he was so slender and bodiless—he was all soul ; such a gentle, sensitive, loving child. He was made of the finest spiritual stuff—and he was not made for this world.

May God help me to abandon the physical life, to purify my soul, and to go forward with a pure heart into the world where Vanichka is.

October 6, 1897.

I have come to Moscow with Sasha and Mlle. Aubert. I was terribly sad at leaving Lyova yesterday—I have seldom felt so sorry for him. He is old and lonely and stooping (writing for days on end must be having this effect on him, for he stoops more and more). I tidied his study, put his clothes and linen in order, and prepared his little household for him : oatmeal, coffee, pots and pans, honey, apples, " Albert " rusks—all the things he likes.

He looked affectionate and almost timid as he said goodbye to me. He did not like to see me go, and I must go back to him in six days' time, and then we will both go to Pirogovo, to stay with his brother, Sergei Nikolaevich.—All my hopes rest on [young] Lyova and Dora ; I hope they will look after Lev Nikolaevich. His boil has gone away, but now his nose is hurting him. He got a terrible fright ; I hope it isn't anything serious.

To-day I went to the dentist, and to the Kolokoltsevs. Then I went to see Dunayev at the bank, told him to hand Lev Nikolaevich's letter, about the children who were taken away from their parents, to the newspaper, to take the letter from the *Russian News*, who had refused to print it, and to hand it over to Prince Ukhtomsky of the *St. Petersburg News*. I'm getting a bit mixed up. I am tired.

October 10, 1897.

I haven't written anything for four days—they were uninteresting and very busy. No music, no reading, no joy—nothing. How I hate this kind of life ! Lev Nikolaevich's manuscripts took up a lot of my time. I copied out all the corrections from the final text, and copied out the whole of the " Conclusion." Then I looked for a governess for Sasha and finally engaged Miss S. N. Kashkin, the daughter of Nikolai Dmitrievich Kashkin, who was Serezha's music-teacher at one time. Misha fell and hurt his knee ; he hasn't been going to school for three days, and just lies in bed doing nothing. The footmen are all intolerable drunkards. One of them got blind drunk and left, and another one has been drunk for the last three days. I have never seen anything like it ; it is most annoying and exasperating.

Taneyev spent the evening with me, but something unsatisfactory and cold has crept into our relationship.

I did not feel happy with him—and there was something unnatural and even depressing. Is it because I had had such a kind letter from Lev Nikolaevich and was longing to be back at Yasnaya Polyana, or was it because I felt guilty at the thought that Taneyev's entry into my life had caused, and was perhaps still causing, Lev Nikolaevich a great deal of anxiety ? At any rate, I did not feel towards Taneyev as I once did, although in my heart I still tried to defy Lev Nikolaevich's displeasure, for I will not renounce my freedom of action and emotion so long as I know that I have done no wrong.

My new teeth are all wrong, and they will have to be done all over again ; it's so annoying to have wasted a whole week over the dentist. I am going to the Czech Concert to-morrow. They are going to play Beethoven, Haydn, and Taneyev's quartette. It'll be fine !

October 11, 1897.

I had letters from Lev Nikolaevich, and from Lyova and Dora, saying that Lev Nikolaevich was not feeling very well. So I decided to go home to-night. The concert was wonderful. They played the Beethoven quartette extremely well, but Taneyev's quartette was the real triumph of the evening. What a wonderful piece of music ! It is the last word in modern music—so earnest, and complicated, so full of unexpected harmonic changes, so skilful and so rich in ideas ! It gave me the most exquisite pleasure. The audience called twice for Taneyev, and both he and the Czechs, who had played his work perfectly, were given a wonderful ovation. I drove home in a delightful mood, packed up, and got to the station fifteen minutes before the train was due to leave.

The music made me happy during the whole journey, and I still felt the effect of it during the whole of the next day at Yasnaya.

October 20th, 1897.

I stayed with Lev Nikolaevich at Yasnaya from the 12th to the 18th, and during that time his health improved considerably. On the 17th he went to Yasenki on horseback, and stopped drinking Ems. We lived in the two little rooms downstairs, and I only went upstairs to my cold bedroom to dress or undress, but I caught a bad chill—first I had neuralgia in my head, then in my arm and shoulders, and in the end I took influenza. It was a dull and difficult week at Yasnaya Polyana. It was so damp and cold and dreary outside, and so cold and lonely and dirty in the house. In spite of my illness I wrote for days on end, and there were moments when I felt like weeping or laughing and screaming for sheer tiredness. At first I put in all the corrections of the first ten chapters, and then I did an immense amount of copying. Then Lev Nikolaevich scored out and changed all I had written, and his new changes had to be made in the first copy. He scribbles in a most confusing and illegible way, in very small writing, without writing out the words in full, and without any punctuation. It is most exasperating work to decipher all his cross-references, footnotes, etc.

It was all very difficult, especially with my cold and neuralgia. During the last two days, Marie Alexandrovna Schmidt came and helped me a little, so that we *nearly* finished all the copying and correcting.

There were no servants in the house except a young peasant—almost an idiot—who helped the coachman and used to come and make the fires and put on the samovar. Sometimes I put on the samovar myself, but I don't know how to do it properly, and it annoyed me that, thanks to Lev Nikolaevich's idea of "doing everything for one's self," I was unable to get on with the copying and correcting. I also had to sweep and dust the rooms, and hardly managed to do these two rooms which had got into a hopelessly dirty state since I went to Moscow. We had our meals

with Dora and [young] Lyova in their bright, clean, and comfortable wing. At first we weren't used to it, but later on we got to like it very much.

Lyova has been very kind and nice to me. He took such trouble, tying up my sore arm, and thanked me for copying his MSS., and when I was leaving he even kissed my hand —a thing he hasn't done for a long time. There was another unpleasant business during that week at Yasnaya Polyana. Young Bibikov, our neighbour, a stupid, drunken, immoral fellow, had seized the plot of land we had bought from his father thirty-three years ago ; it is covered with thirty-year-old trees. He brought along an official surveyor, and dug a boundary right across our grounds, and put up a notice with an official seal. Moreover, he took away all our dry branches, and cut down two birch-trees, and now he maintains that the ground belongs to him and was never sold to us at all. The local magistrate and police-sergeant have been here—we've been busy filling in forms and applications and arguing endlessly. Poor Lev Nikolaevich and Lyova were both greatly upset, which made it all the more unpleasant.

Now everything is fixed up, but we still don't know what will be the end of it. We have incompetent judges.

I came back to Moscow on the 18th. I had to do plenty of messages in the morning, and tried on my new dress, and in the evening went to the First Symphony Concert. It was a Mendelssohn programme : *Fourth Symphony*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with choir, and the Violin Concerto. But Safonov struck me as an uninspired conductor.

Vanya Rayevsky's wedding was on the 19th. It was solemn and sad, and it was touching to watch the mother and son. They both felt the importance of the day, which marked the first break between them ; for part of the son's love will now belong to the young wife. I couldn't quite make the girl out. She looked very thin and sickly, and

had a timid kind of smile. It was a rather dull affair, and I felt very sorry for Elena Pavlovna. She could not help thinking of her late husband on such an occasion, and we talked about him and had a cry together. I hadn't been so dressed-up for a long time, and I felt my old sense of vanity coming back, faintly.

Taneyev fell and hurt his foot, and has been in bed for some days. I could not resist the temptation of dropping in to see him for a moment ; Mme. Maslova, whom I met at the Symphony Concert, had told me to go and see him, as it would give him real pleasure. I wonder if he was really glad ? Perhaps it had the opposite effect. I found A. A. Maklakov there, playing chess with him. Taneyev was pale and as pathetic as a beaten child. He said he could do no work for want of air and exercise.

I had letters from Tanya and Masha. They are no happier—Masha with her lazy, silly boy of a husband, and Tanya with her morbid infatuation for Sukhotin. I just feel as though I had lost them both.

Sasha is getting on well with her new governess.

I went to see the notary to-day about Dora's papers and Bibikov. Dora is pregnant. She is very kind and friendly towards Lev Nikolaevich and me, and is very pathetic with her pregnancy and her morning sickness.

I spent the evening with Uncle Kostya[177] and Maklakov ; a futile and pointless pastime—though they are preferable to most people.

October 21, 1897.

I went to see Taneyev. He fell and hurt his foot, which has now become swollen, and he has been laid up now for several days. I was unable to go and see him sooner. We talked in our usual calm, simple way. He told me of the sect of self-burners, and I told him about the decadent poets whose quotations I had copied in Lev Nikolaevich's

MS. Then we spoke of music and Beethoven and he gave me a two-volume biography of the composer.[170] As usual, I left him with a feeling of serene satisfaction. He asked me to call again, but I don't know if I dare. I also called on Natasha Dehn,[171] but did not find her in. I saw her poor, wretched room. All the daughters of the gentry seem ready to settle down to a wretched existence, as long as they can have the man they love. And yet she once lived in a fine house, with several servants, and had good food. There is, evidently, nothing more precious than love. I called on Elena Pavlovna Rayevsky. Her son's wedding must have been a blow to her, but she has cheered up again now.—I spent the evening with my brother Sasha and my sister Liza. A lot of visitors, and fruit, and cakes, and a carefully prepared tea, and Anichka's hospitality, charming young girls, and the Kolokoltsevs—husband and wife—and yet I feel the day has been wasted.

I had a cold, stand-offish letter from Lev Nikolaevich. He evidently meant to be kind to me, but it somehow didn't come off. It must annoy him to think of me living in Moscow, and not in Yasnaya, where I spend the days, copying for him. But I can't, I can't ! I am old and tired in body and spirit ; and perhaps I am spoilt.—I often think of the week I spent there : mud outside and dirt in all the three rooms where I lived with Lev Nikolaevich. Four mouse-traps which clicked mercilessly all the time with the mice they were catching. Mice, mice without end. A cold, bleak house, a grey sky and a drizzle, and darkness everywhere : the constant walks with a lantern, through the mud to Lyova's house, where we had dinner ; copying from morning till night, and the smoking samovars, and no servants and deadly stillness everywhere : painful and gloomy is my life at Yasnaya Polyana these days.

I like it better here, only I must make my life here more *useful* and more interesting.

October 23.

I went to the dentist in the morning, and he'll have to do the work all over again. Then I called on Aunt Vera Alexandrovna, and talked far too much to Masha Sverbeyev. Uncle Kostya dined here, and he and I went to see Taneyev. I was bored and felt ashamed of myself, but this is *certain* to be the last time. I only stayed a short time, and when Mme. Maslova came and started being facetious, I felt even more bored and ashamed. I went off to the Quartette recital. They played two Brahms quartettes ; they were so dull that I slept part of the time.

I am feeling very worried about Andryusha's illness; which seems to be a serious matter. I kept thinking of Tanya; so much so, indeed, that I am sure something important has happened to her to-day. I had a letter from Marie Alexandrovna Schmidt saying that Lev Nikolaevich was well and full of energy, and that he had had some peasants to tea, etc. We seem to be getting on all right without each other ; it never used to be like that before. But I find it hard to be without a friend, without a person interested in my life, and with whom I could live in spiritual communion. As for Lev Nikolaevich, he has lived with me only with his body, and his love has only been physical love. This side of life is gradually dying, and with it the need of being together.

I have been reading Mendelssohn's Life, and have now started on the two volumes of Beethoven. But what's the good of biographies—how can one understand the spirit of the man from them ? He creates with his spirit, and his art reflects the spiritual life of its creator, while the material life is usually wicked or insignificant.

Is there anything interesting in Lev Nikolaevich's life ? Or in Taneyev's ? One does not love them for their external life, but for that *dream*, that endless *dream* which flows from their work, and which one loves to feel and to idealise.

I am feeling unbalanced. I felt so depressed to-day that I could almost have killed myself, or done something absurd and exaggerated. . . .

October 24, 1897.

Dentist again. I got up late, and am in an unhappy old-age, autumnal mood. I feel as though all the threads around me were broken, as though I were alone and idle, and as though no one needed me any longer. . . . Maklakov came last night, bringing along Plevako, a well-known lawyer. He was interesting, as all exceptional people are. He is the kind of man to whom one never needs to *explain* anything—he picks up your meaning at once. A very serious-minded man, with a large head and a prominent forehead, not good-looking, but pleasant, although his reputation is not too good.

I started the first chapter of my story last night. I feel I will make a success of it. But whom could I ask to criticise it? I should like to write it and publish it without talking of it to anybody.

I have a sore eye; it must be the result of going to bed at three every morning. No news from home; and yet I wrote to them all yesterday and sent them money. I am trying not to worry, for it would exhaust me completely if I started worrying about everybody. But no one makes me happy, and I am feeling anxious about them, all the same. . . .

October 25, 1897.

I am longing to see Lev Nikolaevich, and I have been missing him all day. I stayed for a long time at the dentist's, who tortured me terribly, and even now my false teeth are hurting me. To think that I have reached the point of wearing false teeth—I used to shudder at the thought. . . .

I called on Masha Kolokoltsev, and talked to her about

Tanya and Masha, my daughters, and it made my heart bleed.—In the evening Pomerantsev and Igumnov[100] called. Igumnov played a lot : an *ouverture* of his own and some of Skriabin's works, and an organ fugue by Bach, and something by Pabst. He also played some of Taneyev's and Pomerantsev's songs. I am dull to-day, and music seems to have no effect on me. I want to go to Yasnaya on Monday, and to go on to Pirogovo with Lev Nikolaevich.

October 26, 1897.

I took Sasha and Sonya Kolokoltsev to a popular Tchaikovsky concert. From there we went to the Historical Museum, where an exhibition of Russian paintings is being held. Nothing very extraordinary ; but I was amazed at the large number of autumn landscapes. The autumn was certainly unusually lovely this year, the leaves stayed long on the trees, and there were many sunny days, so that it was a real " golden " autumn.—Serezha has arrived. A feeling of shyness and modesty always seems to restrain my affection for him. I always feel like telling him how much I love him and how sorry I feel for him. Goldenweiser came in the evening and Natasha Dehn, with her husband. Goldenweiser played wonderfully well. He has such a light and elegant touch ! He played a Chopin nocturne, Schubert's *Impromptu*, and some short pieces by Rachmaninov, etc. It gave me deep pleasure—I had so much *art* to-day ; and that always makes me happy.

October 27, 1897.

It has been snowing, and in the garden everything is dazzlingly white. But I no longer have the same joy, the same outburst of energy that I used to have at the sight

of the *first snow*. Various messages, a little music, and off to Yasnaya Polyana.

November 2, 1897.

I have been to Yasnaya Polyana. As I was driving from Kozlovka in the sledge on the morning of the 28th, I felt so full of love and energy, and so anxious to be of help to Lev Nikolaevich. It was a bright, sunny morning : the snow was dazzlingly white, and a huge moon was setting on one side and a brilliant sun rising on the other—a morning of magic beauty.

But my wings were clipped the moment I reached Yasnaya Polyana. Lev Nikolaevich was glum and unfriendly. Then an annoying thing happened : as I was tidying the room, I tried to adjust one of the innumerable mouse-traps, and it suddenly snapped and struck me in the eye, so that I fell backwards and thought that I would go blind.

Instead of copying for Lev Nikolaevich I had to wear a poultice on my eye for nearly two days. The next day Lev Nikolaevich went on horseback to Tula ; it was 15 degrees of frost and I was worried in case he caught a chill. I lay alone, all day in the big stone building, with my eyes shut, and thought sadly of my relationship with my husband and children. I got up several times and tried to write, and, though one of my eyes was bandaged, I managed to copy out the whole of chapter xii. of the essay *On Art*. I had dinner and supper with [young] Lyova and Dora, and they cheered me up a little.

The next day Lev Nikolaevich and I went to Pirogovo to see his brother, Sergei Nikolaevich.[101] But just before leaving, we had an unpleasant scene which created another of those *cuts* in our relationship, which always take so long to heal and which widen the gap between us. It is hard to say what exactly happened. Nothing at all, on the surface.

And yet I felt a cold tremor in my heart ; I realised how terribly indifferent he was towards me, and the children, and our life in general. When I asked him when he would come to Moscow he made a vague, evasive answer ; when I told him how anxious I was to be more friendly and more intimate with him, and to help him with his work, and make him comfortable, and cook nourishing vegetarian food for him, and look after him generally, he said very coldly that he needed nothing, that he was enjoying his solitude, and that there was nothing I needed to copy—altogether, he tried to rob me of the joy of knowing that he was wanting me and needing me. And yet a woman likes nothing more than to feel that her help and her company are necessary to the man she loves.

At first I wept, and then I grew hysterical and reached that point of extreme despair when all I longed for was death.

And the worst of it is that Lev Nikolaevich's iciness always makes me long for somebody's affection which could fill the void in my heart which his disdain for my love has caused. It is a tragic situation which no man will realise or admit. After I had nearly gone mad with sorrow and despair, we patched it up as best we could, and I spent the whole of the following day at Pirogovo copying Lev Nikolaevich's manuscripts. And suddenly I became indispensable to him : there was the warm cap which I had remembered to bring with me, the fruit, and the dates, and my body, and my work—suddenly he needed them all. Help me, O Lord, to do my *duty* to the very end, meekly and patiently ! But I cannot help longing for the friendship and intimacy and kindness which *must* exist between people so nearly related to each other as we are.

And in spite of the pain he had caused me, I kept worrying in case he got tired and cold riding twenty-five miles on horseback ! He has stayed with his brother at

Pirogovo, while I came back yesterday. I went to a wonderful symphony concert, where they played Tchaikovsky's *Serenade in C* for strings and Schumann's Concerto. I saw a lot of people ; but Taneyev wasn't there—his foot is still bad.

Sasha is all right, except that she doesn't get on with Mlle. Aubert. Misha told me that he always got two for his extempore translations, and I lost my temper—or, rather, I simply got excited, while he started yelling at me in the most objectionable way. I was greatly excited to hear that Serezha's wife had asked him to go and see her, and that he had seen his little son. When I asked him what was wrong between him and his wife, he said " a little of everything," and changed the subject. But he seems to be calmer.

Manya has a bad cough, and is going to Cannes for the winter . . .* I feel much better and calmer in Moscow, but I must go back to Pirogovo to-day. We are going back to Yasnaya Polyana in two days' time ; I shall spend Dora's birthday there, and shall return to Moscow for good on the 6th. If Lev Nikolaevich wants to live alone—well, it's his own look-out. I must see about Sasha's education, and keep an eye on Misha ; but, in any case, I find Yasnaya very trying. In the past I had a busy, interesting time with the children, but to be a *slave*, and a slave whom Lev Nikolaevich does not even love (does he love anybody ?), with no *personal* life, and no personal interest in the work—no, it is more than I can bear. I am tired of life.

November 7, 1897.

My plans have not materialised. I got back to Pirogovo on Monday morning, and did not get away till Thursday. It was most depressing to stay with Lev Nikolaevich's

* Fourteen words missing.

brother. He is an old man of seventy-one, still quite alert, but a despot to his family, and a misanthropist. He reads a lot and takes an interest in everything, but he curses the whole world, except the gentry. He keeps on calling professors rascals and sons of b—— ; the merchant class are thieves and robbers ; as for the common people—there isn't a swear-word he *wouldn't* use. Even musicians are fools and scoundrels to him. . . . It was most unpleasant. They live in a poor way, and their food is terrible. The poor daughters, who have to keep silent all the time, are longing for company—but where can they find it in such a backwater ? So Vera gives magic-lantern shows to the village boys, and teaches them English, or they discuss philosophy and religion with the common peasants—saddlers and carpenters. At first this used to annoy their father, and now their mother (a gipsy)[101] gets upset about it. Besides, the three girls have to look after a horse and two cows ; they milk the cows themselves and, being vegetarians, drink the milk. Lev Nikolaevich went on writing there, and I was busy, copying all day long. One evening I played their piano, which was out of tune, but, not having heard any music for ages, they were all delighted.

We meant to leave on Tuesday, but it was raining and the roads were too slippery. The next day there was a terrible wind, and I was afraid lest Lev Nikolaevich should catch a chill—so we stayed on. But yesterday I could stand it no longer, and we decided to go off to Yasnaya. There was still a strong wind, but Lev Nikolaevich did the twenty-five miles quite cheerfully on horseback, while I travelled in the sledge and kept worrying about him all the time. Everything seemed so unimportant compared to the fear that he might catch a cold, and fall ill and die !

We travelled for three hours, and did not catch cold, thank God. [Young] Lyova and Dora were very glad to see us, and after Pirogovo, Yasnaya Polyana seemed like

heaven ! We had dinner with [young] Lyova, and lighted the stove at night. Lyova corrected chapters xii. and xiii. and asked me to make the corrections in the other copy.

The two of us had tea together, and Lyova made the bed for me, and was still full of energy in spite of his twenty-five-mile ride. . . . To think that he is seventy years old ! Large, soft flakes of snow were falling this morning ; there was some frost, but no wind. We both had coffee in the morning, and tidied the rooms, and got letters from nearly all our children, which gave us much joy ; we also looked through the papers, and then I went by sledge to the Yasenki station to catch the Moscow train. We parted in the friendliest way, and Lev Nikolaevich even thanked me for having done so much work on his essay *On Art*. To-day we sent the 12th and 13th chapters to England for Maude to translate.—I left Lev Nikolaevich at Yasnaya with Lyova and Dora and his old scribe, Alexander Petrovich Ivanov, a retired lieutenant who came to Yasnaya nineteen years ago to beg for help, and who stayed on to do copying work for Lev Nikolaevich after the latter's moral conversion.

I read Beethoven's Life in the train, and became absorbed in it. He was one of those geniuses whose world-centre was his own creative power, while all the rest of the world was merely an accessory to it. Beethoven gave me an insight into Lev Nikolaevich's egoism and indifference to everything around him. The world to him is merely the environment of his genius, and he takes from it only what can serve his work. He discards the rest. He takes from me, for instance, my copying, my cares for his physical welfare, my body. . . . My whole spiritual life is of no interest to him, and he has no use for it—for he has never even taken the trouble to examine it. He was interested in his daughters so long as they served his purpose ; but his sons have always been strangers to him. It hurts us terribly—and yet the world worships such men. . . .

Plenty to do in Moscow with the bank and the printers—all very dull. Sasha and Misha were delighted to see me, but they are not getting on with their work, and Sasha is still very rude to her governesses.

I managed to play a little at night. . . .

November 10.

I came back from Tver to-day, where I went yesterday morning to see Andryusha. He met me at the gate, and was overjoyed to see me ; he said he had been waiting all morning for me. He had burned himself with carbolic acid and had been in bed for three weeks ; but he is all right again now. We had a nice day together. He sat beside me while I worked, and we talked very intimately about his future. The contact with life seems to have had a sobering effect upon him. He has stopped drinking and leading a disorderly life, and is bright and cheerful and full of energy. He has asked me to get him transferred to the Sumskoy Regiment in Moscow. The journey would have been very tedious if it hadn't been for Beethoven's Life, which I read with ever-growing interest. Every man's life is interesting, but the life of a genius is quite exceptionally so. I had a letter and a wire from Tanya. She has had to stay on in Yalta on account of Andryusha's (my grandson's) illness. I shall be glad to see Vera Kuzminsky, who is coming to Moscow. I had a letter from Lev Nikolaevich saying that he had practically finished his essay *On Art*, and that he was proposing to start on a new book. He also said : " I have been thinking of you and *have understood you* (?), and I feel *sorry* for you." I wonder *how* he has "understood " me. He has never taken the trouble to understand me, and does not know me in the least. When I asked him to tell me what books to read he always told me of books which interested *him*, not books which might interest *me*. In the matter of books the late Prince Urusov used to help

me, and now Taneyev does.—Whenever I got annoyed at anything he put it down to the state of my stomach (which, I must say, is always in good order); when I wanted anything he would either ignore my wish or call it "whims" or say I was in a bad temper. But now that he has at last *understood* something, he merely feels *sorry* for me! I don't want his pity, which is only an insult. If he cannot give me real, pure, friendly love, then I need nothing. I am strong enough to find a joy and a meaning in life for myself.

November 11, 1897.

I went to the Lyceum, and was told a lot of unpleasant things about Misha's laziness and bad conduct. It makes me miserable to think that teachers and schoolmasters have always been able to make me blush and feel ashamed of my sons.

And yet there are some happy mothers who are always told the exact opposite about their children! I had another unpleasant talk with Misha, and I shall try to send him to the boarding-school, as a resident. He is dead against it, but I must try to have it my own way.

I went out shopping: sleet and wind. In the evening I tried to decipher some Beethoven sonatas, and, though I gained nothing by it, I found it interesting. I am reading with the greatest interest the Life of Beethoven, that greatest of all musical geniuses. Vera Kuzminsky has arrived, and I am feeling less lonely now. But I am not really lonely: I have a whole new world in which to live, and I need no one to *amuse* me. I am always glad to see my family; I am glad Tanya and Lev Nikolaevich are coming back, though they really add little to my inner happiness. Alas! it is rather the other way round. . . .

November 12, 1897.

I went with Sasha to a musical evening at the Conservatoire. It was charming, and not at all boring. They train some excellent young pianists there. Safonov, the Director, was very kind ; he took my arm during the interval and asked me into his study. There, he introduced to me some foreign professor of music, called Ritter, so that I had to talk German. Mme. Dehn came to see me, and, except for her, I hardly see anyone. I went to the bank in the morning. I can get on very well without seeing people.

November 13.

I went to do some shopping for Dora, and wrote to her. Then I had my first piano lesson with Miss Welsh. I am feeling lonely to-day, and I am longing for the friendly company of someone I love.

Vera Tolstoy has arrived. Vera Kuzminsky is very unhappy on account of her strained relations with her father. Misha has gone to the theatre, and Sasha is doing her lessons. I shall go upstairs and play a little ; it may cheer me up.

I played all evening, though without much profit. There is such endless pleasure in Beethoven's music !

November 14, 1897.

I spent a dull morning going over the accounts with the clerk. A. Maklakov came in the evening, and we played a duet—but he is no good at all. We tried Mendelssohn's Symphony, Schubert's lovely *Tragic Symphony*, and some Mendelssohn *ouvertures*—only none of it was any good. I nearly wept at being unable to play anything properly. Andryusha has come for two days. He found Tver so dull after I had been there that he asked the Commander of the

Squadron for two days' leave. I had a very kind letter from Lev Nikolaevich. Vera Kuzminsky had a letter from her mother saying that M——, with whom she is in love, is getting married. She wept a great deal and I felt very sorry for her. She doesn't get on at all with her father, and wept over his letter yesterday.

Windy and 10 degrees of frost, which later rose to $7\frac{1}{2}$ degrees. I haven't been out to-day. I'm going to the symphony concert to-morrow.

November 15, 1897.

A day full of music—and yet no real pleasure. In the morning I went to the rehearsal with Vera and Sasha. I didn't like getting up and going out, but did it all the same, to please them. I played some exercises during the day. Misha Olsufiev called and asked me about Tanya and Sukhotin. I told him she had turned him down. Gradually we started talking quite openly, and he was much perturbed. I wonder if he ever intended to marry her? He probably thought of it, but was unable to decide. "Your daughters are very emotional," he said, "and they are interesting and highly gifted—but it would be risky to marry them." I was much excited, too. Mme. Boratynsky and Uncle Kostya were here for dinner. In the evening Misha brought his friends along, and I went to the Symphony concert. They played Glazunov's *Carnaval*, Berlioz's *Childe Harold*, Rubinstein's *Andante*, and there was quite a good singer who sang Grieg and Handel. A rather dull concert, on the whole. Misha's weak-mindedness is most annoying. He was very pathetic this morning, promising to improve. But heaven only knows what'll happen.

I am much upset that Lyova won't come to Moscow. I don't see Taneyev, who is still laid-up with his sore foot—for I don't want to hurt Lyova; but it annoys me to think that he isn't living with me and is enjoying his solitude—

and yet continues to hinder my pleasures and attachments. What am I to him, anyway, when I am not with him ?

November 16, 1897.

Music all day again. I was busy with accounts in the morning, and then played for two-and-a-half hours, but still couldn't manage Bach's *Invention* No. 8. After dinner, I played over Schubert's Symphony and Beethoven's Sonata. Later on, Goldenweiser, Dunayev, and Varya Nagornov called. Dunayev read us a Chekhov story, and Goldenweiser played Beethoven's *Appassionata*, and some of Chopin's preludes and nocturnes ; I like his elegant, intelligent way of playing, though there is a world of difference between his and Taneyev's interpretation of the *Appassionata* ! What a terrible, violent, hopeless desire to hear that man play again ! Will I *never* hear him ? When Goldenweiser went away, Varya and I tried to play Schubert's *Tragic Symphony*, and simply couldn't stop. We certainly played with enthusiasm, if not with great skill. We were both delighted. Dear Varya ! such a sweet, kind, gifted, and sensitive girl !

Andryusha has gone away—I always feel sorry for him. Misha has been to a gipsy concert. Sasha played about with Sonya Kolokoltsev. No news from anywhere to-day. I have stayed in all day. Snow and the temperature at zero.

November 19.

I had my second music lesson with Miss Welsh, and couldn't tear myself away from the piano for four hours afterwards. I was longing to play Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* as a duet, but there was no one there.—Vera Kuzminsky was in a state of hysterics, and was so pathetic to look at. Serezha still has a cough, and is busy buying an estate with Styopa[182]—I don't like the idea at all. I had

a letter from Lev Nikolaevich saying that, although he was missing me, he wanted to be left alone to write, as he was getting old and hadn't many more years left in which to work. Humanity may find these arguments very convincing, but as for me, it requires a great deal of effort to believe that the writing of articles *can* matter more than my life, my love, my desire to be with my husband, and my longing to find happiness in *that* and not in the world outside.

I called on Aunt Shidlovsky in the evening ; she is seventy-two and very boring ; I often imagine myself at her age, all alone, and the thought is dreadful.

The streets are frozen over, which makes it very unpleasant to drive about ; it rained yesterday, and now the streets are frozen over and glitter in the sun, and in the moonlight at night. I have just been telling my own fortune, and twice the cards showed *death*. I shuddered at the thought—and yet not so long ago I was longing for death. However, Thy will be done. A little sooner or a little later—what does it matter ?

VANICHKA'S DEATH

VANICHKA'S DEATH

(An extract from Countess Tolstoy's hitherto unpublished seven-volume manuscript entitled *My Life*. This manuscript was begun in 1906.)

A few days before Vanichka died he surprised me by starting to give away his things, attaching little labels to them saying : " To Masha from Vanya," or, " To our chef, Simeon Nikolaevich, from Vanya," etc. Then he took all the little framed pictures down from his walls and took them into Misha's room ; he was always particularly fond of him. He asked me for a hammer and nails, and hung up all his pictures in Misha's room. He was so fond of Misha that every time they quarrelled he would weep bitterly if Misha would not make friends with him again. I don't know whether Misha loved him as much ; though later on he called his eldest son after him.

Not long before his death, Vanichka was looking out of the window, when suddenly he grew pensive and said : " Mummy, is Alyosha [his little dead brother] an angel now ? "

" Yes," said I, " children who die before they are seven are said to become angels."

Then he said : " It might be better for me if I die before I am seven. It'll soon be my birthday, but I may be an angel yet. But if I don't die, dear Mummy, will you let me fast, so that I may have no sins ? " I can never forget those words. On February 20th, Masha and Nurse proposed to take Vanichka to the clinic, where Professor Filatov had made an appointment with us. They all came back looking so happy and cheerful, and Vanichka was so excited at being able to tell me that the doctor had said he might go out walking and driving and eat anything he liked. After lunch

he and Sasha went out for a walk, and he ate a very good dinner. It made everyone in the house so happy to see Vanichka so cheerful after his illness. Tanya and Masha, who had no family of their own, lavished all their motherly affection on their little brother. In the evening Sasha and Vanichka asked Masha to read them the children's version of Dickens's *Great Expectations*, called *The Convict's Daughter*. When Vanichka came to say good night to me, I was struck by his tired, weary look. I asked him about the book they had been reading.

" It was terribly sad, Mummy. Fancy, Estella didn't marry Pip after all ! "

I took him to the nursery, and, with tears in his eyes, he moaned and said : " Oh, Mummy, it's back again—the fever."

I took his temperature, and found it was 38.5 degrees. He said his eyes were sore, and I thought he must be going to have measles. When I realised that he had fallen ill again, I burst into tears ; and, seeing me weep, he said: " Don't, Mummy, don't ! It's the will of God."

Shortly before, he had asked me to explain the Lord's Prayer to him, and I had explained particularly carefully the meaning of " Thy will be done."

Then he asked me to read him the end of Grimm's story about the crow, which we hadn't finished. So I did. As I went away to my bedroom Misha came into the nursery, and, as I discovered later, Vanichka said to him :

" I know I am going to die this time." He had a high temperature at night, but slept in spite of it. In the morning we sent for Dr. Filatov, who at once said that it was scarlet fever. His temperature went up to 40 degrees, and he had pains in his stomach and violent diarrhœa, which was due to the fact that scarlet fever is often accompanied by inflammation of the intestines.

At three in the morning Vanichka woke up and said :

" Forgive me, Mummy, for having kept you awake."

" I have been sleeping, darling," I said. " We are taking it in turns."

" Is it Tanya's turn next ? "

" No, it's Masha's."

" Won't you call Masha, and go to bed ? "

He sent me away with such care, and kissed me so tenderly and affectionately, pressing his dry little lips against mine.

" Is anything hurting you ? " I said.

" No, nothing."

" Are you just sad ? "

" Yes, I am just sad."

After that he practically lost consciousness. The next day his temperature rose up to 42 degrees. Filatov wrapped him in blankets soaked in mustard water, and put him in a warm bath—but it was all of no use. His poor little head hung helplessly to one side, just as though he were dead, and his little hands and feet began to grow cold. He opened his eyes once again, almost with a look of surprise, and then lay quite still. It was at 11 o'clock at night on the 23rd of February.

Lyova, my husband, took me into Tanya's room, and we both sat down on the sofa. I rested my head on his breast, and we were both nearly unconscious with sorrow. My daughter, Masha, and Marie Nikolaevna[78], the nun, who kept on praying, stayed with Vanichka during the last moments, and I was told later that Nurse, who was as frantic with sorrow as myself, lay sobbing on the bed. Tanya kept going in and out of the nursery.

When they had dressed Vanichka in his little white jacket and combed his long, curly, fair hair, Lyova and I ventured to go back to the nursery. Vanichka lay on the couch, and I laid a little ikon on his chest, and somebody else lit a wax candle and put it near his head.

Soon the news of our dear Vanichka's death reached our friends and relations. They sent large quantities of flowers, and the nursery looked like a garden. No one worried about infection. Dear, kind Sapho Martynov, who had four children of her own, came at once, and, weeping with us, shared our sorrow. And our love for the child seemed to bring us nearer together. Marie Nikolaevna, who was living with us at the time, gave us real religious consolation. Lev Nikolaevich recorded the cry of his heart in his diary :

"*February 26.*—We have buried Vanichka. A fearful loss ! No, not fearful, but a great spiritual experience. I thank Thee, Father."

On the third day, February 25th, after the funeral mass, they closed the little coffin, and at twelve o'clock his father and brothers, and Pavel Ivanovich Birukov,[119] carried the coffin out of the house and put it on our large sledge. My husband and I sat facing each other, and we slowly moved off, followed by our friends.

Afterwards, describing Vanichka's death, I wrote to my sister Tanya : " During the mass, without shedding a single tear, I held his cold little head between my hands, and tried to warm his dead little cheeks with my hands and lips. It is strange that I did not die of sorrow ; and, although I am weeping now, I feel I will live for long in spite of this heavy weight on my heart."

Lyova and I drove on, carrying away our youngest and dearest child, the one bright hope of our future. As we came near the Pokrovskoye Cemetery, near Nikolskoye, where Vanya was to be buried beside his little brother Alyosha, Lyova recalled how, when he had fallen in love with me before our marriage, he used to drive along that road to our house. He wept, and spoke so kindly to me, and his love was such a consolation.

The burial.—At Nikolskoye, near the cemetery, there were crowds of local people and others, who had come specially for the funeral. It was a Sunday, and the schoolboys were strolling about the village, admiring the wreaths and flowers.

Lev Nikolaevich and the boys lifted the little coffin from the sledge, and everybody wept as they looked at the old, stooping, sorrow-stricken father. As well as our own family, several friends came to the funeral : Manya Rachinsky, Sonya Mamonov, Kolya Obolensky, Sapho Martynov, Vera Severtsev, Vera Tolstoy, and many others. They all sobbed aloud.

While they were lowering the coffin into the grave, I seemed to lose consciousness. I was told later that Ilya had stood in front of me and tried to hide the sight of the horrible hole from me. Somebody else was holding my hand, and Lyova put his arms round me, and, resting my head on his breast, I stayed in this state of stupor for a long time.

I was brought back to reality by the joyful cries of the village children, to whom Nurse was handing sweets and cakes, as I had asked her to do. The children kept laughing and dropping the pieces of gingerbread and picking them up again. I remembered how Vanichka loved to give them sweets, and I burst into tears for the first time since his death.

Immediately after the funeral, Kasatkin, the painter, came to the cemetery and made two sketches of the new grave. He gave one to me and the other to Tanya, and sent a friendly, poetical letter with them showing his love for Vanichka, whom he called " transparent."

We came back to our deserted house with a feeling of bitter loss, and I remember how Lev Nikolaevich sat on the sofa in the dining-room downstairs (it had been put there for Lyova, who was ill) and, bursting into tears,

said : " And I always thought that, of all my sons, Vanichka alone would carry on my good work on earth. Well, it cannot be helped."

And his sorrow was even more painful to me than my own. About that time I wrote to sister Tanya :

" Lyova has grown quite old ; he wanders about, stooping, with a sad look in his bright eyes, and I feel that the last bright ray of his old age has vanished. Two days after Vanichka's death he sat down and wept, and said : ' I have lost heart, for the first time in my life.' "

Of all my children, Vanichka looked most like his father. He had the same bright, pensive eyes and the same earnest spirit. Once, as I was combing his curly hair, in front of the mirror, Vanichka turned his little face to me and said, with a smile : " Mummy, I feel I am really like my dad."

After the funeral.—The night after the funeral I jumped out of bed pursued by a hallucination of *smell* ; and I could not get rid of the sensation for a long time, although Lyova assured me that he could smell nothing. I also used to hear Vanichka's sweet, gentle voice. We would often pray together and make the sign of the cross, and he would say : " Kiss me hard, Mummy, and put your head beside mine, and breathe on my chest, so that I can fall asleep feeling your warm breath."

There is no stronger or purer love than the love of mother and child. With Vanichka's death, the nursery world came to an end in our house. Sasha wandered about the house, sad and forlorn, not knowing what to do with herself. She was a wild and unsociable child. Vanichka, on the contrary, loved company, and liked to write letters, to have treats and celebrations, and to make presents to people ; and so many people loved him !

Even a frigid man like Menshikov wrote : " When

I saw your little son I felt that he would either die or become a greater genius than his father."

I had many, many letters of sympathy after Vanichka's death, and they all spoke so warmly of him. N. N. Strakhov wrote to Lev Nikolaevich : " He was a very promising child, and perhaps he would have inherited not only your name, but also your fame. Indeed, I can hardly put into words what a really charming child he was."

Zhirkevich, a writer, wrote : " A Petersburg writer who knew neither you nor Lev Nikolaevich nor Vanichka has written an article showing what a wonderfully promising child Vanichka was. All fathers and mothers share in your sorrow, and my voice is drowned in a chorus of sympathy."

This is what Michael A. Stakhovich wrote : " I am sorry also for Vanichka himself, such a charming, pathetic, and interesting child, whom I only saw once or twice, but whom I remember as being so different from ordinary children, with his earnest, determined look and his intelligent words and actions."

Olga Andreyevna Golokhvastov wrote : " Dear, clever, sensitive, pale-faced little Vanichka."

Sophie Alexeievna Filosofov, who comforted me by saying how many people still loved and needed me, wrote : " You will do even more good now, with your pure, sincere, and suffering soul."

Anna Grigorievna Dostoevsky,[183] who did not know Vanichka well, nevertheless wrote : " He was a highly gifted child, with a warm and gentle heart."

Peshkova-Toliverova, who had published Vanichka's little story in *The Toy*, wrote : " I can still see him, so pale and modest, but with a penetrating look."

Our old friend, Prince Sergei Simeonovich Urusov, helped me very greatly by assuring me of the blessed state of Vanichka's soul in Paradise. He believed in it himself,

for he was a really religious and orthodox man, and his faith was contagious.

Many people prayed for Vanichka and for us both, in church and at home, and parents who had lost children of their own were particularly sympathetic. Among these were : Alexandra Alexeievna Chicherin, *née* Countess Kapnist, who had lost her only daughter ; Baroness Mengden, who had lost both her grown-up sons ; and others.

. . . . . .

About that time I wrote to my sister : " I try to find consolation in the fact that my sufferings bring me nearer eternity and that they purify my soul, which must become united with God and with Vanichka, who was all love and joy, and I cry : ' Thy will be done !—if this thing must be, so that I may pass into eternity.' And yet, in spite of this spiritual exaltation and the sincerity of my wish to place myself in God's hands, I can find no consolation in this or in any other thing."

For some reason Lev Nikolaevich did not believe that I was religious. My visits to churches, monasteries, and cathedrals used to annoy him. I remember how once during Lent I spent nine hours in the Archangel Cathedral, standing up during Mass, or sitting on the steps with the old women and pilgrims, and with a better-class woman who, having lost her grown-up son, was seeking consolation in prayer, and in the House of God.

One day, coming back from the Kremlin to our house in Khamovnichesky Lane, I was caught in the rain and got a chill which laid me up for a long time : and up till that day Sasha and I had been fasting. Evidently all this must have displeased Lev Nikolaevich, for he wrote in his diary :

" *March 27, 1895.*—Sonya is suffering as much as ever, and is unable to rise to a religious level. The reason is that

she has confused all her spiritual powers with her animal love for her child."

But why *animal* love? I have had many children, but Vanichka was the only one whom I loved and who loved me with a love that was, above all, spiritual. We lived in spiritual communion, we understood each other so well, and, in spite of his age, we used to speak of spiritual and abstract things.

THE END

NOTES

NOTES

1. Yasnaya Polyana, the home of the Tolstoy family, situated about 10 miles south of Tula. The Kozlovka (or Kozlova-Zaseka) railway station is about 2½ miles from Yasnaya Polyana.

2. Ovsiannikovo. A small estate belonging to the Tolstoys, about 4 miles from Yasnaya Polyana.

3. Elena Pavlovna Rayevsky (1840–1907). The wife of Tolstoy's friend, Ivan Ivanovich Rayevsky.

4. The Sverbeyevs are the family of Dmitri Dmitrievich Sverbeyev (1845–1920), Vice-Governor of the Tula Province from 1885 to 1891. They later became related by marriage to Tatiana (Tanya) Tolstoy.

5. Marie Ivanovna Zinoviev. Wife of Nikolai Alexeievich Zinoviev, Governor of the Tula Province from 1887 to 1893. They are the parents of four daughters mentioned later in this *Diary*.

6. Alexai Alexandrovich Arsenyev (1850–1915). Leader of the Tula gentry from 1885 to 1905.

7. THE TOLSTOY FAMILY.

Lev Nikolaevich Tolstoy (1828–1910). His wife calls him Lyova when their relations are friendly, and usually Lev Nikolaevich when their relations are somewhat strained. Since 1897 she called him almost invariably by his full name and patronymic.

Sophie Andreyevna Tolstoy, *née* Behrs (1844–1918) (See "The Story of My Marriage" in *The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife*.)

Their children :

Sergei (dim. : Serezha). Born 1863. Married Marie Konstantinovna Rachinsky in 1895 (she died in 1900) and Countess Marie Nikolaevna Zubov in 1906. He is the editor of the Russian text of the present *Diary*.

Tatiana (dim. : Tanya). Born 1864. Married Mikhail Sergeievich Sukhotin in 1899.

Ilya (dim. : Ilyusha). Born 1866. Married Sophie Nikolaeban Filosofov in 1888, and Nadezhda Klimentyevna Katulsky in 1917. He has published a number of stories and a book of *Reminiscences* (1914).

Lev (dim. : Lyova). Born 1869. To avoid confusion between Lev and his father, we thought it wise to put [young] before his name where any such confusion was possible. He has written several books of stories and articles, and his latest book, *The Truth about My Father*, appeared in 1924.

Marie (dim. : Masha), 1871–1906. Married Prince Nikolai (dim. : Kolya) Obolensky in 1897.

Peter (dim. : Petya), 1872–3.

Andrei (dim. : Andryusha). 1877–1916. Married Olga Konstantinovna Diterichs in 1899, and Catherine Vasilievna Goriainov in 1907.

Mikhail (dim. : Misha). Born 1879. Married Alexandra Vladimirovna Glebov in 1901.

Alexei (dim. : Alyosha), 1881–6.

Alexandra (dim. : Sasha). Born 1884.

Ivan (dim. : Vanya or Vanichka), 1888–95.

8–9. Sergei (Serezha) Berger, a brother of Ivan Alexandrovich Berger, at one time estate agent at Yasnaya Polyana.

10. Nikolai Nikolaevich Gé, famous painter of religious subjects. His son, Nicholas (Kolya) Gé, one of Tolstoy's followers.

11. Prince Dmitri Alexandrovich Hilkov (1858–1914), a man with an interesting and varied career. Was successively a soldier, a " Free Christian " who gave away his land to the peasants and was banished to the Caucasus for anti-clerical opinions, a member of the Social Revolutionary Party, and finally an Orthodox clerical.

12–13. Grinevka, an estate of the Tolstoys about 70 miles from Yasnaya Polyana. It later became the property of their son Ilya.

14. Afanasi Afanasievich Fet-Shenshin (1820–92), famous lyrical poet and Tolstoy's friend.

15. Alexander Nikoforovich Dunayev (died 1919), director of the Moscow Trade Bank. A friend of the Tolstoy family. Shared Tolstoy's views on many subjects.

16. THE KUZMINSKY FAMILY.

Tatiana (dim. : Tanya) Andreyevna Kuzminsky (1846–1925), Countess Tolstoy's sister. The original of Tolstoy's Natasha Rostov in *War and Peace*.

Her husband, Alexander Mikhailovich Kuzminsky (dim. : Sasha). 1845–1917. Distinguished government career.

Their children :

Marie (dim. : Masha). Born 1869. Married Ivan Egorovich Erdeli in 1891.
Vera. Born 1871.
Mikhail (dim. : Misha). Born 1875.
Alexander (dim. : Sasha). Born 1880.
Vasili (dim. : Vasya). Born 1882.
Dmitri (dim. : Mitya). Born 1888.

17–18. Lili Obolensky, the daughter of Prince Dmitri Obolensky, a lifelong friend of the Tolstoys.

19. Prince Sergei Urusov (1827–97), an old friend of the Tolstoy family. Tolstoy's companion in the Crimean War.

20. The Shidlovskys are the family of Vera Alexandrovna Shidlovsky, Countess Tolstoy's aunt.

21. The Severtsovs are the family of Olga Severtsov, *née* Shidlovsky, Countess Tolstoy's cousin.

22. The Meshcherinovs are the family of Vera Meshcherinov, *née* Shidlovsky, Countess Tolstoy's cousin, sister of Olga Severtsov.

23. Dmitri Alexeievich Dyakov (1823–91), a lifelong friend of the Tolstoys. " Lyova's best and oldest friend," as Countess Tolstoy says. A landowner, formerly a cavalry officer.

24. Elizabeth Obolensky, *née* Tolstoy (born 1852), Tolstoy's niece, the daughter of his sister Marie.

25. Varvara Nagornov, *née* Tolstoy (1850–1921), the sister of the foregoing.

26. Marie Dmitrievna Kolokoltsev, *née* Dyakov (1850–1903), daughter of Tolstoy's friend D. A. Dyakov (Note 23).

27. Mikhail Alexandrovich Stakhovich (dim. : Misha), (1861–1923), a friend of the Tolstoys. In later life he was a member of the State Council, Russian Ambassador in Madrid, and Governor-General of Finland.

28. Alexander Ivanovich Almazov (died 1901), formerly a psychiatrist in Moscow. He dropped his medical practice under the influence of Tolstoy's ideas and took up farming.

29. Yasenki, a railway station 4 miles from Yasnaya Polyana.

30. Pirogovo, the estate of Tolstoy's brother Sergei. About 25 miles from Yasnaya Polyana.

31. " Miss Lydia," an English governess.

32. Kozlovka, or Kozlova-Zaseka, a railway station 2½ miles from Yasnaya Polyana.

33. Marie (dim. : Masha or Manya) Stakhovich, sister of Mikhail (Note 27).

34. *Physiologie de l'amour moderne*, a novel by Paul Bourget (1890).

35. Only the first part of Tolstoy's *Diaries of My Youth* have appeared (1917). The "Sebastopol" diaries referred to here will first be published by the *Gosizdat* (State Press) in its new edition of Tolstoy's complete works.

36. Tatiana (dim. : Tanya) and Marie (dim. : Masha) Tolstoy organised a school for the village children of Yasnaya Polyana in January 1890, and taught there themselves.

37. Leonila Annenkov (1844–1914), wife of Konstantin Annenkov, a landowner and distinguished lawyer. She sympathised with Tolstoy's philosophy.

38. Countess Alexandra Tolstoy (1817–1904), the Empress's Lady-in-waiting, an aunt and lifelong friend of Tolstoy's. Their correspondence has recently appeared in English.

39. Sergei (dim. : Serezha) Nikolaevich Tolstoy (1826–1904), Tolstoy's brother.

40. Alexander III, Emperor of Russia from 1881 to 1894. Married to Princess Dagmar of Denmark, Queen Alexandra's sister.

41. Alexei Mitrofanovich Novikov, teacher of Andrei and Mikhail Tolstoy.

42. The Davydovs are the family of Nikolai Vasilievich Davydov (1848–1920), a Tula magistrate.

43. Anatoli Stepanovich Butkevich, an apiarist and a follower of Tolstoy's.

44. Ivan Ivanovich Rayevsky (1835–91), an old friend of Tolstoy. A landowner.

45. Ivan Ivanovich Gorbunov-Posadov (born 1864), a follower of Tolstoy, and one of the founders of the *Posrednik* publishing firm, which specialised in cheap and popular editions.

46. M. Borel, the French tutor of Andrei and Mikhail Tolstoy.

47. Olga Ershov or Yershov, a former pupil of Tolstoy's school at Yasnaya Polyana of 1859–63.

48. The Mamonovs are the widow (Olga Alexandrovna) and children (Sophie, or Sonya, and Alexander) of Mamonov, the well-known painter.

49. Alexander Alexandrovich Tsurikov (1849–1908), landowner, lawyer, and magistrate.

50. The article on Non-Resistance referred to here developed eventually into "The Kingdom of Heaven Within Us."

51. The nine children were : Sergei, Tatiana, Ilya, Lev, Marie, Andrei, Mikhail, Alexandra, and Ivan (see Note 7).

52. Viascheslav Behrs (1861–1907), Countess Tolstoy's brother, a distinguished engineer.

53. The *New York Herald-Tribune*. The "American" was one of the Bennetts, proprietors of the paper.

54. Lev Pavlovich Nikiforov (1844–1917), a follower of Tolstoy. Translated, under Tolstoy's guidance, Maupassant for the *Posrednik* publishing firm. Translator of Ruskin. Tolstoy wrote a preface to his *Life of Ruskin*.

55. The two Olsufievs are the sons (Mikhail, or Misha, and Dmitri, or Mitya) of General Count Adam Olsufiev. Both friends of Sergei, eldest son of the Tolstoys.

56. Mikhail Vsevolozhsky (1860–1909), a cousin of the foregoing. Leader of the Tver gentry.

57. The Tolstoy property was divided as follows :
Sergei received 800 dessiatines of land at Nikolskoye, provided he paid 28,000 roubles to his sister Tatiana in one year and 55,000 roubles to his mother over a period of 15 years.
Tatiana received Ovsiannikovo and 38,000 roubles cash.
Ilya received Grinevka and 368 dessiatines of the Nikolskoye estate.
Lev received the house in Moscow, 394 dessiatines in the Samara Province, and an annuity of 1,000 roubles for five years.
Mikhail—2,105 dessiatines in the Samara Province, with the provision that he pay 5,000 roubles to Lev.
Andrei and Alexandra—2,011 dessiatines each in the Samara Province, with payment of 9,000 roubles to Tatiana.
Ivan—370 dessiatines of Yasnaya Polyana.
Countess Tolstoy was to keep the rest of Yasnaya Polyana and 55,000 roubles—the share which her daughter Marie, under the influence of her father's teaching, had refused to accept.

58. Countess Helen (Elena) Sheremetyev, *née* Countess Stroganov (1861–1908), a granddaughter of Emperor Nicholas I.

59. Nikolai Nikolaevich Strahkov (1828–96), well-known critic and philosopher, friend of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

60. Ivan Alexandrovich Vsevolozhsky (1835–1909), director of the Imperial Theatres.

61. Countess Sophie Andreyevna Tolstoy, sister of Countess Alexandra Tolstoy (Note 38).

62. Vladimir Grigoryevich Chertkov, Tolstoy's most important and influential follower. (Born 1854.) Himself formerly an army officer, he was the son of a distinguished army man, General Grigori Ivanovich Chertkov (1828–84).

63. Empress Marie Feodorovna, formerly Princess Dagmar of Denmark, wife of Alexander III and sister of Queen Alexandra.

64. The Grand Duke George, brother of Nicholas II, who died of consumption in 1899 at the age of 28.

65. Meaning Nicholas (the future Emperor), who was travelling in the Far East, and the Grand Duke George, who was staying at Borzhom, a Caucasian health resort.

66. Alexander III's youngest children were Xenia (born 1875), Mikhail (1878–1918), and Olga (1882–1928).

67. Nikolai Vasilievich Orlov (1863–1924), a painter of scenes from peasant life. Tolstoy had a very high opinion of Orlov's work.

68. Prince Leonid Dmitrievich Urusov (died 1885), Vice-Governor of the Tula Province, a very good friend of the Tolstoys. He was platonically in love with Countess Tolstoy, and she, too, was deeply devoted to him. His wife was Marie Sergeievna, *née* Maltsev. Of their two daughters, Marie (died 1895) and Irene, the former was a distinguished pianist.

69. Grand Duke Sergei Alexandrovich (1857–1905), Governor-General of Moscow assassinated during the 1905 Revolution.

70. The daughters of Nikolai Alexeievich and Sophie Alexeievna Filosofov were : Natalie, (dim. : Natasha), Alexandra (dim. : Sasha), and Sophie (dim. : Sonya). Sophie was the wife of Ilya Tolstoy (Note 7).

71. Alexei Sergeievich Suvorin (1832–1912). Famous Russian publisher and journalist, editor of the *Novoye Vremya*.

72. Raphael Löwenfeld (died 1910), lecturer in Slavonic languages at Breslau University. German translator of Tolstoy's complete works.

73. Alexander Vasilievich Zinger (born 1870), son of well-known mathematician ; later Professor of Physics himself.

74. Timofei Mikhailovich Fokanov, a Yasnaya Polyana peasant, who became the agent of Tolstoy's Samara estate.

75. Mitrofan Simeonovich Dudchenko (born 1867), a follower of Tolstoy. The " mistress " referred to here was his wife, Sarah Simonson.

76. Marie Nikolaevna Tolstoy, Tolstoy's only sister (1830–1912), a nun since 1871.

77. Father Ambrosius (1812–91), a *starets* of the Optina Monastery, famous for his asceticism and his power of healing. Gogol, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and Soloviev visited him.

78. Father Ivan " of Kronstadt " (1829–1908), an enormously popular preacher and " healer." He wrote, in 1898, *A Few Words Revealing the False Doctrines of Count L. N. Tolstoy.*

79. Peter Galaktionovich Khokhlov (1863–96), a follower of Tolstoy and formerly a member of a Tolstoyan Commune. Died in an asylum.

80. Alexei Vasilievich Alekhin, Assistant in Chemistry at Moscow University, a follower of Tolstoy.

81. Tolstoy walked with Alekhin and Khokhlov (Notes 80 and 79) to Rusanovo, Butkevich's farm (Note 43).

82. Ilya Repin (born 1844), the celebrated Russian painter. He painted several well-known portraits of Tolstoy.

83. Ilya Ginsburg (born 1860), the well-known sculptor.

84. Vera (1865–1923) and Varvara (dim. : Varya) (1871–1923) Tolstoy are the daughters of Tolstoy's brother Sergei.

85. The Helbigs are the children of Nadezhda Dmitrievna Helbig, *née* Princess Shakhovskoi and Wolfgang Helbig, the German archæologist, and Professor at Rome University.

86. Basilevich, a young landowner.

87. Charles Richet. French physiologist and editor of the *Revue scientifique.*

88. Nikolai Vasilievich Grot (1852–99), Professor of Philosophy at Moscow University.

89. Countess Tolstoy's brother, Alexander Andreievich Behrs (1845–1918).

90. Nikolai Leskov (1831–1895), famous Russian novelist. His *Cathedral Folk* and *The Enchanted Wanderer* have appeared in English.

91. Marie Leonidovna Obolensky (born 1874), a grand-niece of Tolstoy.

92. Elizabeth (Liza) Olsufiev (1857–98), friend of Tatiana Tolstoy, and the sister of Mikhail and Dmitri Olsufiev (Note 55).

93. Evgeni Ivanovich Popov (born 1864), an enthusiastic Tolstoyan.

94. Vasili Petrovich Zolotarev, a Tolstoyan. Tolstoy's letters to Zolotarev have been published.

95. The Tolstoyan Communes came first into existence in the middle 'eighties. The most famous were : The Tver Commune, founded by Mikhail Novoselov ; the Kharkov Commune (1890–92), founded by Mitrofan Vasilievich Alekhin ; the Smolensk Commune (1888–91), founded by Arkadi Vasilievich Alekhin ; the Kherson Commune, founded in 1890 by Feinemann and Butkevich, etc. Countess Tolstoy is probably referring to the collapse of the Smolensk Commune.

96. Vasili Nikolaevich Bibikov, a Tula landowner and friend of the Tolstoys (1830–99)

97. Feodor Alexandrovich Svechin (1844–94), a Tula landowner and breeder of horses. A friend of the Tolstoys.

98. Marie Kirillovna Kuznetsov (born 1864), Countess Tolstoy's dressmaker, who lived at Yasnaya Polyana since 1888.

99. Peter Nikolaevich Gastev, a seminarist, follower of Tolstoy, and a member of the Tver Tolstoy Commune. He worked with Tolstoy on the famine relief in 1891–2.

100. Elena Mikhailovna Persidskaya, a woman student, who worked on the famine relief with Tolstoy in 1891–2.

101. Vera Mikhailovna Velichkin (1870–1918), a priest's daughter and woman doctor who helped Tolstoy in his relief work in 1891–2. She accompanied the Dukhobors to Canada. Later she wrote her reminiscences, entitled, *With Lev Tolstoy During the Hungry Year* (published 1928).

102. Viacheslav Konstantinovich von Plehve (1846–1904), the reactionary Minister of the Interior from 1902 to 1904. Assassinated by a member of the Social Revolutionary Party.

103. Dmitri Feodorovich Trepov (1855–1906), colonel, later major-general ; chief of the Moscow Police between 1896 and 1905, and, after that, Governor-General of St. Petersburg. A former colleague of Vladimir Chertkov (Note 62), he was given at one time some of Tolstoy's manuscripts to keep.

104. Dr. Zakharyin (1829–96) a famous Moscow physician. Tolstoy was a patient of his for many years.

105. Potemkino, a village within 10 miles of Yasnaya Polyana. A fire occurred there at the time, and Tolstoy intended to use the proceeds of his play to help the villagers whose property had suffered.

106. Marie Alexandrovna Schmidt (1843–1911), a friend and fervent follower of Tolstoy. She lived in a hut a few miles from Yasnaya Polyana, and was one of the few " practising " Tolstoyans.

107. Leonid Osipovich Pasternak (born 1862), an artist. He drew some illustrations for *War and Peace* and *Resurrection*, and painted a number of portraits of the Tolstoy family.

108. *Marcella*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

109. The Olsufievs. See Notes 55 and 92.

110. The Martynovs are : Victor Nikolaevich Martynov, (born 1858), Inspector of the State Vineyards, and son of the Martynov who killed the great poet Lermontov in a duel in 1841, and his wife, Sophie Mikhailovna, Moscow friends of the Tolstoys. Their daughter Nadya was a friend of Alexandra (Sasha) Tolstoy.

111. Probably Marie Mikhailovna Sukhotin (1856–97), the first wife of Mikhail Sergeievich Sukhotin (Note 141), who married Tatiana Tolstoy in 1899.

112. Olga Dmitrievna Zaikovsky, a very old friend of Countess Tolstoy.

113. Catherine Feodorovna Junge, *née* Countess Tolstoy, a second cousin of Tolstoy. The daughter of a distinguished painter, she was a painter herself. Her husband, Edward Junge, was a well-known oculist.

114. The Tolstoys are the family of Sergei Tolstoy, Tolstoy's brother, who were living in Moscow at that time.

115. The Glebovs are the large family of Vladimir Petrovich (1850–1926) and Sophie Nikolaevna (born 1854) Glebov, *née* Princess Trubetskoi. Mikhail Tolstoy married their eldest daughter in 1907.

116. Lydia Ivanovna Veselitsky-Bozhidarovich — pen-name " V. Mikulich "— (born 1857), a novelist and friend of the Tolstoys. She published a book of reminiscences on Tolstoy—*Shadows of the Past* (1914).

117. Marie Konstantinovna Rachinsky (1865–1900), daughter of the Director of the Agricultural Academy at Moscow. She married Sergei Tolstoy in July 1895.

118. Nikolai Ilyich Storozhenko (1836–1906), Professor of Western European Literature at Moscow University. His sons were Nikolai (1883–1909) and Alexander (born 1885).

119. Pavel Ivanovich Birukov (born 1860), Tolstoy's friend, follower, and biographer. He was known as " Posha " in the Tolstoy family.

120. Marie Nikolaevna Zubov (born 1867), a relation of the Olsufievs (Note 92). She married Sergei Tolstoy in 1906.

121. Valeria Arsenyev (1836–1909). Tolstoy was in love with her, and intended to marry her (1856–7). Eighteen of Tolstoy's love-letters to her have survived.

122. Boris Nikolaevich Chicherin (1828–1904), well-known philosopher, Professor of Constitutional Law at Moscow University. He knew Tolstoy since 1856.

123. Lev Mikhailovich Lopatin (1855–1920), philosopher and psychologist, Professor at Moscow University, chairman of the Moscow Psychological Society and editor of its organ, *Questions of Philosophy and Psychology*.

124. Darya Nikolaevna Petrovsky (born 1862), wife of Dr. Alexander Grigorevich Petrovsky.

125. Varvara Alexandrovna Tsurikov (1851–1922), a writer and friend of the Tolstoys. Her brother, Alexander Tsurikov, was a friend of Sergei Tolstoy.

126. Alexandra Dmitrievna Bugayev (died 1922), the wife of Professor Nikolai Vasilievich Bugayev, the distinguished mathematician. Their son is the famous Russian writer Andrei Belyi.

127. Nadezhda (dim. : Nadya) Viacheslavovna Litvinov, a first cousin of Countess Tolstoy.

128. Victor Alexandrovich Goltsev (1850–1906), a well-known journalist.

129. Prince Dmitri Ivanovich Shakhovskoi (born 1861), a well-known public man, later secretary of the first Duma.

130. Pavel Petrovich Kandidov, tutor of Mikhail and Andrei Tolstoy, and Countess Tolstoy's secretary.

131. Lubov Yakovlevna Gurevich (born 1866), a writer and joint-editor of *The Northern Messenger*.

132. Alexander Emanuilovich Dmitriev-Mamonov, the son of the painter E. A. Dmitriev-Mamonov (1823–1888).

133. Countess Emilia Kapnist (born 1848), wife of Count Pavel Kapnist, author and Chief Inspector of Education for the Moscow Area (1842–1904).

134. The Maklakovs are the children of Alexei Nikolaevich Maklakov, the well-known oculist (1838–1905), and Professor at Moscow University. (1) Vasili (born 1870) was a distinguished lawyer and Russian Ambassador in Paris during the Kerensky Government. (2) Nikolai (1871–1918) was Minister of the Interior from 1912 to 1915. (3) Alexei, Professor of Eye Diseases at Moscow University. (4) Marie. (Nikolai Maklakov was distantly related to the Tolstoys.)

135. Sergei Ivanovich Taneyev (1856–1915), the famous composer and pianist. Director of the Moscow Conservatoire (1885–9). He spent the summers of 1895 and 1896 with the Tolstoys at Yasnaya Polyana. Countess Tolstoy's affection for Taneyev was purely platonic, and Taneyev, as far as one can judge from existing evidence, was hardly even aware of the effect he had produced. " This episode," says Zhdanov, Tolstoy's biographer, " was no doubt due to the Countess's illness and hysterical condition when, in her womanly way, she transferred her enthusiasm for music to the representative of that art." And although her conduct was irreproachable, her platonic affection was rather violent, and was the cause of some trouble with her husband and family.

136. The Maslov family were friends of Taneyev (Note 135).

137. Vasili Yulyevich Feret (born 1864), Vice-Governor of the Smolensk Province, married to the sister of N. A. Zinoviev, Governor of Tula (Note 5).

138. The Obolenskys are Prince Nikolai Leonidovich Obolensky and Tolstoy's daughter Marie. They were married on June 2, 1897.

139. Nikolai Vasilievich Turkin, Mikhail Tolstoy's teacher. Before coming to Yasnaya Polyana he worked for Sabaneyev, editor of *Nature and Sport*.

140. Joseph Hoffmann (born 1876), the famous pianist.

141. Mikhail Sergeievich Sukhotin (1850–1914), married Tatiana Tolstoy in 1899.

142. Baroness Olga Vladimirovna Frederichs, wife of Konstantin Platonovich Frederichs, Vice-Governor, later Governor, of Nizhni-Novgorod.

143. Pavel Alexandrovich Boulanger (1864–1925), an engineer and, for a time, a follower of Tolstoy.

144. Countess Tolstoy's sister, Elizabeth (Elisaveta or Lisa) and the daughter of the latter, Elisaveta Behrs (born 1884). Later in the diary, Countess Tolstoy refers to her niece as "Vetochka."

145. The Khodynka disaster occurred during the coronation ceremony of the ill-fated Tsar Nicholas II (1894), when about 8,000 persons were crushed to death in the Khodynsky field in Moscow.

146. Marie Mikhailovna Kholevinsky (born 1856), a woman doctor, who sympathised with Tolstoy's ideas. She was banished to Astrakhan in 1896 for having given, at Tolstoy's request, one of his prohibited books to a workman.

147. Vladimir Vasilievich Stasov (1824–1906), famous art critic and librarian of the St. Petersburg Public Library. An old friend of Tolstoy. Their extensive correspondence has recently been published.

148. Ilya Tolstoy's four children were: Anna (born 1888), Mikhail (1893–1919), Andrei (1895–1920), and Ilya (born 1896).

149. Yuri Nikolaevich Pomerantsev, conductor and composer. A pupil of Taneyev.

150. Marie Nikolaevna Muromtsev, an opera singer. Her husband, Sergei Andreievich Muromtsev, was the President of the first Duma.

151. Dmitri Dmitrievich (dim.: Mitya) Dyakov (born 1880), a friend of Mikhail and Andrei Tolstoy, and son of Tolstoy's friend, D. A. Dyakov (Note 23).

152. Prince Dmitri Dmitrievich Obolensky (born 1844), a landowner and old friend of the Tolstoys.

153. Pavel Sergeivich Sheremetyev, the son of Colonel Count Sergei Vasilievich Sheremetyev.

154. Vladimir (dim.: Vaka) Nikolaevich Filosofov (born 1874), the brother of Ilya Tolstoy's wife.

155. Alexander Victorovich Yartsev (1850–1920), a small landowner and retired sub-lieutenant. He spent four years in prison for revolutionary activities.

156. Aylmer Maude, the translator of Tolstoy's works into English and the author of *The Life of Tolstoy* (2 vols.)

157. Vladimir Alexandrovich Bibikov, the son of Tolstoy's neighbour, A. N. Bibikov.

158. Akim Lvovich Flexer (not Fletcher) (1863–1926) was one of the editors of the *Northern Messenger*.

159. Alexander Borisovich Goldenweiser (born 1875), well-known pianist, now Professor at the Moscow Conservatoire. He often visited Yasnaya Polyana and stayed in the neighbourhood during the summer months. He has written two volumes of reminiscences—*Round About Tolstoy* (1923).

160. Natalie (dim.: Natasha) Leonidovna Obolensky (born 1881), a grand-niece of Tolstoy.

161. Natalie Nikolaevna Kolokoltsev, a granddaughter of Tolstoy's friend, D. A. Dyakov (Note 23).

162. Cesare Lombroso (born 1836), the Italian criminologist.

163. Prince Ilya Petrovich Nakashidze, a Caucasian (Georgian) writer, who sympathised with Tolstoy's ideas.

164. Afrikan Alexandrovich Spir, or Spier (1837–90), a Russian philosopher who lived in Germany and wrote his works in German.

165. Sergei Tolstoy's son (Sergei) was born on August 23, 1897. Countess Tolstoy pities her son, as he was living separate from his wife.

166. Ivan Ivanovich Dubensky (1854–1917), the head doctor of the Kaluka District Hospital. His wife, Marie Alexandrovna Tsurikov, (1854–1924), was a friend of the Tolstoys.

167. Nikolai Dmitrievich Rostovtsev (1846–1922), a small landowner and a follower of Tolstoy.

168. Peter Alexeievich Sergeyenko (born 1854), a friend of the Tolstoys since 1892. Author of *How Tolstoy Lives and Works* (1898).

169. Vereshchagin (died 1904), an artist famous for his remarkable paintings o Napoleon's Russian campaign and of Central Asia.

170. Arthur St. John, an Englishman who went to Russia to help the Dukhobor sect on behalf of the English Quakers. He was arrested by the authorities and expelled.

171. Alexander Alexandrovich Behrs (1883–1907), Countess Tolstoy's nephew, the son of her brother Alexander. He was a lieutenant of a guards regiment, and shot himself in 1907.

172. Alexander Antonovich Kursinsky, Mikhail Tolstoy's tutor in 1895. He published two books of lyrics, in 1896 and 1904.

173. Tolstoy's second letter to the Tsar *did* reach its addressee. As a result, the Molakan children were returned to their parents.

174. Tolstoy's letter to the *Russkie Vedomosti* concerning the Molokan children was not published by that newspaper.

175. Anatoli Feodorovich Koni (1844–1927), famous Petersburg magistrate, Privy Councillor, member of the Academy of Science, author, etc. He was friendly with Tolstoy, since 1887, and suggested to him the subject of *Resurrection*. Tolstoy often appealed to Koni's help and influence in Government circles whenever a Tolstoyan was in trouble.

176. Mikhail Osipovich Menshikov (1859–1919), a well-known journalist. Chief contributor to the reactionary *Novoye Vremya*. At one time he sympathised with Tolstoy's views. Tolstoy's letters to him have been preserved.

177. Sophie Nikolaevna Kashkin, the daughter of Sergei Tolstoy's former music-teacher, N. D. Kashkin.

178. The two-volume life of Beethoven was Nohl's *Beethovens Leben*. The Russian translation appeared in three volumes in 1892.

179. Natalie Nikolaevna Dehn, *née* Filosofov, is the sister of Ilya Tolstoy's wife. Her husband was Professor of Economics at the Petersburg Polytechnicum.

180. Konstantin Nikolaevich Igumnov (born 1873), a well-known pianist, Professor at the Moscow Conservatoire, friend of the Tolstoys.

181. The wife of Tolstoy's brother Sergei was the gipsy, Marie Mikhailovna Shishkin. She had been his mistress for eighteen years before their marriage.

182. Stepan (dim. : Styopa) Andreievich Behrs (1855–1909), Countess Tolstoy's youngest brother, a magistrate. He wrote a book of Tolstoy reminiscences relating to 1866 to 1878.

183. Anna Grigoryevna Dostoevsky (1846–1918), widow of the famous novelist.

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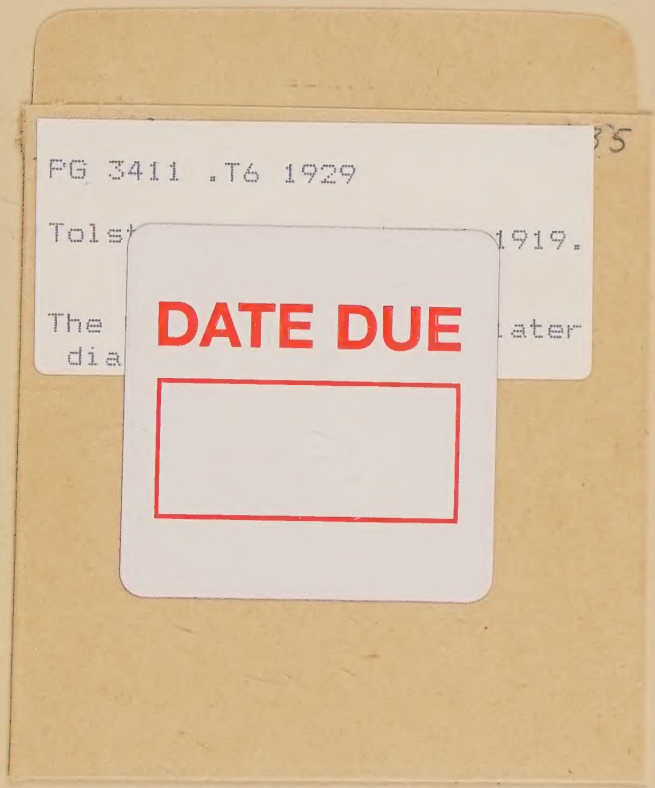

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